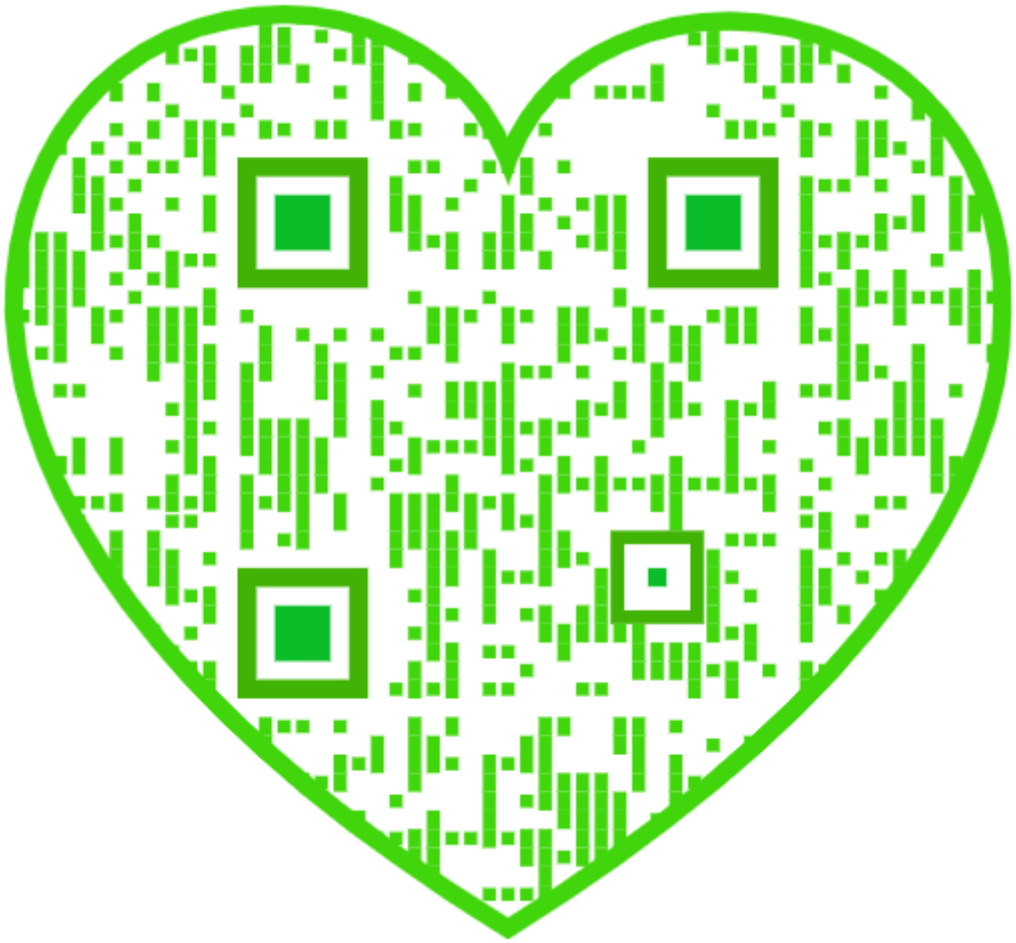

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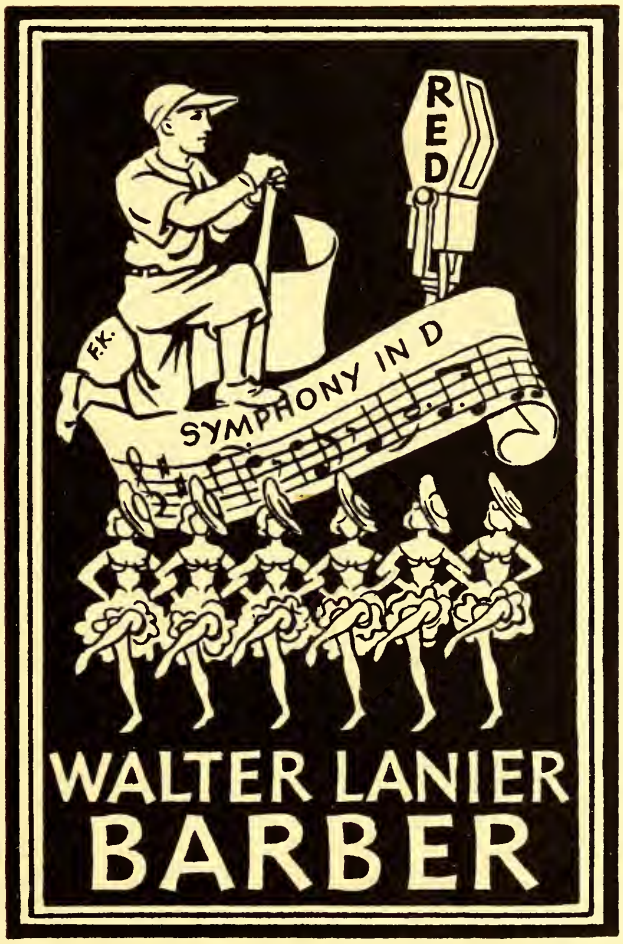
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ESQUIRE'S
First Sports Reader

Edited by
HERBERT GRAFFIS

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Foreword

FROM the pages of the past ten years' publications of *Esquire*, yarns and articles have been gathered into this all-star sports literary line-up.

As is usual with any all-star or all-American selection this accumulation is subject to the criticism of Monday morning quarterbacks and bleacher managers. Some character who spent the happiest three years of his life in the sixth grade of grammar school will growl that the compiler of this anthology "don't know from nuttin' " because the complainant's pet piece was omitted.

But as long as the fellow paid for his book, let him yowl. The yowl is part of the great American game.

As was pointed out by the distinguished former sports writer, Quentin Reynolds, who was the Democratic party's Clare Booth Luce in the 1944 presidential campaign, it is the freeborn American's privilege to criticize the umpire. If the critic's pet sport is marble shooting or hunting the ferocious water buffalo with a rubber-band and paper clips and we haven't chosen a piece on his favorite pastime, he'll question our judgment. And why not? Nobody in this country is compelled to vote "jah."

One reason for the critic's complaint may be that the piece he especially wanted to read wasn't printed in *Esquire*. As "The Magazine for Men," *Esquire* has the broadest and liveliest sports coverage of any magazine of large circulation. On that account, probably, the male citizen who vaguely recalls a sports piece that he wants to read again in settling an argument, or for his cultural good, writes to *Esquire*, asking that the article be located and sent to him. He is positive we ran it. Usually we had.

Turning the pages of bound volumes of *Esquire* in search of those loosely described literary items, particularly in response to the requests of servicemen, was one of the reasons for printing this book. This book helps avoid work. Our deep conviction is that in enabling the mortal to avoid work, or to masquerade work so that it becomes fun, sport performs its holiest function.

Another reason for this collection of *Esquire* sports pieces which have scored heaviest with its readers is, confidentially, to make money. The writers and athletes whose literary art appears in these pages are all gentlemen who make very handy use of what the patois defines as "scratch" or "moola." Some of the artists represented in these pages (especially Hemingway, Pegler and Hagen) reek with funds. Hence their art is on a plane virtually above sordid gain. Their royalties from this book will take a sharp bounce past their waiting hands and will be scored as hits for the collectors of internal revenue.

But enough of invasion into the personal affairs of our authors. Such prying, after all, is merely in the nature of those dressing-room sports stories which Charles Dunkley, the merry mandarin of the Associated Press sports staff, calls "jock-strap interviews." The best of such are written far, far away from the interviewee. In the present case, Hemingway, Pegler and Hagen may be regarding the income-tax man as less celebrated scribes represented in this book consider the grocery-man—just another one of the boys who is catching a perfect game.

There is more than a suspicion that some stories in this collection eventually may be catalogued as classics. You don't get masters of the Hemingway-Masters-Anderson order ruled off the track by literary critics because the subject these articles happen to be treating is sports. Homer, Plato, Virgil, Walton, Steele, Hazlitt, Byron, Hugo, Thackeray, Byrne, and Shaw took their literary swings at sports in jobs that are by no means the least of their works.

Sport is compact drama and sprightly poetry. In all sports there is the conflict element of the literary plot, even when the sport is man *vs.* fish. The fish may not be in a belligerent, hungry, or nosey mood. He may think of his sporting opponent as merely a trusting chump who tosses a tiny hook into water constituting about 70% of the earth's surface, expecting that a smart fish would be silly enough to choose that particular area for sinking a barb into its palate. That's drama. But if the fish aren't biting, sport is poetry. The blue skies, the rippling water, the caress of the breeze on your face make you philosophically indifferent to the contempt of the fish.

The basic appeal and the vast latitude of sport made it the subject of one of the earliest books printed in English. The

scholars say Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of Spowell Nunnery, wrote a treatise on hawking, hunting, fishing and other field sports which eventually was published in 1486 in the *Boke of St. Albans.* In the records the good dame's name variously appears as Berners, Barnes, and Bernes, thus establishing her as a true sportswriter. Many of her male successors have had trouble with spelling, although most of them did not stay so close to her precedent that they were unable to spell their own names, even when slightly stiff or more so.

From Dame Juliana to Henry McLemore and others of his ilk is a goodly stretch, but with more improvement registered than is in evidence in many departments of human endeavor. You could go to sleep reading Dame Juliana's *Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle* even if Helen of Troy were sitting in your lap and turning the pages.

Clark Shaughnessy giving you a close-up of the dream backfields that came true, James R. Fair telling you about the rugged and rambunctious Harry Greb, Billy Evans taking you to the plate with baseball's thirteen best batters, Howie Morenz disclosing the inside of hockey's melees, and Vinnie Richards relating previously untold details of the Tilden saga, are stirring and authoritative.

These writers, and the others whose observations of the sporting scene appear in this collection, take you with them into the fascinating realms of sport and provide you with food for debate. For even after the results are in the headlines, the sports competition continues and what-might-have happened-if gives the fans chances for playing the game or fighting the fight in retrospect and second guess.

But why be too serious about any part of the sports story? It's all in fun, and what other benefits the sportsman receives are a bonus. Certainly one of the most profound sports pieces written during the life of living man is Westbrook Pegler's "Are Wrestlers People?" Yet, in our opinion, it's the funniest, and it shows the laughing boy's sunniest artistry. Peg writes circles around Lucilius, who also wrote some pertinent remarks about the grunters, some two thousand years ago.

Anyway, here's the collection of *Esquire* sports stories many have asked for, so enjoy yourself with it.

HERB GRAFFIS

Are Wrestlers People?

by WESTBROOK PEGLER

January, 1934

OFTEN, as I have sat at the ringside, watching the great, hairy lumps of living meat spank, throttle and wring one another, it has occurred to me to wonder whether wrestlers love and are loved and whether they really suffer. Or are they, like the fishworm, incapable of emotion and insensible to pain?

Perhaps I am wrong in assuming that the fishworm has neither sentiment nor senses but I do assume as much because it spares my conscience on those rare occasions—the last one was in 1926—when I string him on the hook. I did have a twinge of misgiving some time ago when I read in a sporting-goods catalogue of a device for luring the fishworm from his hole in the ground. This was an electrical apparatus, something like a tuning-fork, which, being jabbed in the ground near the worm-hole, uttered a faint mooing note and brought the male, or bull, worm charging out of the soil with his neck arched and his pulses pounding in his veins.

It suggested that the fishworm might have depths after all and that we might all be mistaken in our easy belief that because he does not quack, bark or snarl, he doesn't know he is being ill-treated. Maybe he is just reticent. There are New Englanders like that but we call them canny.

It would be very unchivalrous, I think, to impose upon the most beautiful sentiment of all in any of God's creatures with the siren call of love to seduce him to his doom. This, moreover, is quite aside from the moral aspect of the matter. Sex is something which Nature has implanted in all of us and in its proper relation to life is a very beautiful thing. But I would call it most immoral to inflame the fishworm's passion by artificial means even though we did not string him on a hook but merely left him there, bothered, bewildered and breathing hard.

The wrestler is a strange organism. It has certain character-

istics which must test the conviction of the most confirmed Fundamentalist, suggesting that 'way, 'way back in some rocky cave all of us were wrestlers. It walks on its hind legs, it can be trained to speak and understand and Mr. Jack Curley, the promoter of wrestling shows, once had one in his herd which could cook a good dinner. However it cooked only one dinner for Mr. Curley.

He was entertaining a party of friends at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, that night and his wrestler had cooked pheasant for them. During the meal, Mr. Curley remarked to the lady sitting next to him that his cook was a wrestler.

"Oh, I would like to see it," the lady said and Mr. Curley, clapping his hands, cried, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

That was Mr. Curley's way of addressing this wrestler. It was a German. When he wanted the wrestler to go down-stairs he said, "Wrestler! Down-stairsen sie" and when he wanted it to go up-stairs he said, "Wrestler! Up-stairsen sie." The ablative, you know.

So when the lady said she would like to see the wrestler which had cooked the dinner, Mr. Curley clapped his hands and called, "Wrestler! Come heren sie!"

The kitchen door opened and the wrestler entered. It was wearing a pair of wool wrestling trunks and sneakers. Its hide and the fur on its chest were moist.

"Wrestler," said Mr. Curley, "dinner is very good tonight."

"Jah?" said the wrestler, puckering its face in an appreciative grin and blinking its knobby ears. "Fine. But boy is it hot in that kitchen. Look how the sweat runs off of me."

Many a night at the ringside I have heard laymen sitting in the forward rows explain to their ladies that the punishment which wrestlers inflict on one another really does not hurt them as they are used to it and cannot feel, anyway. This is of a piece with the assumption that the fishworm cannot feel. I am not sure that it is true.

The fishworm wiggles and squirms when it is put upon the hook and the wrestler trumpets terribly and whooshes and writhes when it is being twisted in the ring. This may only mean that some vague intuition, such as turtles possess, is telling the wrestler not to go over on its back. Yet the wrestler is so amenable to training that it is comparatively easy to teach it to recognize a signal and, in violation of a strong natural instinct, to roll over on its back momentarily after thirty or forty minutes of wrestling, while the referee

gives its adversary a slap on the shoulder signifying that it has won the contest.

The word contest, of course, is merely a trade term. Most of the minor politicians who constitute the various prizefight commissions and supervise wrestling do not authorize its use in connection with wrestling bouts. They insist upon calling them exhibitions and the newspaper boys who cover them call them mockeries or make-believes and refer to that thirty or forty minutes of action which precedes the fall as the squirm.

Wrestling is the one hazardous occupation in the sport department of journalism because wrestlers are vindictive in a dumb way and one never can tell when one of them will pick up another and throw it at a correspondent sitting at the ringside. Moreover, after one has seen a few squirms one has seen them all and consequently one is likely to doze off during that time when the wrestlers are putting on the squirm. One learns to gauge these cat-naps and come out of it just in time for the signal.

But the wrestler may resent this as an affront to its art and retaliate by heaving 250 pounds of moist and rather smelly weight, usually foreign matter, into the journalist's lap. I have seen as many as six journalists mown down by one wrestler thrown in this manner and had a very exciting evening myself once when I made a mistake at the ringside.

One wrestler was sitting on top of another and, with the dumb concentration of a trick baboon untying a shoe-lace, was twisting a large, bare foot.

"Hey, wrestler!" I cried, in honest error, for they were badly tangled up, "you are twisting your own foot."

At that the wrestler let out a loud howl of "Ow-oo," thinking that if it was twisting its own foot it must be hurting itself, and let go. But it happened to be the other wrestler's foot after all and when the first one let go the other one jumped up.

This enraged the wrestler who had been twisting the foot and six times that evening it threw the other one at me with intent to inflict great bodily harm. But, fortunately, though it had plenty of swift, its control was bad. So nothing happened to me, although the New York World-Telegram was hit twice and the New York Times's typewriter was smashed.

The fact that wrestlers utter sounds of apparent anguish does not necessarily prove that they really feel pain. They are trained

to that, too. In former times they wrestled without sound effects and these were introduced in recent years by Mr. Curley who hired an expert in bird-calls and animal cries to instruct the members of his herd. At first the wrestlers made some ludicrous mistakes and one sometimes heard a wrestler twittering gayly when it was supposed to bleat piteously.

As to whether they love and are loved I just have no way of knowing. Maybe so, though. Hippopotamuses do.

The Astonishing Mr. Tilden

by VINCENT RICHARDS

August, 1937

THE USUAL morning practice session had been called off and the entire cast of the Tilden tennis troupe was assembled in Bill's room. The latest flood extra was being shouted in the street below. Bill was at the telephone, a map spread out on the floor at his feet.

No, there were no trains leaving Mobile. No, it was impossible for a plane to take off. "We'll have to drive, then," said Bill, grabbing the map. "And Baton Rouge looks like the only place to get over." He was at the phone again. Yes, you could get over at Baton Rouge. You must hurry, though, because the river was coming up pretty fast. But we had a match to play in the afternoon at the Mobile Country Club and we played it, under leaden skies to a small crowd.

We were lucky enough to get over at Baton Rouge that night and we kept right on driving night and day, stopping only for meals, until we got to St. Louis a few hours before we were scheduled to play there. I was able to get a couple of hours sleep but Tilden beat me badly that evening. You can't play decent tennis after driving 1,700 miles that way. That is, you can't and I can't. Three of us had taken turns at the wheel of one car and Bill had driven the other car all of the way himself. Of course he hadn't done any sleeping in St. Louis before the match. There had been business to attend to.

This guy is astounding. Not just because of his endurance and the way he can play tennis at forty-four but also because of the way he lives, the things he does and the amount of money he earns and spends. He is eternally busy, always on the go, every day from the time he gets up until the last rubber is counted up and he has paid off. He was always broke but there always seemed to be more where the last came from. We were doubles partners when I was a

kid. He amazed me then. I toured the country with him last winter and he amazes me more than ever.

When I first met Bill, in 1916, he was holding forth on the porch of the Merion Cricket Club in Philadelphia where I had gone to play a match as a member of a boys' team representing New York. In those days he was referred to generally as one-round Tilden because he was beaten in the opening round of almost every tournament. Yet even then he was attracting attention, on the court and on the porch. It is hard to put your finger on what it is about Tilden that has always made him the center of attraction. It isn't what the correspondence schools call personal magnetism, for even when he was king-pin at Forest Hills and Wimbledon he wouldn't have won a popularity contest.

After my match he told me that he thought I had the making of a good player and the following year, after beating me in a tournament, he asked me to be his partner in the national doubles tournament the next summer. We practiced together that spring and won the doubles championship at Boston in 1918.

Tournament tennis was an expensive pastime but Bill could afford it, and in style. His father, who had been active in Philadelphia politics, had died a few years before and Bill lived with two aunts who must have indulged him lavishly. He descended on Boston in a high-powered car, engaged a suite of rooms at the Copley Plaza and lived with a flourish that became the envy of other players. About this time he acquired his mania for bridge and began making contributions to the corps of experts who follow the tennis circuit. After a hard day's tennis he would spend the evening either at cards or driving his car over the countryside at break-neck speed or at both.

Our doubles championship was the first important title Bill won. He was too wild that year to be a really fine player and his brother Herbert, a better player than Bill in those days, used to nag him to stop trying to knock the cover off the ball. But Bill played the way he wanted to. He had made up his mind that he was going to be national champion and he was always practicing. He would go out in the morning and play eight or nine sets and then play a couple of tournament matches in the afternoon.

The following winter Bill absented himself from tournament tennis and went into intensive practice on the private court of Jed Jones in Providence. Jones was in the insurance business and

Bill was working up leads for him. One of the policies he brought Jones was from John McCormack and amounted to half a million dollars. He was also writing regularly for the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and getting together material for a book. But mostly he was playing tennis, practicing incessantly, and during the course of that winter he brought his game up to true championship level.

The new stadium at Forest Hills was waiting for Bill Tilden. Only a champion of his color could have filled the stands, for tournament tennis was not as popular then as it is now.

Tilden gave tennis fans a show no tennis player had given before. Next to being tennis champion of the world the ambition fondest to Tilden's heart was to be a great man of the theatre but his several attempts on the stage had resulted only in damaging his pocketbook. Now, as champion, he had an outlet for his histrionics.

Most tennis players who perform with one eye on the gallery not only lose but make asses of themselves, but with Bill it is different.

Ever since there have been linesmen I suppose tennis players have glared at them when they didn't agree with their decisions but it remained for Tilden to elevate the procedure to an art. He transfixed the blundering official; he craned his neck at him, and sometimes he would merely smile and that hurt most of all. The whole gallery loved it.

The crowd rarely agreed with Bill but he could excite them at will. Even when playing a dub in the first round he gave the audience something for its money and, incidentally, made the dub feel good. He usually permitted his early-round opponent to take a long lead in each set and then he would put on the pressure and come from behind. The gallery loved that.

During tournaments where the players do not live at the club, special rates are always available to them at some first-class hotel in town, but Bill never patronized the designated hotel. He has never been a snob by any means but he has always, to a certain extent, held himself apart from the contingent. His scale of living was higher than that of most players. At the death of his brother he inherited a small fortune from his father's estate but money doesn't stay with Bill for long and the time came when he was dependent on his writing for most of his income. He had a yearly contract with the *Ledger* syndicate for $12,000 a year and at the same time I had one with another syndicate that was good for

$8,000. It was by doing this writing that Bill and I were able to play tennis the year round—to be first-class tennis bums. But the United States Lawn Tennis Association suddenly decided that an amateur should not report on tournaments in which he was competing. I think that rule was the beginning of big-time professional tennis.

The Tilden exchequer was in bad shape when Bill decided to turn professional but I believe the fact that the French had beaten us in the Davis Cup and Lacoste and Cochet were on the top of the heap had a great deal to do with his decision. Bill was no longer head man and he insists on being the main attraction.

Within six months after leaving the amateur ranks Tilden had netted $100,000 by making movies and playing matches under the banner of Jack Curley. This money that is made right after an amateur turns professional is the cream and what he makes afterward comes hard in comparison. That first money is a good thing to hang on to. It's because Vines hung on to his that he is sitting pretty now instead of scrambling for dollars. But Bill didn't keep his long. Tilden Tennis Tours, Incorporated, an organization he formed to subsidize players and take them on a world-wide tour, consumed it and Bill was broke again.

Well, Bill went right on playing tennis, writing articles, playing bridge, racing around the country in fast cars, and living in the style to which he was accustomed. He organized a group of players small enough to handle himself and when things went sour here he took a ship to Europe, recouped his fortunes, paid off his debts, and came back for another crack at American barnstorming.

When Tilden tours he is happiest. It is his troupe. He is the star and the impresario. He is the boss and he is also the temperamental leading man. Rehearsal at ten sharp and bring two rackets.

His entourage last winter consisted of three tennis players (assorted), one secretary (who takes the part of straight-man), one ball-boy and one truck driver. One of the tennis players was on a flat salary of $200 a week and transportation; the other two took a percentage of the net. The secretary got $150 a week and transportation, the ball-boy $50 a week and expenses, and the truck driver $35 a week and expenses. Add to this $75 a week for truck expenses and another $100 for gas and garage for the two passenger cars.

Bill maintains no checking account and the percentage hands

are paid off after every match in cash. The other help receives cash once a week. And Tilden always pays off. After a couple of lean takes the help is inclined to be a bit jumpy but Bill never worries and he soothes the boys with a prediction that the crowd will be good in the next town. It usually is.

After several days of lean picking, we played in Miami to a good crowd and Bill's own profit amounted to $1,800. Sums of this magnitude present a problem to Bill when no immediate disbursements are necessary and on this occasion discussion took place between Tilden and his secretary over the handling of funds. Neither of them wanted to carry $1,800 around in his pocket. Tilden supplied the solution: they would get travelers' checks. A couple of days later when there was the matter of a hotel bill in St. Petersburg, the secretary reminded Mr. Tilden that Mr. Tilden had taken the checks unto his own care. Well, that had been three days ago and the hotel bill was paid out of the gate receipts from the St. Petersburg match that afternoon.

Where does the money go? Almost all of it goes for things you and I wouldn't spend important money on. All the time he is away a suite at the Algonquin Hotel in New York is under lease to Bill. Tilden's own hotel bills are staggering. An hour after checking in he has usually run up telephone charges of fifty to a hundred dollars, calling up people in New York, California—sometimes Europe. He eats three-dollar breakfasts and buys them for other people. He sends telegrams and cables by the ream. He will lose seventy-five dollars at an evening's bridge. He doesn't drink; he never has. He wears the same suit of clothes for a year. He spends his money on the thousand and one things that comprise his life—a life of constant activity in avenues most of us don't consider important.

Bill's income this year should be something over $50,000 and this is the way it will come to him:

He will get $5,000 for the use of his name on tennis-rackets, $1,000 for the use of his name in connection with a tennis string, $1,500 for sponsoring a shoe, and about $3,000 for various testimonials. He will receive $7,500 for writing syndicated newspaper articles. His profit from the winter tour and from matches against Perry will be about $15,000. This spring he will make a European tour during which he will compete for and win prize money in England and France and the prizes, together with what he makes at

exhibition play, will amount to $10,000. Later in the summer he intends to make another Japanese jaunt with a guarantee good for $7,000.

Tilden has never spoken on the radio. He believes that there is a considerable radio public awaiting him and he is holding out for the right contract. When the contract that pleases him shows up he will have another source to tap and I hope it comes right along so that Bill will have something to do in his spare time.

Wrecking the Records

by DEAN B. CROMWELL
Track Coach, University of Southern California

March, 1934

FREQUENTLY there comes to our ears mention of "the good old days." Usually it is impossible to deny remarks about old times or to make definite comparisons because of changed conditions. In football, for instance, many are firmly convinced that Heffelfinger, Eckersall, Jim Thorpe, and other colorful stars of the past were far superior to our present crop of All-American players. Perhaps this is true and perhaps it isn't. There is no way of knowing. However, there is one sport where comparisons may be made, and that is in track and field athletics. When it comes to running, jumping, and tossing weights, we have records which prove the young men of today far superior to those of the past. The records admit of no denial, and the conditions under which they were made are not materially changed.

Let us look over a few of the world's records of 1884 and compare them with those of fifty years later.

In 1932 the Xth Olympic Games saw the greatest orgy of record-breaking ever to occur in a single year, and many other startling marks were set up in 1933. One is bound to wonder where it will all stop. It is interesting to note the improvements of our day and then to consider what may be the records of the future. In 1984 will our present marks seems as ridiculous as do some of those of fifty years ago? Can it be that athletes of days-to-come will be as much faster than Wykoff and Metcalfe as the latter are faster than J. P. Tennant, first sprinter to run one hundred yards in ten-second time? The utmost limits of athletic endeavor can only be guessed at, but I am going to do a little conjecturing as to the records of the future.

American fans are most interested in the dashes, particularly in the century. It was in 1890 that J. Owen of the U. S. ran the

distance in 9.8 seconds, thereby gaining the honor of being the first man to break even time. Twelve years later Arthur Duffy made it in 9.6 and it was then unanimously agreed that no one could ever surpass this remarkable performance. However, a number of others equaled it and finally, after stop-watches graduated to the tenth of a second were introduced, Charley Paddock was credited with 9.5. Then in 1930 Frank Wykoff ran two races in 9.4. He was caught unofficially in 9.3 by most of the official timers at the national A. A. U. meet of 1931. Now Ralph Metcalfe has been credited with 9.4 during the past season and becomes Wykoff's successor as the "world's fastest human." Furthermore it is said that in 1906 an American professional named R. P. Williams ran in 9 seconds flat (with three watches on him) and in 9.2 seconds

Event	1884 Record	Holder	1934 Record	Holder	Yr.
100 yds.	10.0s.	J. P. Tennant, Eng.	9.4s.	F. Wykoff, U. S.	'30
		and others	*	R. Metcalfe, U. S.	'33
220 yds.	22.6s.	H. S. Brooks, U. S.	*20.4s.	R. Metcalfe, U. S.	'33
440 yds.	48.8s.	L. E. Myers, U. S.	*46.4s.	Ben Eastman, U. S.	'32
880 yds.	1:55.4s.	L. E. Myers, U. S.	*1:50.9s.	Ben Eastman, U. S.	'32
				C. Hornbostel, U. S.	'33
1 mile	4:19.4s.	W. G. George, Eng.	*4:07.6s.	J. E. Lovelock, New Zealand	'33
120 yd. hurdles	16.2s.	S. Palmer, Eng.	*14.1s.	Geo. Saling, U. S.	'32
				Geo. Keller, U. S.	'33
Broad jump	23 ft. 1½ in.	J. Lane, Eng.	26 ft. 2⅛ in.	C. Nambu, Japan	'31
High jump	6 ft. 2½ in.	M. J. Brooks, Eng.	*6 ft. 8⅝ in.	W. Marty, U. S.	'33
Shot put	43 ft. 5 in.	F. L. Lanbrecht, U. S.	*53 ft. 1¼ in.	F. Douda, Czechoslovakia	'33
Hammer throw	120 ft.	S. S. Brown, Eng.	189 ft. 6½ in.	P. J. Ryan, U. S.	'13

** Not yet adopted officially by the International Committee.*

several other times. 9.2 is certainly a real possibility and 9 flat may be accomplished officially by 1984.

There are three things of prime importance in sprinting, the start, running speed, and the finish. So far no speedster has ever excelled in all three. When such a man comes along he will be clocked in nine seconds even.

One of the best records of 1884 was Lon Myers' quarter-mile in 48.8 seconds. In 1900 this was reduced a full second by Maxie Long, and in 1916 Ted Meredith took it down to 47.4. Then the sports world was electrified when Ben Eastman, of Stanford, cut another full second from Meredith's mark. Ben also clipped off the half-mile in 1:50.9 for a new world record. Eastern critics could not believe such times possible and western timers came in for much scorn. Then came little Bell Carr of Pennsylvania to

horrify western fans with three wins over Ben in times of 47 flat for the quarter, and 46.9 and then 46.2 for 400 meters, the last a new record for the distance. And this past year Jimmie LuValle, a sophomore at the Univ. of California at Los Angeles, ran 400 meters in 46.9 at the I. C. 4A meeting, while Charles Hornbostel of Indiana tied Eastman's mark for the half-mile. Later, in the Olympic 800 meter race, Tom Hampson of Great Britain beat Eastman's time of 1:50 for that distance by two-tenths of a second.

When 1984 rolls around these records will have been lowered perhaps to 45.5 and 1:46 for the quarter and half respectively. This race is gradually becoming more of a sprint and may go even below the figure mentioned.

In 1882 the British runner W. G. George, greatest star of the past century and still a hale and hearty track enthusiast at the age of 77, set a new amateur record of 4:19.4 for the mile run, and in 1886 ran a race in 4:12¾ at Lillie Bridge, London, after turning professional. This last is comparatively the best mark made by any runner of the 19th century and was not beaten until 1915 when Norman Tabor of Brown bested it by a fraction of a second. Then in 1923 Paavo Nurmi set up a time of 4:10.4. Again it was said this would never be beaten, but Jules Ladoumegue of France ran in 4:09.2 in 1930 on a slow track and without being extended. Finally 1933 brought a number of truly amazing races, Glenn Cunningham of Kansas running the distance in 4:09.8, while later Jack Lovelock of New Zealand defeated Bill Bonthron of Princeton, both men beating the old record easily. The New Zealander was clocked in 4:07.6.

The great Nurmi always claimed he could have run the mile in 4:04 if he had specialized on the distance and it is quite possible.

In all these races form is a secondary consideration to speed and endurance, but style is more important when it comes to hurdling. A hurdler formerly skimmed the barriers with legs tucked up under him, but A. C. Kraenzlein of Pennsylvania at the end of the last century learned to clear the obstacles with his leading leg extended. This revolutionized hurdling style and thereafter the records came tumbling down. Kraenzlein ran the high hurdles in 15.2 in 1898, and others gradually lowered the mark until George Saling, 1932 Olympic champion, ran in 14.1 in the 1932 national

intercollegiate meet. This time was then equaled by George Keller of Ohio State in the 1933 Big Ten meet. Fourteen seconds flat may be reached almost any day now, and 1984 should find it reduced about another second.

In the field events form again is very essential, and with a study of form the records have improved considerably. In 1884 the record for the hammer throw stood at 120 feet, having been made with an actual sledge-hammer on a wooden handle. The present wire handle and round ball simplified matters considerably and then it was discovered that one, two, and finally three turns or pivots of the body gave additional distance to the throw, and a collection of Irish giants named Flannigan, McGrath, and Ryan boosted the record until it reached the present figure, which has stood since 1913. Today it is threatened. Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, winner in both the 1928 and 1932 Olympics, has an unofficial mark of 193 feet. McGrath once threw 192 feet in a meet, but was denied a record because there was no steel tape at hand with which to make the measurement official. Some Goliath will perhaps send the record up to 210 feet by 1984.

The 43-foot 5-inch shot-put record of 1884 is hardly good enough to place in the average collegiate dual meet of today, but it was not until 1909 that gigantic Ralph Rose, who stood six feet six and weighed over 300 pounds, tossed the leaden pellet fifty-one feet. Previously shot-putters had depended entirely on strength and agility, but Rose studied his event and learned proper methods. He gained a good three feet by holding the shot well up on his fingers instead of in the palm of his hand. Rose's record stood until the 1928 Olympics, when three men broke it. Today Zygmunt Heljasz of Poland holds the official record and Franz Douda of Czechoslovakia, Kalle Jarvinen of Finland, Emil Hirschfeld of Germany, Lyman (Stanford) and Brix (formerly of Washington U.) and Jack Torrance (La. State U.) all have marks of approximately 52½ feet. Leo Sexton, Olympic winner at Los Angeles, has an official measurement of 53 ft. ½ in. pending. By 1984 improved form should have raised the mark to 58 feet.

High-jumping is a pastime indulged in by all races, and stories have come from Africa of natives who jump eight feet, though this

is no doubt from some springboard takeoff. Fifty years ago M. J. Brooks of Great Britain held the record of 6 feet 2½ in. No one really solved high-jumping technique until Mike Sweeney, now coaching at Pottstown, Pa., developed a style by which he cleared the bar with his body almost parallel to the ground. In 1895, Sweeney reached 6 ft. 5⅝ in., and his record stood for seventeen years. Then a still different style was developed known as the Western roll, best exemplified by Harold Osborn, who set the present official mark of 6 ft. 8¼ in. in 1924. A change in the specifications of the jumping standards so that the bar may be knocked off either forward or backward led many to believe Osborn's mark would never be equalled, but it was broken indoors by George Spitz of N.M.U. and Walter Marty of Fresno State College has a mark of 6 ft. 8⅝ pending approval. I have heard that Spitz has done six ten in practice. Many present-day jumpers clear six and a half feet and another inch or two may be added to the record at any time. Osborn leaped ten inches more than his height and if some tall jumper like Parker Shelby of Oklahoma, standing seven inches over six feet, can do proportionately as well even more than seven feet is possible. Shelby had the spring to do it, with proper form.

The Japanese Chuhei Nambu now holds the world records in both the broad jump and the hop, step and jump.

The broad jump record of 23 ft. 1½ in. in 1884 has gone up considerably since then. Twenty-five feet was first reached by the Negro jumper E. O. Gourdin, and another Negro, Silvio Cator of Haiti, was the first to clear twenty-six feet. I see no reason why the mark should not go to twenty-eight feet in another fifty years.

There are several other events on the usual athletic program, some of them not contested fifty years ago. In javelin-throwing the Finns won the first three places at the Los Angeles Olympics. Matti Jarvinen, the Olympic champion, has come up to 249 feet, the mark in 1908 being only 180 feet. It would seem that 260 feet is well within the bounds of possibility and I suspect the record of 1984 will be well beyond that figure.

The ancient Greek sport of discus-throwing was revived with the modern Olympic Games. It would be most interesting to know

how those old-timers compare with the moderns, but no records have survived and they used disci of other weights. The record established by Paul Jessup of 169 ft. 8⅞ in. has been approached by a number of throwers recently and soon should be extended to 175 feet. Fifty years more of competition should see at least ten feet added to that distance.

Unlike discus-throwing, the pole vault is a comparatively modern event, with its greatest development coming in the past few years since the introduction of bamboo vaulting poles. The first Olympics in 1896 were won at 10 ft. 9¾ in., a height which would not even place in high school meets of today. At Palo Alto in 1932 Bill Graber of Southern California astounded onlookers by negotiating 14 ft. 4⅜ in. in the national tryouts for the Olympic team, and photographs show him clearing by several inches. This indicates that fifteen feet may be expected in the immediate future.

I have stated that athletes of today are superior to those of yesterday and will be inferior to those of tomorrow. Such a remark needs some qualification. It is doubtful whether there is any great difference in strength, in endurance, or in speed between men of different periods. Athletes of today run on tracks somewhat superior to those of the "good old days," but the main difference and the real reason for better records is in the mental viewpoint and in advanced methods. Ten years ago champions in the 440-yard dash thought in terms of fifty seconds for the distance. If they made such speed in training they considered it sufficient and then did slightly better in competition. Nowadays athletes who are essentially no better performers aim to run in less than 49 seconds in practice, having been convinced they can do so, and consequently reach less than 47 seconds in meets. The same is true of sprinters. Only ten years ago a 9.8 second runner was a real star. Today such speed is reached by many high school boys and the answer is largely mental attitude. There has been some betterment in training methods, particularly for long distance runners. Here the Finns, led by Nurmi, have developed new theories which are evidently superior to the old methods, though we in America have failed to adopt them. In hurdling and the field events a study of form has led to great improvement. With these changes in mental attitude and in style the champions of today would easily defeat those of yesterday, if they could meet. But there are a few exceptions.

George, for instance, certainly must have been in a class with our great milers, and Maxie Long rates with Eastman and Carr.

Fifty years ago all the world records were held by men of England and the United States. Now world marks are held by men of many different races. Tomorrow will bring new stars from every section of the globe, with a very considerable improvement in all the records.

Fairway Queens and Rough Cats

by WALTER HAGEN

August, 1934

One golf article that never will be written is one that some men want to read about women's golf. They have the idea that women stars purr very contentedly when everything is lovely in competition but always will unsheath their claws and scratch, spit and snarl when another tabby is padding her way closer to a trophy.

If that were true it would be very gratifying to the noble nature of man. It would permit him to smirk benignly from beneath his halo of sportsmanship at women who let the mother instinct for cuddling a winner's cup to their bosoms over-rule traditions of fair play. The days have departed when knowing males expect a women's championship to be something like a tong warfare with a few added features like an incendiary fire in a foundling's home. The smart girls have acquired a competitive temperament that is so case-hardened to even the most adept of the tabby touches that there have been very few championship matches in the last few years that have been played with claws instead of clubs.

But there have been some incidents in big-league women's competition that provide the male with a foundation for his suspicions that all is not sweetness and sunshine in the women's tournaments.

One of the favorite weapons of feline attack has been the rules of golf. Women know the rules and observe them far better than men. The woman who trifles with the rules, through ignorance or hope, doesn't have a chance to get away with it. I recall one case concerning a rather wealthy woman who had as her guest and traveling companion during several tournaments another woman who was not in the same fortunate financial state as her hostess. The luck of the draw finally brought these two together in a hotly contested match. As the match got closer to its finish the sweet friendship of the two dears perceptibly puckered. On the seven-

teenth green Lady Bountiful, who was one down, accidentally moved the ball a fraction of an inch while addressing a putt. It plainly meant a stroke penalty under Rule 12, but even then she had a possible win in sight for the hole and an almost certain half as she was within three feet of the pin in three, counting the penalty stroke. Her opponent was six inches closer, but was lying four.

Before Lady Bountiful could continue with her putting, her companion in previous joys said in that poisonously tender tone of a woman intent on deft dirty work:

"Dearie, that ball moved. It counts."

The other woman straightened up and glared furiously. She spat:

"I'm counting my strokes. Are you?"

The knife had gone into a vital spot of the putter's nervous system. She was shivering like a hula dancer as she bent over her putting. She putted a yard past the hole, missed her putt coming back and lost the hole and match as the erstwhile partaker of her hospitality blithely holed out.

Usually there is a tortured, taut grimace accompanying the hand-shake given the victor by the loser even under such circumstances because women are natural actors but this time the loser walked off the green without formalities.

That was the end of that beautiful friendship and it also was the end of tournament attendance in luxury for the young woman who had jabbed in the needle.

I thought it was a perfect instance of instinctive malice in competition, because both women were veterans and knew the accidental stroke counted.

There also are plenty of cases, too, of instinctive kindness in women's tournaments; some of them that don't turn out so well for the considerate soul. I recollect one occasion when a very good woman player was matched against another woman, not so good. The inferior player was one of the slowest players I ever watched. Her tender-hearted opponent waited behind until the extremely deliberate player had made each shot and then walked up to her own shot, pretty well upset by the long wait. The delay between the shots threw the better player off her game and down she went in defeat.

In the next day's match the slow player met a wiser head. This opponent would walk ahead to her own shot right after she had

played, sit down and very calmly smoke a cigarette while the other girl was fidgeting around and studying. After a few holes of this the slower girl had her heart shot out in midair simply by seeing the opponent always ahead and always serene.

Professional golfers seldom talk or write about women's competitive golf because no pro wants to imitate Clyde Beatty, the circus man, who walks into cages in which there are queen tigers and empress lions. I remember in a story about Beatty something about his act being dangerous because he took a chance with females. Things are tough enough for pros without taking any chances.

While I am trying to keep myself out of the rough of debate on women's golf I will make a stab at a statement I think is air tight as far as the women are concerned: Shot for shot the better women players have everything needed to win any championship. The lack of power in women's shots isn't the reason for their failure to trim the men. I have seen any number of fairly good women golfers who were uniformly straight off the tee and averaged more than 200 yards in length. Many of the championship calibre of women golfers will slam the ball out around the 225 yard marker. When Johnny Goodman won the National Open at North Shore in 1933 some accurate driving length figures were kept by one of the statistically minded observers and his records showed 220 yards was a long drive for Johnny.

After watching many of the ranking women players make thousands of brassie shots I will say that the leading ten women players are superior to the average of the first 50 professionals on these wood shots from fairway lies.

Now here comes the part I can't understand, and when a fellow comes to something he can't understand he blames it on the feminine temperament, which always is a Class A alibi. The short game of the women, where delicacy of touch is all-important, is the fatal weakness of their golf.

This mystery whips me because I can't thread a needle. That is something requiring delicate touch that almost every woman does instinctively. Why this nicety of touch isn't shown by women on the putting green baffles me.

I have followed Joyce Wethered, the English girl who was easily the foremost of women golfers during her competitive career. She certainly was on her game when I saw her and as I watched

her I thought there wasn't a male golfing star in the world who wouldn't envy the strong, firm type of stroke she played.

She had a graceful, compact swing that swept the clubhead through the ball. She hit her shots crisply like a man expert, but without having any mannish mannerisms to detract from her charm as a quiet and gracious young sportswoman.

Comparing Wethered with some other star women players whom I will not mention by name because life is very sweet to me, it seems that the strength of her game was in its strictly feminine characteristics. She had grace and timing and touch.

Others of the girls with aspirations toward the queenly position that Wethered surrendered, fall short, in my opinion, because they tried to graft too many masculine features onto the women's game. Never the twain shall meet in making a woman golfer of the first magnitude.

The two leading women golfers of our own country, Glenna Collett Vare and Virginia Van Wie, are entirely feminine. They have lovely characters and although I have seen them grow up from little girl golfers in the teen age to champions, I never have seen, heard or read of them being, in the slightest way, even tomboyish.

There have been a lot of stories told about how Gene Sarazen and I used to try to get each other's goat in match play championships. I can tell you that these tales were very interesting fiction because Gene and I play only our own games and both of us realize we are temperamentally immune to any irritation or distraction that the other might try, if so disposed. But I know that were either one of us susceptible to needling, some women I have seen play in championships would have us calling it a day before we had played with them much farther than the out nine.

Since 1914 I have played in at least 70 championship events in the United States, England, Scotland, Canada and France and I don't know how many important money tournaments, but in all of these events combined I haven't seen the demonstrations of genius in making the opponent uneasy that I saw in one women's championship a few years ago.

Some women apparently have an instinctive urge for that sort of thing and since I'm sticking my neck out by writing anything on women's golf, I might as well stick it clear out from the collarbone to the chin and say that this impulse to make the opponent feel uncomfortable is a major flaw in the games of some otherwise

strong contenders for championship honors. It becomes a habit that causes them to think too much about the enemy rather than concentrating on their own game.

I have begun to believe, lately, that this sort of felinity is vanishing among women golfers, but it may be that I am entirely wrong and the work of the tabbies is getting so perfect it gets past my eye. I can't follow the victor and the vanquished into the women's locker-rooms and see whether they tangle their dainty hands angrily in each other's hair after company's gone.

Being chivalrously inclined and with a high regard for women's ability to figure out things quickly I hope I guess right when I suspect that the example of Miss Wethered, Mrs. Vare and Miss Van Wie has begun to influence others. These three, as I have observed them, seemed to have removed themselves so far above the reach of any insidious stings harpooned at their poise by opponents, anyone who might calculate battle tactics of this nature against them would waste the effort.

One of the greatest competitive temperaments I ever saw in women's golf was that of Mary K. Browne. She, as you will remember, was a great tennis player.

In golf her shot-making ability never was up to her confident attitude, but the combination gave the rest of the girls some competition that didn't mean a restful afternoon.

Mary had that air about her at a golf tournament of: "Say, darlings, this is soft compared to a tennis tournament. Who is the sister I'm going to dust off next?" At the first women's national championship in which she qualified (that of 1924) she beat Glenna Collet one up in 19 holes in the semi-finals and lost out for the championship by 7 and 6 to Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd, the only woman to win the United States, British and Canadian women's championships.

Miss Browne that year had barely qualified with a 96. The top qualifying score was 97. The top qualifying score at the 1933 women's national championship was 87, so you get an idea of how the pace is getting hotter.

That year of Mary's debut in the championship brackets her first match play victory was over Mrs. H. Arnold Jackson who had beaten the Browne qualifying score by five strokes; the second match-play triumph was over Miss Louise Fordyce who had been 15 strokes better than Miss Browne the qualifying round; the

third match-play round win was over Miss Bernice Wall who had beaten Mary's score in the qualifying round by six strokes, and in the semi-finals Mary beat Glenna whose qualifying round as medalist was 79, 17 strokes better than the qualifying round shot by Miss Browne!

Now I say a record like that shows fighting spirit and tactical warfare of a superior sort. But don't jump at the idea that I infer Mary catted herself to conquest. She's a real sportswoman. If you do draw such an inference some woman is liable to point out that George Dunlap barely got into last year's national amateur tournament matchplay rounds after a play-off in the qualifying round, nine strokes behind the medalist, Johnny Fisher. However, only in one case did George play a match against a fellow who had qualified more than one stroke ahead of him.

The second time Miss Browne played in the women's national the match play rounds went about according to form as shown in the qualifying round and she was put out in the semi-finals by Mrs. W. G. Fraser by a 3 and 2 margin. Mrs. Fraser had qualified with a 77 as against a qualifying figure of 82 by Miss Browne.

The moral, if any, is that women golfers the first time they meet may have matches decided by competitive tactics but the second time the issue is decided by cold-blooded golf.

Men are the other way. One fellow who is several shots poorer may have the Osage sign in match play over some superior medal play performer and defeat the better player nine times out of ten. Why there should be this difference between men's and women's golf, I don't know.

There is that old gag about women and elephants never forgetting and I am disposed to think that it applies to women's competitive golf. The women seem to remember just what it was that got them upset before and they subconsciously build up a defense. Sometimes this defense is a lofty detachment from personalities in the play and other times the fair ones apparently apply the policy that a strong offense is the best defense, but in either case it makes women's golf exceedingly interesting to watch.

I am of the opinion that the great improvement in the standard of women's golf during the last decade will be excelled in the next ten years if there are more medal play events for women players. In match play the players play each other and in medal play, they play golf first, last and all the time. After twenty-five years of

watching women golfers as a professional and spectator I have come to the conclusion that women golfers are defeated more by women than they are by golf. The women do better when they remember what they are playing instead of remembering whom they are playing. That's the secret accounting for the success of our outstanding women stars.

I Couldn't Take It

by ABE SIMON

February, 1943

After my second fight with Joe Louis, I was a better drawing card than ever, they said; such a crowd-puller, because of my size, evil appearance and ability to "take it," that I would get 10,000 dollars for fighting Harry Bobo in Pittsburgh, 15,000 dollars for a battle with Lou Nova in Washington (Lee Savold took the match and won), and 5,000 dollars apiece for a couple of fights with local favorites in California.

The bait totaled 35,000 dollars, was entirely net and all for me. Radio, movie shorts and vaudeville would have sent the figure to about 50,000 dollars, just for slinging leather a few months longer.

But I couldn't take it, because the picture of Willie Jackson remained in my memory. That picture had been bobbing in and out of my mind, on and off, for fourteen years. I'm not afraid to admit that it frightened me, nor that it influenced my decision to quit the ring. I'd much rather be known as Honest Abe than Simple Simon.

Have you ever seen Willie Jackson? He's the only fighter who could knock out Johnny Dundee and produce one of the biggest upsets in ring history. Dundee's career ended with a kayo by Al Foreman, but that was after twenty years of fighting. The Jackson affair came early and was the sensation of 1917, they say, but I didn't know Willie when he entered the shop where I worked as a fourteen-year-old after graduating from grammar school. He walked with a shuffle peculiar to half-paralyzed people. His curly, black-haired head would shake in nervous spasms. Talking thickly and slowly, he had a hard time making himself understood.

"Who is that?" I asked a fellow workman.

"Him? Willie Jackson," he replied, "the guy that kayoed Johnny Dundee. He was a great fighter."

"What's the matter with him?"

The fellow workman punched his own jaw lightly. "Took too many punches," he confided. "He was a great fighter, though, the *only* guy who could kayo Johnny Dundee."

"What's he doing here?"

"Sellin' string."

You can imagine me fourteen years later with that memory of the shuffling string salesman as stubborn as the pain in my head; neither would leave. I wasn't wealthy. I'd only hit the big money in the first fight with Louis for which I was paid 4,000 dollars. Prior to that the money had come in hundreds and not too often. Most of my savings had been spent on a home for my parents and one for my bride. I had a small cushion of cash, and the fifty thousand would have saved me from a career of "selling string." It was a tough decision to make.

Prize fighters will rarely admit the subtle warnings which nature is considerate enough to flash from time to time. Only one, to my knowledge, Gene Tunney, ever said he was quitting in order to save what senses he had. In my case, nature's warning was a regiment of red lights with a loud siren added, but in the form of a constant pain that extended from the top of my head, down behind my left ear and deep into my neck.

In addition, there was a sharper pain behind my left eye, but that wasn't constant like the other. Yet, both increased when I trained and they lingered after the fights. The pain behind the eye would diminish and disappear when I rested up, but not the ache in the back of my head. That lessened a bit, but remained as a constant reminder of possible tragedy. It was with me for three years and disappeared only recently when I gave up serious training and quit the ring.

Contrary to prevailing and professional opinion, often expressed in the newspapers, my continuing as a fighter was not a question of heart "failure," lack of courage or the so-called inability to "take it," and here's why:

My peculiar physical and glandular structure is such that I have never felt any pain from punches while in the ring. With all honesty, I can say that no fighter ever hurt me, and that includes both fights with Joe Louis. Throughout my life I have never felt a finger-sprain or bruised body until two or three days after an accident. I don't ever remember saying "Ouch" when I bumped

my head or stubbed a toe. The pain, if any, always came two or three days later when the injured area began to heal.

Of course, I did feel Louis' punches, but not as pain. His hooks to the body left a numb spot that extended deep. Then the spot would begin to tingle like a foot "asleep." The punches to the jaw and head were felt, but again not as pain. They would leave a dulled feeling, not of the consciousness, but of the area. The force of the blows would upset my balance, possibly by affecting the balancing mechanism within my head, but I felt no actual pain from the punches.

At the end of the second Louis fight, I was taking advantage of a nine-count, and jumped up at nine. I was entirely conscious when the referee told me I'd been counted out.

"You're crazy!" I protested. "I came up at nine."

"The knockdown counter reached ten," he said, and started to shove me toward my corner.

I pulled away and turned to the knockdown counter and said: "Is that right?"

"No, Abe," he shouted above the din, "I was just hitting nine."

But it was like protesting the final strike of a ball game. The fight was over, and I was protecting my rights when I should have spent more time protecting my jaw from Louis' punches. The referee was following the orders of the New York State Athletic Commission, which seeks to prevent tragedies in the prize ring. Most damage to fighters comes after they've been stunned, and stand as easy targets to a hard puncher.

In this respect, Joe Louis enjoys special dispensation in New York through the insistence of his wise managers. He is not a puncher of the Jack Dempsey type, but rather cuts his man down with a bruising, knife-like jab. The right hook, while a heavy, sleep-producing wallop, is used only when the victim shows signs of weakening. Hence, when Louis begins knocking a fighter down, it's a sure sign that he has hurt him plenty from the first.

A numbed fighter is hard to kayo, because his reflexes are dulled. Were Louis permitted the distasteful job of rendering his opponents unconscious, half of them would never recover, and so Louis' managers insist that Joe's record be kept free of tragedy by having the fights stopped when and as an opponent becomes hopelessly outclassed. That explains why the champion's fights usually end in "technical knockouts," instead of abrupt finishes.

That insistence also explains the presence of Arthur Donovan as referee of so many Louis fights. Donovan knows when a fighter has taken enough of those damaging Louis punches. Managers have screamed that Donovan was favoring Louis, when actually he was protecting the manager through his meal ticket.

It's my belief that the referee was protecting me in the second Louis fight, and I'm not sorry it was stopped, because Joe Louis gets a fighter eventually. I make the point only to indicate that I was unhurt and in possession of my faculties. I said as much an instant later into the radio microphone.

And so, I didn't feel any pain, but I can't say that Louis inflicted no damage. There's a whale of a difference between pain and damage.

For the bruises from punches are like icebergs; you see only a small part of the damage on the surface. The bruise goes deep and so does the pain when healing starts. Winner or loser, a fighter's thoughts after a tough fight plague his peace of mind. Whenever I inspected the damage before a mirror after a fight, I always saw two images: Abe Simon and little Willie Jackson.

When I first saw Willie in the shop that day I had no thought of fighting. My mind was filled with delight over the fact that I didn't have to return to school. I was an average kid in that respect with a low regard for education and a high estimate of the few dollars a week that gave me "independence." I was an average kid in other respects, being only five feet six inches tall and weighing about 130 pounds. And then it happened; I began to grow like asparagus, full-sized overnight.

Within two years I leaped from five-six to six-feet-four, and from 130 pounds to 240. I was something of a local celebrity in the Richmond Hill section of New York City.

They talked me into attending high school, and I went to John Adams, where I was completely lacking any inferiority complex. Size and maturity does that to a kid.

Bad marks made me ineligible for athletics in my freshman year, but I changed all that and made the football team as defensive tackle, offensive guard and a backfield plunger when we needed yardage. As I grew like a weed, the school and neighborhood developed a growing interest in my growing muscles. They decided that I should be a fighter.

They didn't realize that I belonged to a fortunate, or unfor-

tunate, group of humans known as glandular freaks, due to overactivity on the part of a tiny, dime-sized gland that lies under the brain. It's called the pituitary, and when the three-celled front half, called the anterior, gives off too many hormones into the bloodstream, you become an Abe Simon, or a Primo Carnera, whether you have a punch or not.

Your jaw becomes heavy, your hands and feet full and large. Your body-frame grows in all directions and your legs seem to stretch under you while you're sitting. When it goes full blast, you get even bigger and spend your life in the circus. When that little pituitary gland shirks the job of pouring hormones into the bloodstream, you also get a circus job, but this time as a midget.

For a long time we have discussed the discoveries in glandular treatment, the miraculous pituitary operations of the late Dr. James Harvey Cushing, and things like myxoedema and acromegaly.

So, there I was, working happily as a non-combatant in the Rubel Ice Company, Brooklyn, where it is very cool in summer, and receiving 35 dollars a week for my labors, which consisted chiefly of nudging 300-pound blocks of ice from here to there. I might have been there yet, earning a bigger salary for shifting bigger blocks of ice, except that my muscles attracted the fight managers.

The inevitable proposition came from Tommy Shortell, of the Racquet and Tennis Club, who knew my high school gymnasium teacher. Shortell asked me how I'd like to become a fighter. I said that I couldn't give up a good job to learn and train, because the dough I earned was needed at home. He replied with an offer to fix it so I could train for nothing at the exclusive Racquet and Tennis Club. With nothing to lose, I accepted.

After a few weeks of boxing and gym work, Shortell began again on the subject of boxing as a business, but I refused to desert that job in the ice company with its 35 dollars a week. Next he asked me if I'd like to have "Jock" Whitney as a sponsor, and I said that I could stand it, if Whitney could, and the panic was on. Shortell confessed that, being a boxing judge licensed in New York State, he couldn't be so indiscreet as to manage a fighter.

With that I met Mr. Whitney and Gene Tunney, technical adviser, who promptly declared that I was to stop fighting with my right hand extended, southpaw style, and to turn around as an

orthodox boxer with my left hand out. I had a very fast left, Tunney said, and the turn-around would give me a fast and heavy left jab. The change made me feel and look awkward, but I didn't complain, because the new deal paid me 35 dollars a week as a reward for giving up the ice company job devoting all my waking hours to boxing.

I was then turned over to Jimmy Bronson, who, I learned, was acting for his old friend Tunney. Actually the former heavyweight champion was my sponsor, because the 35 dollars a week, every penny of it, was refunded to him as soon as I started earning money in the ring.

Needless to say, the path to the first fight is a tedious one, paved with countless "don'ts" and repetitious maneuvers, calculated to make you a "natural" fighter. A heavy poke on the whiskers and most of the do's and don'ts trickle from your mind in a hurry. But I was always conscious of getting 35 dollars a week and worked as hard as I had for the ice company, only it wasn't half so cool. I worked all winter at the job of preparing myself, and the fights seemed secondary when they finally arrived. I kayoed a couple of beginners, like myself, in two rounds each, and on the Louis-Carnera program in June of 1935, I stopped a fellow named Chris Karchi in a round.

Frankly, I didn't do so bad and my only complaint was that Bronson didn't get me enough work. For instance, in 1937 I had only four fights that totaled seven rounds, the last of which went three when Buddy Baer handed me my first knockout and second defeat. I got 35 dollars a week all year, and my purses went into the pot from which Tunney balanced off his weekly advance.

One thing I can say is that there were no so-called "tank jobs" on the list, either under Bronson or my second and more active manager, Jimmy Johnston. All told I fought about fifty heavyweights. I kayoed half of them, and got kayoed four times, twice by Joe Louis, once by Buddy Baer and once by Lem Franklin. When my opponents went down, it was because they couldn't stand the force of my 259 pounds. When they failed to go down, it was because I wasn't good enough.

Whether fights were few or many, I had to train regularly, for I never knew when the next contract would be signed. And let me say here, probably for the first time, that a fighter suffers just as much from punches during training as he does from wallops

taken in actual combat. He wears a head-guard, yes, and the training gloves are pillow-like in structure, but that protection cannot forestall jarring of the brain.

That's what causes the trouble—my headaches and those of every fighter who has taken punishment. It's not a single punch; it's the constant jarring. Ernie Schaaf died immediately after collapsing in the ring during the fight with Primo Carnera, but it wasn't from Carnera's punches. They traced the damage to a brain-hemorrhage suffered late in a hard, losing fight with Max Baer almost six months before.

The brain, as you know, or should, if you don't, fits into a bony crevice, heavily protected from light blows, from heat and cold. But it wasn't made to withstand long the jarring and shaking that comes from hard punches. It weighs three pounds and may be compared to a dish of gelatin, for it is far from solid, like a bone. Take a three-pound dish of gelatin and slap it with your hand and it will sway from side to side. That swaying exerts a stretching force on one side and a compressing force on the other.

Either stretching or pressure strains the countless, tiny blood vessels that cover the surface of the brain in a red network and the many more that extend from the surface inward toward the center. Repeated strain or shock can and will rupture one, two or more and the result can produce one of several effects. It can produce a surface clot, small and bothersome, as in the case of any slight concussion, or it can produce one big and fatal, as it was in the case of Ernie Schaaf.

Rupture of these tiny arteries within the brain, however, are the tricky and subtle ones. Each artery is cushioned within a liquid-filled tube called the perivascular space. When the rupture occurs, the escaping blood forms a ring around the artery and hardens, but pushes the perivascular tube outward. This outward extension exerts a lateral pressure that can affect any one or more of the five senses.

These changes are so slow and subtle that a fighter doesn't notice what is happening. One day he will realize that he can't step down from a curb with a spring, but he won't tell his manager. He won't tell a Boxing Commissioner or the examining physician. He thinks it'll go away. It never does. Instead, something else develops to plague him. Perhaps it will be his hearing. He never associates hearing with his brain, but a couple of those ruptures are

pressing against the cellular structure that contains nerves to the sensory organs of hearing. He hasn't even a cauliflower ear, and can't remember getting slugged in the ear, so how can the faulty hearing be due to punches?

Each subtle affliction is defended as it turns up and the fighter continues to give it and take it. If there should be a headpain, such as I developed, he will take aspirin and charge the pain to a particular punch, never thinking that it might be, and probably is, a tiny blood-clot trying to work its way into the bloodstream to be dissolved. Pretty soon his walking is affected, for he has trouble maintaining balance unless he spreads his legs and shifts the weight of his body from side to side as he walks. He is now "on his heels" as we say in boxing. The spring has gone from his step.

The fighter, believe me, knows that something is wrong. He won't complain, because someone might call him yellow, and he trails the will-o'-the-wisp "it'll go away," until he gets disgusted and tries to fight his way back to health. To cover up his secret fear, his horror and self-consciousness at feeling deficient among others, he forms the habit of laughing continually, throwing words and comment around until finally he hears:

"Shut up! You're punchy!"

How do I know all this? Well, I've seen it in fight clubs, training camps, promoters' offices and anywhere that fighters gather. But, more important, the nurse who is now my wife served in a Queens County hospital. There she met and observed a very unusual physician, Dr. Harrison S. Martland, of Newark, New Jersey, who was among the first to investigate the effect of punches on a fighter's brain, and was the first to dignify the term "punch drunk" with a medical reason for the words. Before Dr. Martland completed and announced his investigation of a string of well-known and helpless ex-fighters, "punch drunk" was a slang term, tossed around the sports pages.

Dr. Martland learned why fighters like Willie Jackson, Joe Grim, Jack Dillon, Johnny Tillman, Floyd Johnson, Freddie Jacks, and many others, walk with the tell-tale shuffle, suffer what he calls a Parkinsonian syndrome or twitching of the face, lose their sense of hearing, feeling, speech and even sight. It was from ruptured blood vessels exerting a pressure against nerve centers within the brain.

All this I knew during the past two or three years when my

new manager, Jimmy Johnston, began to get me more and harder fights. I knew that he was pointing me toward a fight with Joe Louis for the championship, and that I'd have to take punishment even though I couldn't feel it.

But every prize fighter is a gambler, pitting his good health and brain against the rigors of ring punishment. I had an added burden—a sacroiliac torture, but that wasn't from the ring. With a possible head injury and perhaps tragic results—for I am big and was an easy target for the fast boxers—staring me in the face, I went on, but the lure was money, as it is to all fighters.

The big money of a championship fight is an oasis. Winning the title itself is a constant mirage that blinds a fighter to all danger, and lulls his judgment like a drug. The knowledge that he must take certain punishment is secondary, for he is always soothed by the falsehood that he will be "just as good as ever" after a short rest. He never is, and no fighter living today who has had fifty or more reasonably hard fights can honestly make the claim.

The mirage, of course, is the 1000-to-1 chance that he will win the title in his class. The odds are less among the smaller fighters. To the heavyweight, it is a fortune and future so big that he can well afford to put it far above his physical welfare.

But I couldn't take it—neither the punishment to my body and brain, nor the fortune to be paid for almost certain destruction. Several things entered into the decision. First, of course, was my wife, who had taken me for better or worse, but, like all brides, hoped it would be for better.

Another complication was the over-active pituitary gland. That dime-sized trouble-maker was on the rampage and refused to quiet down. This was not entirely a surprise, because several years ago a brilliant young doctor said:

"Abe, you're going to grow bigger and bigger if that thing doesn't quiet down. Let's give a look."

He X-rayed my head and the pituitary gland was twice normal size, and running like a pick-pocket.

"Your feet and hands will grow larger," he told me, "as acromegaly sets in. Your jaw will grow massive. You'll never have a broken bone or a cracked tooth, but that pituitary is growing and there's no room for it to grow. You'd better do something."

Well, I thought exercise and boxing might keep it under control and went on with my fighting.

After the second fight with Joe Louis, I decided to have another check-up on the gland situation, and I'll be darned if the devil wasn't *five times* normal size! Since the pituitary gland rests in its own declivity within the bony skull, it could grow in only one direction—upward. So, it would have to grow into the brain.

And so I broke the news and here I am, with no fifty grand, but with enough wits to count what I have, thanks to the best of doctors and the best of patient, understanding wives.

And everything is under control, especially the pituitary gland, which has succumbed to X-ray treatments. The last examination showed that it hadn't grown any more, and neither had I. I suggested to the doctor that if I stopped thinking, my brain might shrink and make room for the enlarged pituitary, but he said that as long as the thing had stopped growing, my future looked rosy.

Most important to me is that I have a future, a consolation worth far more than 50,000 dollars.

Baseball's Thirteen Best Batters

by BILLY EVANS

June, 1942

I SHALL never forget the day that I heard Wee Willie Keeler expound his now-famous batting theory: "Hit 'em where they ain't!" That was in 1906. We were sitting on the bench of the New York Highlanders, now better known as the Yankees. Mark Roth, then a baseball writer on the *New York Globe* and now traveling secretary of the Yankees, had come down to the bench to interview Keeler on the art of hitting.

The day before, Keeler had made five hits in a row. Two of them were bunts; another was a drag bunt that the pitcher, first baseman and second baseman chased, with the latter finally reaching the ball but finding no one covering first. The other two hits were fly balls that dropped between the shortstop and left fielder.

"What have you to say to the kids of America on how to become a great hitter?" asked Roth.

"Hit 'em where they aint," replied Keeler.

"I understand," said Roth, "but you must explain how to 'hit 'em where they ain't'."

"Just do it," was Keeler's answer.

It is questionable if the game ever produced a hitter just like Keeler. He had no power. The outfielders knew it and played in close. Yet he always batted better than .300.

Whenever he stepped to the plate, it was even money that he would bunt. The third baseman played almost under his bat and the first baseman dashed in close on every pitch. The pitcher was always set to move to his right or left.

Despite all the defenses, Keeler, with his uncanny ability to place the ball out of reach of the opposition baffled all attempts to stop him. Keeler was one of the originators of so-called "place hitting," so gauging his batting stroke that the ball would fall where no one was playing.

It is my conviction that all the great hitters are born not made. Over nearly forty years in baseball, twenty-two in the role of big league umpire in which I have called balls and strikes on these great hitters, I have reached the decision that hitting is a gift. You either have it or you don't. It is seldom, if ever, acquired. I have asked many of the great hitters to explain just how they did it, but invariably their answers were just as illuminating as the favored reply of Wee Willie Keeler to all such questions: "Hit 'em where they ain't."

Unquestionably, timing is the greatest asset of all the outstanding batsmen. Better than the average physique is quite important in the production of power at the plate. Yet there have been some truly great hitters besides 145-pound Willie Keeler who were just average size.

Timing at the bat is a combination of a number of things. There must be perfect rhythm between the stride and the swing. If either is a trifle late, the co-ordination is lacking. Over a six-months season, for various reasons, batters often fall into a "slump." Usually a slump is brought about by lack of proper timing.

If there ever was a greater all-around baseball player than Ty Cobb, I have yet to see him. Babe Ruth had more power. Tris Speaker was a greater fielder, Joe DiMaggio has a better arm, but none possessed the all-around finesse of the Georgia Peach. Cobb did everything well. He had great speed which he used to marvelous advantage in the field and on the bases. He had the keenest sort of a mind and always sought to take advantage of any slip on the part of the opposition, whether he was at the bat or on the bases. He could bunt, he could drag the ball, he could place-hit; when he wanted, he could go for distance and get it. He hit at few bad balls and walked often. His great speed caused the opposition to hurry the play on all balls hit to the infield and he often profited by some slip. On the bases he was a constant threat. He developed the "fall away" or "fadeaway" slide that gave the fielder handling the ball little more than the spikes to touch as he slid into a base.

Well do I recall a reply that Cobb made to me years ago when sitting on the bench with him. I asked how he analyzed batting slumps, which every now and then overtook even him.

"It's hard to explain why they happen," Ty replied. "It's even more difficult to offer a solution as to how to come out of a batting

slump. Illness and injuries often cause a batter to fall into a slump. Illness destroys some of his physical resistance, causing him to press in an effort to make up for the lack of that little extra zip in his swing. Injuries to either arms or legs often cause a player to lose his timing, simply because in favoring the injury, he unconsciously throws himself off stride. When a slump is directly attributable to temporary physical defects, a return to normal invariably gets the batter back in stride. In a great many cases, however, worry is the start of a slump. For three or four days, a batter is hitting the ball right on the nose but directly at some fielder. He just can't get the ball safe. 'Couldn't buy a base hit,' as we say in baseball. Since the batter is hitting the ball good, but with no luck, he shouldn't give the matter serious thought. However, as he sees the batting average slumping a few points with every day's failure to get base hits, he starts thinking about the matter. That is error number one. Having started to think about his slump, he also starts to think about how to overcome it. That is when and where the trouble usually starts. In his effort to overcome the base hit famine, he changes stance, swing or stride, and more often than not, further handicaps his timing.

"When I went into a slump, I tried my best to keep from worrying. I killed off, to a certain extent, the desire to press by taking a spread grip which enabled me to better control the bat, thereby enabling me to keep from going after bad balls, which always happens when you are pressing. The best antidote for any batting slump is not to worry and continue your regular style at the plate."

Cobb had fewer batting slumps than most of them. And I have always felt the reason was that Cobb had great confidence in his ability, knew that batting slumps were merely temporary and that if he continued in the routine way he would emerge without any great handicap.

In any discussion of the great hitters of the game, you have to come quickly to Babe Ruth, the greatest distance hitter of them all.

Ruth was a do-or-don't batter—always shooting the works. He called on no tricks to get his base hits. They were manufactured through the medium of sheer power. Every now and then, more for the humor of the situation, he would lay down a bunt and beat it out, to his great satisfaction. Reaching first base he would shake with laughter.

Ruth, greatest slugger of all time, could be pitched to but

there had better be no slip in the procedure. All sluggers, who swing for distance, invariably use a heavy bat in their act; consequently they do not like the change of pace or the half speed curve kept low. Ruth took a position well in the rear of the box, with feet close together. When he started his swing, he would take a quick long stride forward as the ball neared the plate. The arc

BASEBALL'S GREATEST HITTERS

	Years	G	AB	R	H	TB	2b	3b	HR	RBI	SH	SB	BB	SO	Pct.
Willie Keeler	19, 1892-1910	2119	8560	1717	2954	3597			19			515			.345
Ty Cobb	24, 1905-1928	3033	11429	2244	4191	5863	724	297	118	722	296	892	964	358	.367
Babe Ruth	22, 1914-1935	2503	8399	2174	2873	5793	506	136	714	2209	113	123	2056	1330	.342
Lou Gehrig	17, 1923-1939	2164	8001	1888	2721	5060	535	161	494	1991	105	102	1510	788	.340
Eddie Collins	25, 1906-1930	2826	9952	1818	3313	4263	437	186	47	1318	509	744	1213	286	.333
Hans Wagner	21, 1897-1917	2785	10427	1740	3440	4878	648	250	100		226	720			.329
Rogers Hornsby	23, 1915-1937	2259	8173	1579	2930	4713	541	168	302	1582	217	135	1038	679	.358
Tris Speaker	22, 1907-1928	2789	10207	1881	3515	5101	793	224	115	722	309	433	1146	222	.344
George Sisler	16, 1915-1930	2055	8267	1284	2812	3864	425	165	99	1180	226	375	472	327	.340
Nap Lajoie	21, 1896-1916	2475	9589	1503	3240	4471	672	173	71		221	396			.338
Joe Jackson	11, 1910-1920	1173	4371	765	1548		265	148	42		115				.354
Joe DiMaggio	6, 1936-1941	825	3368	735	1163	2109	214	69	198	816	11	21	336	160	.345
Ted Williams	3, 1939-1941	436	1582	400	563	1012	120	28	91	378	4	8	348	145	.356

described by the bat would be in keeping with the stride. If the pitch was a fast ball and Babe's timing was accurate, the ball was in for a terrific ride. On the other hand, if the pitcher crossed the Babe up with a change of pace or slow curve, his timing for such a pitch might be thrown off.

The smart pitchers—those with a limited amount of natural stuff—caused Ruth more trouble than pitchers who had plenty. Such type pitchers worked on Ruth, seldom gave him the ball he liked best to hit—the fast one—and kept trying to make him swing at the ball they wanted him to, rather than the one he liked to hit. As a result Babe often struck out; on the other hand, pitching smart to Ruth, meaning just missing the plate, caused him to get a lot of bases on balls, in addition to the many intentional passes he received.

The late Lou Gehrig, who followed Ruth in the Yankee batting order for many years, was in some respects as great a bitter as Ruth. Gehrig was just the opposite of the Babe in every way. Ruth was the flamboyant, Gehrig the retiring individual. The Babe was talkative, Gehrig ever reticent. There was a swish to Ruth's swing that amazed you, even though he missed the pitch by a foot. There was a grace and rhythm to Gehrig's swing that made you feel there was no excuse for him not hitting every pitch. The start of the swing of these two great hitters was entirely different. Ruth

was fidgety. His bat would move back and forth on his shoulder. His feet were close together, ready for the lunge into the ball that meant the kill. Gehrig, on the other hand, used an open stance of perhaps a foot. His bat rested quietly on his shoulder as the pitcher prepared to deliver the ball. When the delivery was started, Gehrig slowly lifted the bat from his shoulder. When the pitch neared the plate he took a short step and a rhythmic swing that made for almost as great power as Ruth.

Gehrig was much harder to pitch to than Ruth. He murdered the change of pace and slow curve that Ruth disliked. Ruth, because of his lunge, was unable to control his bat as could Gehrig from his flat stance. Gehrig was never off balance and always able to adapt his swing and timing to the slow stuff as well as great speed.

The greatest difference between Ruth and Gehrig however, was not so much of a mechanical nature as it was in temperament. When Ruth hit a home run he let you know that he was just as delighted over the happening as his most loyal rooter. His every step as he circled the bases was wildly cheered. He would repeatedly doff his cap to the crowd in a manner that increased the applause.

I have seen Gehrig follow a home run by Ruth, with a circuit drive that traveled farther, yet the cheers in no way compared with the ovation tendered Ruth. Gehrig would round the bases as if anxious to get under cover. In reality there was not so much difference between the ability of Ruth and Gehrig to hit home runs. Color made Ruth's salary in his prime $80,000 a year, while I doubt if Gehrig ever received over $35,000. Ruth's color made the turnstiles click.

The four batters we have already discussed—Cobb, Ruth, Gehrig and Keeler—were left-handers. So let's consider two of the greatest hitters ever produced by the National League—Hans Wagner and Rogers Hornsby, both right-handers. Wagner did all his hitting against the dead ball and before the abolition of trick deliveries. I believe if Wagner hit the lively ball, his average over 21 years would have been closer to .350 than the .329 figure he amassed.

Honus's style at the plate was rather grotesque because of his bow legs and long arms, but he had no weakness as far as I could judge and I never heard a pitcher argue that he had. He had a

remarkable eye, seldom hit at bad balls and seemingly could easily and quickly change his stance and style to meet the requirements of the pitch.

A great fielding shortshop—I doubt if Wagner ever had a peer in the field—Wagner had great speed for so big and gangling a person. He had the knack of breaking with the ball, so important to a shortshop, and somehow always seemed to be in front of it, making hard chances look easy. He had a fine arm and was a great base runner. Yet, in addition to his brilliance in the field, Wagner was one of the greatest hitters of all time. He was the most awkward "graceful" performer in all the history of the game.

Rogers Hornsby, one of the greatest right-handed hitters of all time, was just the opposite of Wagner. I have told you that Wagner was awkwardly graceful. On the other hand, Hornsby at the plate, was the Adonis of the game. He had a perfect physique. His stride and swing were models of grace and precision. In some ways the style of Hornsby was as uncommon as that of Wagner. Certainly it was more unorthodox.

Hornsby stood in the extreme rear of the batter's box—at least four feet from the home plate. It appeared that the smart pitcher could keep the ball low and on the outside and make a sucker of Hornsby. A lot of smart pitchers had such a notion during the early years of Hornsby's career. I once remarked to Hornsby that his style seemed definitely contrary to all mechanics of the game. He smiled and replied:

"On the contrary, Billy, my style enables me to meet all the different pitches. The toughest pitch for any batter is the 'tight' pitch—high or low and inside. My position takes the dynamite out of the tight pitch. To hit the low pitch on the outside, curve or fast ball, you take a full stride in the direction of the plate as the pitch is started, which brings you pretty much on a line with the plate and enables you to either push the ball to right field or drive it for distance. I have always felt that my style at the plate immediately created a hazard for the smart pitcher by practically eliminating his having a chance to pitch to your stance and make you hit the ball that he wants you to hit."

Tris Speaker, the last word in center fielding, was not far behind in his activities at the plate. Speaker was another of the rhythm hitters. His stance was just about the opposite of Hornsby. He used a spread stance lined up with the home plate, rather than

being three of four feet back of it like Hornsby. Speaker took no devastating swing but had a perfectly timed follow-through, like a golfer. His swing stressed timing and the follow-through. Ordinarily he didn't go for distance but in the pinch, when an extra base hit was needed, Speaker could slip his grip to the bottom of the bat and swing from the ground. He liked to move out ahead of the plate on the curve and slow stuff and hit the ball before it started to break.

The career of Eddie Collins covers twenty-five years as a big league star, more than any of the other great hitters of the game. Ty Cobb who played one year less than Eddie, ranks second. Collins was not a power hitter. He was in the same class as Keeler, and George Sisler, who might be termed the brain hitters of the game.

Collins, unlike many of the other outstanding left-handed hitters, was not a pull hitter. A great majority of Collins' hits went to left field, line drives over the shortstop's head or sizzling grounders just between the third baseman and shortstop.

Collins was a difficult man to strike out. He had a keen eye. He was a fine bunter, got away from the plate quickly and beat out many a bunt or dragged ball for a well-earned base hit. Next to Cobb, Collins was the best base-runner in the history of the American League. When it came to laying down a perfect sacrifice with runners on, there was no one in the game who could compare with Collins.

At the plate, Collins was a bundle of nerves on hinges. He was never still, constantly shifting his stance to what he believed was about to be pitched. Collins had no weakness at the plate and how he liked that outside pitch from waist to letter high. He could murder it to left field.

Of all the modern hitters, George Sisler, who over a period of sixteen years in the majors, turned in a .340 batting average, bore the closest resemblance to Willie Keeler. Sisler, a left-handed hitter, was faster than Keeler and used his speed to better advantage than any of the other stars with the exception of Cobb. Sisler always had his eye on the play of the rival infield. If it was playing deep, he was quick to take advantage of the bunt and the drag to get base hits. He would poke bad pitches just over the infield, to the consternation of the opposition, the pitchers in particular. Sisler, small of stature compared to other great hitters—he didn't weigh over 165—gave little thought to distance, but he took delight in

surprising many an outfielder who insisted on playing him too close, by socking one over his head.

Larry Lajoie, great right-handed hitter of the old school, was the good-to-look-at hitter. Larry was definitely a straightaway hitter whose chief thought was to get proper timing and thereby make correct contact. They say that the perfectly hit ball travels directly through the pitcher's box. It was surprising how many of Larry's base hits followed that course. He had a record for crippling pitchers with line drives.

To my way of thinking, there was never a greater hitter than Joe Jackson. A left-handed hitter, Joe stood well back of the plate, keeping his feet fairly close together and, as the ball approached him, took a slow, even stride, and started the swing of the bat in unison with the stride. No hitter had more perfect co-ordination than Jackson. He could have hit fourth on my all-time team of great hitters of the game.

That brings us to the two great hitters of modern times, Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees and Ted Williams of the Red Sox. The styles of these two batsmen are entirely different. Of all the great hitters, past and present, DiMaggio, the greatest present-day right-hander, uses the most open stance of all. He is the only power hitter who ever swung from a flat-footed position. At times, he lifts the left foot ever so slightly and then seems to dig in a little more with it as it touches the ground. Batters who hit from a flat stance are hard to fool, they are ready for any type of pitch. DiMaggio is nonchalant, seemingly indifferent, but he gets tremendous results.

Ted Williams, in contrast to the phlegmatic DiMaggio, is a bundle of nerves. He seems to bubble over with enthusiasm from the time he leaves the bench until he reaches the batter's box. Getting into the box, he goes through a dozen acrobatic maneuvers. He pulls down his cap, hitches his trousers, digs in with his spikes, takes a practice swing not unlike a golfer, pats his hands in the dust to get a firmer grip of that bat, wiggles his hips, shakes his long bat as if it were a toothpick. It seems that he will never be ready for the pitch, but American League twirlers will testify to the contrary. He laughs at his own antics when he misses a healthy swing. He grins with satisfaction when he connects for the base hit. He is the big kid all over and, like Babe Ruth, wins his audience early. I have always felt that Williams, the greatest of today's

left-handed hitters, is the nearest approach in every way, that baseball has had to Ruth.

There you have my thirteen best hitters. In rebuttal, what great batters would you name? In retrospect, I can think of a few; Jimmy Foxx, Harry Heilman, Joe Medwick, Paul Waner, Charley Gehringer and Heinie Manush. All great hitters, but we have to draw the line somewhere.

Hockey Flashbacks

by HOWIE MORENZ

March, 1935

THIS is a hockey article, not a fight yarn—but it's a good opportunity to register in print that Morenz is through with fighting on the ice. There's no percentage in it. Last year I started three fights—with Babe Siebert of Boston, Wentworth of the Montreal Maroons, and Filmore of the New York Americans—and lost all of them. After my third flooring I concluded I wasn't fast enough on the draw for modern hockey. Nowadays, the man who hits first, usually wins. Teammates, eyeing the penalty box, intervene before a second blow can be struck.

Well do I remember older, happier days when impromptu fisticuffs reached more satisfying conclusions, one way or the other. Ho hum! Times change and civilization advances by leaps and bounds.

Yes, from now on I'm a pacifist, a hold-backer. I'm going to stick with my conviction that nothing causes the opposition such intense pain as a simple little goal which, as you Americans phrase it, "breaks up the ball game." I'll hang on to that conviction until the next time a big defense man holds me just when I have a clean shot in front of the net—the big stiff!

I'll start talking about hockey any minute now—but this is a good place to nail the assertion of some skeptics that hockey fights are merely routined as part of the show, fancy embroidery for the main event. One moment, please. Look!

The left wing is scorching the ice as he carts the puck goalward. A big, heavily armored defense man steps in with a vicious body check. His solid, unlovely hip smashes into the wing's stomach. The forward's breath leaves his body with a "woof," as he goes buckety-buck-buck and crashes into the boards.

What is the wing's reaction—one of brotherly love, good will

toward all men? Is the right hook he aims at the chin of Mr. Defense delivered with an eye on the box office?

One of the other illusions held by persons who have not been exposed to hockey for any great length of time is that the job of the goalie is comparatively simple, ideally suited to a man of sedentary habits.

Actually, goal tending calls for lightning coördination of eye, mind and body. The goalie who possessed that attribute in greatest measure was Chuck Gardiner, captain of the Chicago Blackhawks. The tragic death of this keen, happy, well-loved goalie cut short the most brilliant career in hockey history.

My admiration for Chuck dates further back than last season, when his superb defensive play was the major factor in the march of the Blackhawks to the world's championship in hockey.

It goes far back to the days when Major McLaughlin first organized the Blackhawks in Chicago. During those years, I was with Les Canadiens of Montreal. The Hawks were a loose, unsynchronized team then. Les Canadiens were a tight, well-oiled, high-scoring machine. Yet when we met the Hawks, we were lucky to win by 2 to 1, or 1 to 0 scores. The reason was Gardiner. We considered him 75% of the team. When I was able to get one single shot past Chuck in a game, I felt that I had had a big night.

Goal tenders have been getting smarter each year. They remain at the net more and more, and that makes it tough for the offense. I have a genuine affection for opposing goalies who come out to meet the puck. They help my batting average.

And yet, Gardiner came out from his cave more often than any other goalie. So precise was his timing, so shrewd his diagnosis of the impending shot that almost invariably he'd smother the puck, when the odds were high that a goal would be scored.

Chabot, now goalie with our Chicago Blackhawks, comes nearest to approaching Gardiner's greatness. Not soon will I forget the night when Chabot, with four of his New York Ranger teammates off the ice on penalties, held our Canadiens scoreless. Two men against six, yet we could not get the puck past Chabot!

Hidden from the spectators are many of the tricks by which goalies thwart the offense. For example, many a goalie deliberately leaves an opening and, as you shoot for it, instantly blocks the hole. Not always do cagey forwards shoot for the opening, however. Anticipating the move, they shoot away from the open space.

When a forward cracks the defense and bears down on the net, he resorts to skullduggery, seeking to feint the goalie out of position, then shooting for the opposite corner.

One of the more difficult things to learn in hockey is not to shoot too soon when approaching the goal. As you speed forward you hear the rush of flying skates behind, or to the side of you, and you carry the mental hazard that the puck may be blocked, or hooked, if you hesitate too long to make your try. As a result, many young forwards shoot too soon, do not utilize their opportunity to fake and feint the goalie out of position. The best recipe I've discovered to date is to withhold the shot until within eight to ten feet of the net, then shoot for a corner.

A moment ago I spoke of my affection for goalies who come out to meet the offensive onslaught. Next in line in my genuine regard are defense men who back up as you bring the puck toward the goal. For retreating defense men give an opportunity to work scoring plays within the attacking zone. Such plays, which, in diagram form, are not unlike the drawings of your American football maneuvers, are carefully designed to draw defense men out of position and pave the way for a closeup shot.

Defense men who come forward to meet you make life really tough for the center and wings. They throw you off your stride, cut down your speed and give the defensive forwards an opportunity to overtake you from behind.

The toughest defense men I've encountered are Eddie Shore of Boston and Ching Johnson of the New York Rangers. Both are husky and agile. Johnson probably weighs 220 pounds when outfitted for the ice.

And while I'm on the subject of outstanding men, I might mention that Harvey Jackson of Toronto is probably the best and fastest wing in the game. About the only way to stop Harvey is to close down the rink. Jimmy Ward of the Montreal Maroons is another wing who scorches the ice. The same is true of King Clancy of the Toronto Maple Leafs and young Mush March of our Chicago Blackhawks, who also owns blistering speed; the boy is a fine competitor, too.

Another wing who has played great hockey down through the years is Aurel Joliat of Les Canadiens of Montreal. This is my twelfth year on major league ice and during eleven of those years I was teamed with Joliat in the line. During our tenure, we worked

with three different right wings; Billy Boucher, Art Gagne and Johnny Gagnon.

To Joliat must go much of the credit for the fact that I led the National Hockey League in scoring in 1927-28 and again in 1930-31.

Joliat and I went through some great wars together. In the 1929-30 play off with the New York Rangers, we were forced to play 68.52 minutes of overtime, to break the deadlock. That was the longest stretch I've ever done in a single game. When the break came and Lady Luck allotted the winning goal to us, I wasn't looking for cheers. I was on the hunt for a bed.

The bed would have done me no good had we lost. For after we lose a tough game I cannot sleep. Long ago I discovered that the taking of a sheep census is no good.

Yes, I take hockey seriously—but no more seriously than do the adherents of Les Canadiens in Montreal.

Montreal, you know, has a population made up largely of French-Canadians, with the remainder mostly of English descent. The French support Les Canadiens, while the English back the Montreal Maroons. Games between these two teams split the city asunder and are played for keeps, with plenty of head hammering.

I have seen crowds take their places in line before the ticket window on the night before the game, with the weather far below zero, and remain throughout the night and the ensuing day, to make certain of seeing the contest.

So race-conscious are the fans that when I broke into the league with Les Canadiens in 1923, the World War was recent enough in memory to cause the club officials to worry about my acceptance by the team's adherents, inasmuch as I am of German descent. So they promptly labeled me "The Swiss Flash."

Thereafter, when questioned about my racial ancestry, I said that I came from Switzerland, where I had developed agility by leaping from Alp to Alp.

While the rumor is untrue that Canadian children are born with hockey sticks in their hands, they do learn to skate almost as soon as they are able to walk.

When my own son was scarcely four years old he began a hue and cry for a pair of skates. Mrs. Morenz purchased a pair with double runners for him, and our son immediately put them on for a tryout in our ice-covered backyard.

A little girl from the neighborhood took one look at him and said with vast scorn, "Those aren't skates—they're cheese cutters." With that he came into the house like a shot, tore off the skates, and steadily refused to put them on again. We couldn't reason with him so, in the end, he received a pair exactly like his father's.

I began to skate when seven, and the best part of my life since has been spent on the ice. In this, my thirty-second year, and my twelfth season in the big leagues, I am aiming for the 500 mark in points scored in major competition. At the start of the current season I had accumulated 392 points with 252 goals and 140 assists.

Obviously, the 108 points which must still be annexed, constitute a long haul—and Father Time easily overhauls the fastest mortals.

Should he outskate me before I reach my goal, I have hopes that young Morenz, now eight and a skating fool, will take up where his old man leaves off.

Luck Goes to Bat

by FORD FRICK

June, 1934

THE New York Yankees were playing the St. Louis Cardinals at Avon Park in Florida. The score was three to two in favor of the Cardinals. It was the eighth inning and the Yankees were batting. Two men were out and the bases were full.

Babe Ruth sauntered forth from the dugout and a hush of tense expectancy settled over the fans. Even though this was only a pre-season practice game, the crisis was so acute and so full of interest, it might just as well have been the deciding contest in a world series—so far as the fans were concerned, or so far as Ruth himself was concerned.

Any kind of a base hit meant the ball game for the Yankees, and the Babe and the fans both knew it. The fans plunk down their money in hope of getting a thrill from a situation such as this, and the players dream of such an opportunity.

The Babe paused before the bat rack. He took his time, as a great man about to cope with a grave emergency is entitled to do. After solemn deliberation, he picked out his bat, hefted it and strolled toward the plate. Just as he was about to take his stance, he caught sight of a negro boy standing near the Yankee dugout.

The Babe put down his bat and beckoned to the colored youngster, who promptly trotted forward, eager and grinning. While the fans stared down, for the most part utterly mystified, the King of Swat placed his hands on the negro's head, as if conferring a title or bestowing a benediction, and earnestly rubbed his fingers through the woolly black hair.

Then the Babe went to bat—struck out on three pitched balls! After the third strike went zipping past, the Babe whirled around and took out after the colored lad, chasing him under the grandstand and out of the park.

The fans howled with glee. From those "in the know" the word

went around that the Babe's wrath wasn't caused by striking out so much as it was the failure of one of his pet superstitions. Many ball players believe if they rub the kinky head of a colored boy that luck will go to bat with them.

The Babe always insists upon warming up with a certain selected player before each game. Benny Bengough used to be his favorite. Then he went into a hitting slump and Benny was blacklisted. For a time Eddie Bennett, the mascot, was his choice. Later he switched to Earl Coombs, and afterwards to Bill Dickey. But the job never lasts long. Every time the Babe goes into a slump, he demands a change.

Another one of Ruth's superstitions is in regard to opening mail. He simply refuses to open it himself, insisting that brings him bad luck. His vast amount of mail accumulates unopened until someone—Doc Woods, the trainer, for instance—finds time to sort it for him.

On one occasion Steve O'Neill, who was catching for Cleveland at the time, sent Ruth a telegram asking him to speak before a boys' club. Knowing that Ruth was always ready to co-operate in any welfare work for boys, Steve was very much surprised when the Babe failed to show up. Several weeks later when Steve was in New York he demanded an explanation.

"What's the big idea of standing me up that way? Didn't you get my telegram?"

"No," Ruth replied, fumbling through a huge stack of mail in his locker. "It must have got lost. Oh, I guess this must be it."

"Well," O'Neill insisted, "that's all right about that one, but what about the second one?"

"Oh, sure!" the Babe blustered. "I got that one all right. I answered that one."

"Oh, yeah?" O'Neill retorted. "Well, you're a big liar. I didn't send another one."

Many baseball superstitions center around bats. Frank Schulte of the old Cubs had a special pet bat which he called Black Betsy. No other player was permitted to touch it. Schulte himself only used it on coming to bat when there were two out and the tying or winning run was on base. Then it was his big medicine that seldom failed him.

"Mixing up the bats" is a common practice among big league players when a team is in a hitting slump. But if the team happens

to be hitting, woe to the unfortunate bat boy who permits the bats to get out of alignment as they lie in a perfect row in front of the dugout! For the players will tell you, the same "mixing of bats" that has the power to bring a team out of a slump is just as effective in stopping a rally.

Lefty Gomez is another player who has his own private little superstition. He was about to take the mound against the Washington Senators in a certain game at the Yankee Stadium. He got his final instructions from Manager Joe McCarthy, took a final drink of water, and started up the steps of the dugout. Suddenly he stopped, horrified.

"Where's that flat fungo bat of Burke's?" he demanded. "Who moved it?"

For a moment no one spoke. Then the bat boy, flushed and nervous, produced the bat—a practice bat, short and light with a flat surface, so the batter can place the ball out into the field to whatever man he wants to.

"I put it over here," the bat boy explained. "I forgot!"

Gomez solemnly placed the bat at the very end of the bat rack, face up, and went back for another drink of water. When he emerged from the dugout again, he took care to step lightly on the bat's flat surface as he went out to the mound.

Lefty didn't go very well that day. He was wild and in the third inning a line drive from Goslin's bat drove in three runs and took Lefty out of the ball game. He walked across the field disconsolately, threw his glove into the corner of the dugout and sat down on the bench.

"That bat jinxed me," he told Joe McCarthy. "I knew I was licked when I saw the kid had moved it. I was a cinch to lose." And Gomez meant every word he said. He believes implicitly that the only way he can ward off the jinx is to step on the flat surface of that fungo bat, with elaborate unconcern, as if merely by accident.

If a player finds a pin, that means a base hit. A load of hay also signifies good luck. So does a load of empty barrels, and when the players see a load of empty barrels they immediately remove their hats. John McGraw, the cagey manager of the Giants, once used that superstition to help him win an important series.

The Giants were playing the Cubs in one of those old-time, uproarious pennant making affairs. The afternoon of the first game

as the players were assembling in the club house a truck load of empty barrels went creaking and rumbling down the street.

"Oh, baby! There's luck," said one of the men. "There's a flock of base hits for this afternoon."

Fired by the omen, the Giants won the game. The next day another load of empty barrels went past. Again the players were elated and again they won. For the rest of the series each day some one saw a load of empty barrels.

After the series was over a swarthy Italian laborer appeared at the door of the club house and asked for McGraw.

"Not in yet," Roger Bresnahan responded. "What do you want with him?"

The Italian explained that he wanted his money. McGraw had hired him to drive a wagon load of barrels past the park every day.

In the days when Eddie Collins was second baseman for the Philadelphia Athletics he would park his chewing gum on the button of his cap when he went to bat, returning the gum to his mouth only after two strikes had been called. Also, he had a lucky undershirt which he wore in all world series and championship games for ten years or more. That old shirt, tattered and torn, patched and repatched, was Eddie's ace in the hole all through his big league career. Perhaps he still has it to rely on in his new role of business manager of the Boston Red Sox.

Ted Lyons, the White Sox pitcher, and George Pipgras of the Yankees have a superstition they picked up from old timers. When they leave the pitching box at the end of an inning they put their gloves down most carefully, palm up with thumbs crossed over and fingers toward the dugout. That's because in the days when the spit-ball was permitted, pitchers parked their slippery elm in their gloves between innings, laying out their gloves in that manner. Pipgras got the habit from Urban Shocker, perhaps the most superstitious player who ever wore big league spikes, and Ted learned it from the veteran Urban Faber.

When Tony Lazzeri of the Yankees and Hughey Critz of the Giants take the field they always walk over and move the opposing second baseman's glove a few inches from where it was tossed. Critz, in addition, always picks up a pebble from the infield at the start of every inning.

Gabby Hartnett, catcher for the Chicago Cubs, will travel far out of his way to avoid stepping between the catcher and the

umpire when he goes to the plate. If Gene Robertson, formerly with the Yankees, succeeded in getting a hit on his first time at the plate he would thereafter studiously retrace his identical steps on each trip from the dugout. Eppa Rixey, the elongated left hander of the Cincinnati Reds, after losing a tough game always breaks up a chair in the club house. Fred Toney, the old Giant pitcher, who worked in the days before sanitary drinking fountains, used to crash the water bucket to pieces after a bad inning.

It's been a long time since the inspired Boston Braves of 1914 walked away with the National League pennant and a world championship, but veteran players still insist that there was the luckiest ball club in history.

"I never saw such a gang of baseball misfits," John McGraw once remarked. "They were the dumbest looking ball club I ever saw. Yet they ran off with the pennant—the lucky stiffs!"

Those Braves were a superstitious lot—and the most superstitious man in the outfit was Manager George Stallings. Bits of paper or peanut shells, scattered about the ball park, were Stallings' chief hoodoo. Nothing, he believed, was a more potent omen of bad luck. During those fevered pennant days it was no uncommon sight to see Stallings down on his knees in front of the bench, picking up stray bits of paper and peanut shells that had landed there from the stands.

Opposing players knew Stallings' superstition, and nothing delighted them more than to tear up a score card and surreptitiously strew the fragments in front of the Braves' bench when Stallings wasn't looking. For a time George hired Oscar Dugey, ostensibly as a coach. But Oscar's real job was to keep the bench clean of all trash. Dugey still maintains that in his two years with Stallings he completely ruined his arm shying stones at pigeons that flocked around the bench to get the peanuts thrown by opposing players.

Stallings also had another superstition that was ludicrous, but painful. If a batting rally started he wouldn't change the position he was accidentally caught in, until the rally was over—no matter how cramped and uncomfortable his position. Sometimes he would be caught looking at the stands. He'd hold that pose like a statue. Sometimes he would be stooped over and have his back to the play. That didn't make any difference. He'd hold it. Sometimes he would be caught gazing at the sky.

When he was caught like that, and couldn't see what was going on out on the field he would be miserable. He would call a substitute, and have the substitute tell him every pitch, every move, every single detail.

Once he was caught crouched down in a corner of the dugout picking up a match. On that occasion the Braves batted all the way around. Stallings wouldn't move, and for fifteen minutes he suffered agony. At the finish his leg was so cramped that he had to be carried to the club house and given a massage.

Thus, luck goes to bat.

The Iron City Express

by JAMES R. FAIR

December, 1936

TWO HOURS before he would be taxi-ing down to Old Madison Square Garden to fight Tommy Gibbons on a March evening in 1922, Harry Greb lay on his back across the bed in his Pennsylvania Hotel room. He was blind in one eye, a secret shared only by a few trusted friends, was outweighed by seven and a half pounds (Greb 163½, Gibbons 171), and was on the short end of 2-to-1 betting. The room was crowded with pugs past their prime and the atmosphere chunky with small talk.

Downstairs in the lobby, Pittsburgh gamblers, who had come over to back Greb, were heaving chairs at the New York coterie who refused to cover on the betting odds. A friend phoned Greb, who rushed down in fighting trunks and dressing gown. By then the lobby was a shambles, Pittsburgh *vs.* New York, with some of the boys slinging furniture from the mezzanine. Greb jumped up on a reading table, and with a few choice epithets brought about peace and contentment. An hour later, he was in the ring with the man who had come to New York with 23 consecutive knockouts to his credit and two years later went 15 rounds with Dempsey.

It was New York's first view of the principals, and it watched amazed while at intervals both parties spat out teeth in a fight featured by rough tactics, at which Greb was the aggressor and the more adept. He won 12 of the 15 rounds and got the decision.

That was the Greb who for nine years had broken all accepted training rules, who in an early professional fight in 1913 was knocked out by Joe Chip but came on to engage in more than 250 bouts and to win two titles before he died in 1926—the Greb who in his early ring days clutched the ropes with unsteady hands and told those within hearing to come back to his dressing room where he would refund every cent they had lost when the same Gibbons had beaten him in their first fight. It was the Greb whom New York

newspapers were later to call the Pittsburgh Windmill, the Iron City Express, the Ring Marvel, the Inexhaustible, and yet it was not Greb at the height of his pugilistic brilliance.

Before he ever fought in New York, and when he was little more than an oversized welterweight, he won with such monotonous regularity that when he spotted Gunboat Smith thirty pounds in weight and knocked him out, out-of-town newspapers carried only a squib. Two years earlier when Dempsey got up off the floor to do the same thing, it established him as the foremost heavyweight contender.

Greb beat other heavyweights who had given Dempsey trouble before and after he won the title from Willard in 1919. In 1917, he beat Willy Meehan, who the following year out-fumbled Dempsey.

He fought big Bill Brennan six no-decision bouts—Brennan, who, after Dempsey became champion, cut him to ribbons for eleven rounds only to go down, and out, in the twelfth under the latter's rally.

In retrospect and by comparison, Greb belonged to the day of Ketchel, for, like him, he fought as often as he could get a fight and gave opponents up to fifty pounds in weight and knocked their ears off.

But, unlike Ketchel, he was not a puncher; he was a charging, unorthodox clubber who was coming faster in the last round than in the first. The idea that he would ever lose a fight was the only one that could amaze him.

Outside the ring, he believed life was meant for enjoyment. He thought fighting was so much necessary nonsense—like getting drunk—and that fighters were never bargains at any price. He used his influence to get bouts for stablemates, but he refused to take the boys seriously.

One day, he was talking to Harry Keck, the Pittsburgh sports editor, about a former stablemate—a junior lightweight named Cuddy de Marco. Greb said, "I saw Cuddy the other day, and you know, he's got a busted konk and looks just like a prize-fighter!"

When a title was not involved, Greb was never sure how many rounds the articles called for and he didn't care.

On his way to California to fight Ted Moore in an over-the-weight match (Greb was middleweight champion of the world), he stopped off in New Orleans to fight Tony Marullo, one of the toughest boys in the ring. He was met at the train by sports

writers, who, dropping him at his hotel, suggested they would see him at the gym that afternoon when he limbered up before the fight. But Greb said he wasn't going to limber up, that he had fought a guy the night before, and that he was very limber, indeed. After some persuasion, however, he agreed to work out, and on his way to the gym, unconcernedly inquired if any of the sports writers knew how many rounds the fight was scheduled for. That night, for 15 rounds, he lambasted Marullo from here to there and back again and left town on the midnight train. A few nights later, he repeated against Mr. Moore in California.

After the Gibbons fight, Greb came back to New York to fight Tunney. He was not much for pre-battle statements, but he allowed that he would lift the American light-heavyweight crown from Tunney and punch him full of holes in the process.

For this fight, in May, 1922, Greb came in at 162½ against 174½ for Tunney. Greb's frame was beginning to creak under the strain of nine years of ring warfare, he was 28 years old, and the sight in his good eye was failing. An even worse handicap was the threat of newspapers and the Boxing Commission that he would be thrown out of the ring if he roughed Tunney as he had Gibbons a few months before.

Tunney, on the other hand, was young and strong and coming along. He had seen Greb fight and he thought he had what it took to bring him down—patience, and a right jolt to the heart. It was good logic, but he never got a chance to use it against the wily Greb, who in the first round rushed him to close quarters and made him hit low repeatedly by pulling himself up at the waist and taking in foul territory punches that otherwise would have landed in fair. It was Greb strategy to make Tunney look bad and it worked. The referee told Tunney to keep his punches up.

After that, it was a typical Greb fight. In close, he mauled, slapped, heeled, hit on the break-aways and used his knees. When Tunney began to work out a defense, Greb called on more tricks and brought into play an artistic left thumb to Tunney's eye.

In the end, he gave Tunney over to his handlers, a bleeding, helpless hulk, and loped off with his title. That night, he rented a night club orchestra and danced until the musicians fell asleep.

Greb got his blind eye in a fight with Kid Norfolk in Pittsburgh. Before the bout he had learned that Norfolk was blind in one eye. Greb said that if the going got too tough he could stop

him by giving him the thumb in the other eye. He did, after the Kid dropped him in the third round. But the Kid gave it right back to him. Next day Greb complained that he saw a red ball of fire in front of the thumbed eye and that it wouldn't go away. A friend took him to a specialist, who said the retina was detached and advised him to quit fighting. Greb swore his friend to secrecy on the eye, and kept on fighting.

Unlike Baer and Carnera and other present-day fighters, Greb never allowed himself to be subdivided; he owned himself, his optimistic faith in managers never getting beyond the stage of permitting them to carry his baggage.

He was ready to go into the ring on short notice, though a great deal of his training consisted in leafing a list of phone numbers.

He was tossed out of the ring on at least one occasion for "not trying." Arm-weary from punching Captain Bob Roper, he sought to kill time by trying to sink his teeth into the lobe of the Captain's ear. The City (*Pittsburgh*) Boxing Commission called this "horseplay" and handed Greb a suspension.

Back in Pittsburgh, Greb's home town, five out of six fight fans would tell you Greb was a trifler. But they put their money on his nose every time he crawled through the ropes. When he fought in New York, they came in "Greb Specials" to back their boy

Such a crowd followed Greb to New York the night he defended his light-heavyweight title against Tommy Loughran, whose Philadelphia admirers came in "Loughran Specials" and were rash enough to establish him a heavy favorite. The two contingents met at the Pennsylvania station and when Greb climbed into the ring he was the prohibitive favorite.

His work wasn't up to standard in the first three rounds, which he lost, but he found himself in the fourth, and from there on, it was Greb at his best. In the clinches, he used his head as a battering ram, and held with one hand as he hit with the other; and on the breaks he used his shoulders and elbows. He won 10 of the 15 rounds in a manner that left no doubt even in the minds of the Philadelphians.

Greb lost his title back to Tunney in a return fight, but the decision was so unpopular that William Muldoon, then chairman of the New York State Boxing Commission, denounced it as a "steal." They fought three times after that and, if memory serves

me, Greb came out of the last one with two cracked ribs. He thought Tunney "carried" him through the final rounds, because Tommy Gibbons, who had just gone 15 rounds with Dempsey and whom Tunney wanted to fight, was looking on. Later, admitting Tunney's superiority, Greb said:

"That guy is getting too big and tough and he's hitting too hard; it's time for somebody else to fight him for a change. He's a good boy and he'll beat Dempsey if they ever fight."

Greb was middleweight champion of the world in his last two Tunney fights, having won the title from Johnny Wilson, a murderous southpaw puncher, in a roughhouse scuffle in 1923.

The crowds that followed Greb to the gymnasium to watch him work were usually disappointed. He'd play a game of handball, box a round or so, punch the light bag for rhythm, and call it a day. He was wont to walk up to a Sharkey or a Baer and say:

"You big bum, why don't you do your fighting in the ring?"

Greb had little traffic with New York sports writers; he wasn't interested in their opinions, and after a fight, scarcely read their stories. But he read everything that Harry Keck, Chester Smith and Harvey Boyle, back home in Pittsburgh, had to say about him, though it was not always pleasant.

Greb seldom planned a fight in advance; he depended on speed, withering and relentless. But he had a very definite plan for his fight with Mickey Walker, and that was to make Walker carry the fight to him, staking his lone chance of victory on his own ability to absorb a dreadful beating in the early rounds, and to come from behind after Walker had spent himself.

Everything favored Walker, who was welterweight champion of the world. He was young and growing and a terrific hitter; he would enter the ring close to the middleweight poundage and as strong as a bull.

Greb, on the other hand, was 32 years old, was rapidly losing the sight in his one good eye and had to get down from 175 pounds. To do it, he lived on synthetic orange juice, which he bought at Broadway holes-in-the-wall, ate just enough food to keep alive, and had to sweat out in steam rooms every day. On the afternoon of the fight, he had to run twice around the Central Park Reservoir to get rid of surplus weight.

On the card with him were Jimmy Slattery *vs.* Dave Shade, the former making his debut in the big time. Slattery was knocked

out in the third round and left the ring to weep in Greb's dressing room while the latter awaited the gong that would send him into the hardest fight of his career.

Greb entered the ring first, wan and frail, followed by Walker, looking hard and optimistic. Greb drew boos from a predominantly Walker crowd. The weights were:

Greb, 159; Walker, 152.

For four rounds on that July night in 1925, Greb absorbed one of the worst beatings any man has ever been called on to take. There were shouts of "Stop it!" To the spectators it looked like the end of the trail for Greb; to Greb, it was what the blueprints had called for in the early rounds.

But now the blueprints called for reverse action. Coming out for the fifth round, he ducked under Walker's lead and held. He looked over Walker's shoulder and smiled—a smile that said, "Now I'm going to work on him"—and he began firing leather. Greb outslugged, outroughed, and made Walker break ground, as he had said he would, in a fight which, before it ended, saw the referee twice knocked down when he tried to separate the principals. Greb dazzled Walker with his speed, twirled him around until he was dizzy, then stepped back and hit him while he spun. Walker went down to his finger-tips in a later round and was so completely baffled that he stood crying and talking to Greb in the center of the ring. In the fifteenth, it seemed that Greb could have knocked him out if he had chosen, but Walker, though in a state of collapse, finished on his feet. Greb, helping him to his corner, patted him on the back, and said, "You're all right, Mickey!"

Joe Humphreys held Greb's hand aloft and said:

"Winner, and still Champion!"

Greb shuffled back to his dressing room, took the still sobbing Slattery under his arm, and an hour later was dancing at the Silver Slipper. Between dances, he sought to console the broken-hearted Slattery, but the latter just sat at the table and cried.

Greb was only a shell of his former self when six months later, in February, 1926, he peeled down to the middleweight poundage and lost his title to Tiger Flowers.

A few months later, he was punching the small bag at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien's gym in preparation for a return match with Flowers when Jack Dempsey sauntered in. Dempsey was com-

ing out of retirement to defend his heavyweight championship against Tunney.

"Hello, Harry," he said, extending his hand.

Greb said, "Hello, Jack," and touched his gloved hand to Dempsey's while he kept up a rat-a-tat-tat on the bag with the other.

Dempsey looked on for a moment, told Greb he looked good, then said:

"How about training me for Tunney?"

"What'll you pay me?" asked Greb.

"Eight thousand," said Dempsey.

"Not enough," said Greb. "Make it ten."

"Can't do it," said Dempsey.

"Nothing doing," said Greb, still punching the bag. "I want to fight you myself, anyhow!"

"Forget it," said Dempsey, leaving. "Nobody'd pay to see a fight like that."

Whereat Greb smiled, obviously remembering how, in a training-camp workout, he moved in on Dempsey, leaned a shower of right-hand leads against his chin, then moved out before the Champ, punching out of a weave, could get his range. For two days he had the great Tiger Jack floundering awkwardly about the ring, trying vainly, like Mickey Walker, to reach with a solid punch the human windmill that swept about him. It was what Dempsey needed to put him in shape, but Manager Jack Kearns immediately dismissed Greb for being too aggressive.

This would be in 1920 when Dempsey was getting ready for his fight with Billy Miske in Benton Harbor. A year or so later, Greb accepted terms from Charley Murray, the Buffalo promoter, for a fight with Dempsey. But again Manager Kearns interfered, saying, "No, thanks. We don't want Greb."

Greb bet his entire purse on himself when he met Flowers in a return match. The fight was rough, and more than once Flowers complained to the referee that Greb was gouging his eyes out with his thumb. But Greb failed to regain his title, though the referee voted for him and the majority of the spectators booed the decision.

It broke Greb's heart and for the first time following a fight he broke down and cried. It was not because he had failed to win back his title, but because he felt he had been robbed of a justly earned decision.

He never fought again, and four months later, he died following a minor operation in Atlantic City.

But back home in Pittsburgh, his admirers will remember him as a man with a hurrah and a cheer in his heart—a man who thrilled them when he was in there shooting. His intimates, like Harry Keck, will remember him for what he was both inside and outside those ropes.

On the Blue Water

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

April, 1936

CERTAINLY there is no hunting like the hunting of man and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds because after the other thing ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue. Wine, when your tongue has been burned clean with lye and water, feels like puddle water in your mouth, while mustard feels like axle-grease, and you can smell crisp, fried bacon, but when you taste it, there is only a feeling of crinkly lard.

You can learn about this matter of the tongue by coming into the kitchen of a villa on the Riviera late at night and taking a drink from what should be a bottle of Evian water and which turns out to be *Eau de Javel*, a concentrated lye product used for cleaning sinks. The taste buds on your tongue, if burned off by *Eau de Javel*, will begin to function again after about a week. At what rate other things regenerate one does not know, since you lose track of friends and the things one could learn in a week were mostly learned a long time ago.

The other night I was talking with a good friend to whom all hunting is dull except elephant hunting. To him there is no sport in anything unless there is great danger and, if the danger is not enough, he will increase it for his own satisfaction. A hunting companion of his had told me how this friend was not satisfied with the risks of ordinary elephant hunting but would, if possible, have the elephants driven, or turned, so he could take them head-on, so it was a choice of killing them with the difficult frontal shot as they came, trumpeting, with their ears spread, or having them run over him. This is to elephant hunting what the German cult of suicide climbing is to ordinary mountaineering, and I suppose it is,

in a way, an attempt to approximate the old hunting of the armed man who is hunting you.

This friend was speaking of elephant hunting and urging me to hunt elephant, as he said that once you took it up no other hunting would mean anything to you. I was arguing that I enjoyed all hunting and shooting, any sort I could get, and had no desire to wipe this capacity for enjoyment out with the *Eau de Javel* of the old elephant coming straight at you with his trunk up and his ears spread.

"Of course you like that big fishing too," he said rather sadly. "Frankly, I can't see where the excitement is in that."

"You'd think it was marvelous if the fish shot at you with Tommy guns or jumped back and forth through the cockpit with swords on the ends of their noses."

"Don't be silly," he said. "But frankly I don't see where the thrill is."

"Look at so and so," I said. "He's an elephant hunter and this last year he's gone fishing for big fish and he's goofy about it. He must get a kick out of it or he wouldn't do it."

"Yes," my friend said. "There must be something about it but I can't see it. Tell me where you get a thrill out of it."

"I'll try to write it in a piece sometime," I told him.

"I wish you would," he said. "Because you people are sensible on other subjects. Moderately sensible I mean."

"I'll write it."

In the first place, the Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country there is left. Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since before men ever went on it in boats. In a season fishing you will see it oily flat as the becalmed galleons saw it while they drifted to the westward; white-capped with a fresh breeze as they saw it running with the trades; and in high, rolling blue hills the tops blowing off them like snow as they were punished by it, so that sometimes you will see three great hills of water with your fish jumping from the top of the farthest one and if you tried to make a turn to go with him without picking your chance, one of those breaking crests would roar down in on you with a thousand tons of water and you would hunt no more elephants, Richard, my lad.

There is no danger from the fish, but anyone who goes on the

sea the year around in a small power boat does not seek danger. You may be absolutely sure that in a year you will have it without seeking, so you try always to avoid it all you can.

Because the Gulf Stream is an unexploited country, only the very fringe of it ever being fished, and then only at a dozen places in thousands of miles of current, no one knows what fish live in it, or how great size they reach or what age, or even what kinds of fish and animals live in it at different depths. When you are drifting, out of sight of land, fishing four lines, sixty, eighty, one hundred and one hundred fifty fathoms down, in water that is seven hundred fathoms deep you never know what may take the small tuna that you use for bait, and every time the line starts to run off the reel, slowly first, then with a scream of the click as the rod bends and you feel it double and the huge weight of the friction of the line rushing through that depth of water while you pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel, trying to get the belly out of the line before the fish jumps, there is always a thrill that needs no danger to make it real. It may be a marlin that will jump high and clear off to your right and then go off in a series of leaps, throwing a splash like a speedboat in a sea as you shout for the boat to turn with him watching the line melting off the reel before the boat can get around. Or it may be a broadbill that will show wagging his great broadsword. Or it may be some fish that you will never see at all that will head straight out to the northwest like a submerged submarine and never show and at the end of five hours the angler has a straightened-out hook. There is always a feeling of excitement when a fish takes hold when you are drifting deep.

In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an elephant. But who can say what you will hook sometime when drifting in a hundred and fifty fathoms in the Gulf Stream? There are probably marlin and swordfish to which the fish we have seen caught are pygmies; and every time a fish takes the bait drifting you have a feeling perhaps you are hooked to one of these.

Carlos, our Cuban mate, who is fifty-three years old and has been fishing for marlin since he went in the bow of a skiff with his father when he was seven, was fishing drifting deep one time when he hooked a white marlin. The fish jumped twice and then sounded and when he sounded suddenly Carlos felt a great weight and he

could not hold the line which went out and down and down irresistibly until the fish had taken out over a hundred and fifty fathoms. Carlos says it felt as heavy and solid as though he were hooked to the bottom of the sea. Then suddenly the strain was loosened but he could feel the weight of his original fish and pulled it up stone dead. Some toothless fish like a swordfish or marlin had closed his jaws across the middle of the eighty pound white marlin and squeezed it and held it so that every bit of the insides of the fish had been crushed out while the huge fish moved off with the eighty-pound fish in its mouth. Finally it let go. What size of a fish would that be? I thought it might be a giant squid but Carlos said there were no sucker marks on the fish and that it showed plainly the shape of the marlin's mouth where he had crushed it.

Another time an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabañas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.

But what is the excitement in catching them from a launch? It comes from the fact that they are strange and wild things of unbelievable speed and power and a beauty, in the water and leaping, that is indescribable, which you would never see if you did not fish for them, and to which you are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. For pride and because the fish is worth plenty of money in the Havana market, you gaff him at the boat and bring him on board, but the having him in the

boat isn't the excitement; it is while you are fighting him that is the fun.

If the fish is hooked in the bony part of the mouth I am sure the hook hurts him no more than the harness hurts the angler. A large fish when he is hooked often does not feel the hook at all and will swim toward the boat, unconcerned, to take another bait. At others times he will swim away deep, completely unconscious of the hook, and it is when he feels himself held and pressure exerted to turn him, that he knows something is wrong and starts to make his fight. Unless he is hooked where it hurts he makes his fight not against the pain of the hook, but against being captured and if, when he is out of sight, you figure what he is doing, in what direction he is pulling when deep down, and why, you can convince him and bring him to the boat by the same system you break a wild horse. It is not necessary to kill him, or even completely exhaust him to bring him to the boat.

To kill a fish that fights deep you pull against the direction he wants to go until he is worn out and dies. It takes hours and when the fish dies the sharks are liable to get him before the angler can raise him to the top. To catch such a fish quickly you figure by trying to hold him absolutely, which direction he is working (a sounding fish is going in the direction the line slants in the water when you have put enough pressure on the drag so the line would break if you held it any tighter); then get ahead of him on that direction and he can be brought to the boat without killing him. You do not tow him or pull him with the motor boat; you use the engine to shift your position just as you would walk up or down stream with a salmon. A fish is caught most surely from a small boat such as a dory since the angler can shut down on his drag and simply let the fish pull the boat. Towing the boat will kill him in time. But the most satisfaction is to dominate and convince the fish and bring him intact in everything but spirit to the boat as rapidly as possible.

"Very instructive," says the friend. "But where does the thrill come in?"

The thrill comes when you are standing at the wheel drinking a cold bottle of beer and watching the outriggers jump the baits so they look like small live tuna leaping along and then behind one you see a long dark shadow wing up and then a big spear thrust

out followed by an eye and head and dorsal fin and the tuna jumps with the wave and he's missed it.

"Marlin," Carlos yells from the top of the house and stamps his feet up and down, the signal that a fish is raised. He swarms down to the wheel and you go back to where the rod rests in its socket and there comes the shadow again, fast as the shadow of a plane moving over the water, and the spear, head, fin and shoulders smash out of water and you hear the click the closepin makes as the line pulls out and the long bight of line whishes through the water as the fish turns and as you hold the rod, you feel it double and the butt kicks you in the belly as you come back hard and feel his weight, as you strike him again and again, and again.

Then the heavy rod arc-ing out toward the fish, and the reel in a band-saw zinging scream, the marlin leaps clear and long, silver in the sun long, round as a hogshead and banded with lavender stripes and, when he goes into the water, it throws a column of spray like a shell lighting.

Then he comes out again, and the spray roars, and again, then the line feels slack and out he bursts headed across and in, then jumps wildly twice more seeming to hang high and stiff in the air before falling to throw the column of water and you can see the hook in the corner of his jaw.

Then in a series of jumps like a greyhound he heads to the northwest and standing up, you follow him in the boat, the line taut as a banjo string and little drops coming from it until you finally get the belly of it clear of that friction against the water and have a straight pull out toward the fish.

And all the time Carlos is shouting, "Oh, God the bread of my children! Oh look at the bread of my children! Joseph and Mary look at the bread of my children jump! There it goes the bread of my children! He'll never stop the bread the bread the bread of my children!"

This striped marlin jumped, in a straight line to the northwest, fifty-three times, and every time he went out it was a sight to make your heart stand still. Then he sounded and I said to Carlos, "Get me the harness. Now I've got to pull him up the bread of your children."

"I couldn't stand to see it," he says. "Like a filled pocketbook jumping. He can't go down deep now. He's caught too much air jumping."

"Like a race horse over obstacles," Julio says. "Is the harness all right? Do you want water?"

"No." Then kidding Carlos, "What's this about the bread of your children?"

"He always says that," says Julio. "You should hear him curse me when we would lose one in the skiff."

"What will the bread of your children weigh?" I ask with mouth dry, the harness taut across shoulders, the rod a flexible prolongation of the sinew pulling ache of arms, the sweat salty in my eyes.

"Four hundred and fifty," says Carlos.

"Never," says Julio.

"Thou and thy never," says Carlos. "The fish of another always weighs nothing to thee."

"Three seventy-five," Julio raises his estimate. "Not a pound more."

Carlos says something unprintable and Julio comes up to four hundred.

The fish is nearly whipped now and the dead ache is out of raising him, and then, while lifting, I feel something slip. It holds for an instant and then the line is slack.

"He's gone," I say and unbuckle the harness.

"The bread of your children," Julio says to Carlos.

"Yes," Carlos says. "Yes. Joke and no joke yes. *El pan de mis hijos.* Three hundred and fifty pounds at ten cents a pound. How many days does a man work for that in the winter? How cold is it at three o'clock in the morning on all those days? And the fog and the rain in a norther. Every time he jumps the hook cutting the hole a little bigger in his jaw. Ay how he could jump. How he could jump!"

"The bread of your children," says Julio.

"Don't talk about that any more," said Carlos.

No it is not elephant hunting. But we get a kick out of it. When you have a family and children, your family, or my family, or the family of Carlos, you do not have to look for danger. There is always plenty of danger when you have a family.

And after a while the danger of others is the only danger and there is no end to it nor any pleasure in it nor does it help to think about it.

But there is great pleasure in being on the sea, in the unknown

wild suddenness of a great fish; in his life and death which he lives for you in an hour while your strength is harnessed to his; and there is satisfaction in conquering this thing which rules the sea it lives in.

Then in the morning of the day after you have caught a good fish, when the man who carried him to the market in a handcart brings the long roll of heavy silver dollars wrapped in a newspaper on board it is very satisfactory money. It really feels like money.

"There's the bread of your children," you say to Carlos.

"In the time of the dance of the millions," he says, "a fish like that was worth two hundred dollars. Now it is thirty. On the other hand a fisherman never starves. The sea is very rich."

"And the fisherman always poor."

"No. Look at you. You are rich."

"Like hell," you say. "And the longer I fish the poorer I'll be. I'll end up fishing with you for the market in a dinghy."

"That I never believe," says Carlos devoutly. "But look. That fishing in a dinghy is very interesting. You would like it."

"I'll look forward to it," you say.

"What we need for prosperity is a war," Carlos says. "In the time of the war with Spain and in the last war the fishermen were actually rich."

"All right," you say. "If we have a war you get the dinghy ready."

A Living from Tennis?

by GEORGE LOTT

March, 1934

JUST BEFORE I left Chicago last winter to play exhibition and tournament tennis in Florida, a friend of mine said, "That's pretty soft for you. With all expenses paid, you'll live in the best hotels and enjoy a lazy, carefree life, while we're battling snow and ice up north."

I didn't debate the matter with him, but I envied him. Why?

Well, he has a good job; on the first and fifteenth of each month he gets a substantial check from his firm. He is able, aggressive and progressive. He will probably be making important money five, ten or twenty years from now. The "bounce" may be gone from his legs and his eyes probably won't be so keen—but that won't matter.

I'm not moaning. Tennis has been good to me. Whether it has been good *for* me, is another question.

Add up its advantages: Thanks to tennis I've spent five out of the past six summers in Europe, hobnobbing with the best people (so-called) in England and on the Continent. With the exception of 1932 (when I retired to devote myself to business) I have been a member of the American Davis Cup team since 1928, with attendant luxuries. As a Cup player, I'm invited to be the guest of resorts to play in exhibition matches or tournaments. Tennis, therefore, means travel . . . plenty of leisure . . . breakfast in bed . . . hosts of fairweather friends . . . pretty girls around and about . . . (a chance to rub elbows with the rich, but none of their money ever rubs off) . . . name in the newspapers . . . people calling you by your first name—what more could a man ask? I like it—that's the rub!

If ever I have a son who is good enough to be a topnotcher in tennis I'll permit him to compete in the sport in college and, possibly, for a year or two afterward. Then, I'll break both his

legs, if necessary, to keep him from following the sport as a *career.*

For, to compete successfully, he will have to devote time to the sport when he should be gaining experience in the business or profession which he will have to follow ultimately.

This article is not intended to rap amateur tennis. In my judgment, nothing excels it as a sport. But that's what it should be—a *sport* and not a career.

Why don't I quit if that's how I feel about it?

Or, why don't I turn professional, and pick up a few thousand dollars?

I'll get around to the answers to both of those questions, presently.

In the interim, I'd like to knock skyhigh one of the popular beliefs, fostered by sports writers of the cynical school, that a high ranking star can make a good living out of amateur tennis.

I've yet to find the way to do it, and I've been participating in national and international tennis competition for almost a decade. By this time I should be hep to the profit angles, if there are any.

Tilden is supposed to have made from $12,000 a year upward while still an amateur. But that was back in the days when money grew on bushes.

A top flight star in amateur tennis today admittedly can live luxuriously *en route to the scene of the tournament, while the matches are in progress, and on the return journey.* Period! During the long stretches between tournaments he merely has the whole wide world to make a living in.

A Davis Cup player who is of frugal nature (few are, because they're young) and who is willing to indulge in small chiseling, may accumulate an "operating profit" of perhaps two or three hundred dollars a year.

And *that,* mind you, is top!

Back in the days when I was coming up, my tennis cost my father about $1200 a year. If a balance sheet were drawn covering my entire career it would show an operating loss for the Lott family.

Now, let's take a look at the hundreds of city, local and sectional champions who flock to the tournaments from all points of the country. They are the "ham-and-eggers" of tennis. How do

they get by? How do they live, as they journey cross country from tournament to tournament?

Well, as a rule there isn't a dollar in a carload of them—but to me, they are the most interesting part of the tennis show. They have a genuine love for the game, they're ambitious, they're in there pitching for all they're worth. When one of them knocks off a seeded star, there is wide and general rejoicing among them.

Many of them pay their own freight to the tournaments. There, if they are lucky, and have a mite of standing, they may be put up in a private home by some kindly tennis enthusiast.

Others who are a step higher on the tennis ladder—who may perchance have won a fairly important tournament or two—may be sent to larger tournaments by their local associations. The association may provide as much as $100 and the boy stretches that over the season, perhaps receiving transportation and being housed in a private home or hotel while participating.

Still others, who are good enough to be ranked among the top twenty in U. S. tennis, for instance, may receive expense money sufficient to cover their transportation, food and lodging from the tournament committees.

All have a good time and contrive to survive. Sometimes they exercise ingenuity to get to and from the tournament economically. For example, one Texas boy, for the past several seasons, has bought an old flivver each summer. In this vehicle he transports other young Texas stars cross country to play "the Eastern Circuit"; i. e., the string of successive tournaments held each summer on the Atlantic coast. He charges the other boys a flat rate per mile.

The fact that the participants are not allowed expense accounts which can be called lavish isn't the result of profiteering on the part of the organizations which stage the tournaments. Except for the important national meets, the clubs holding the tournaments consider themselves lucky if they break even, for the game does not produce "gates" comparable to those of more highly publicized sports, such as football.

If there's so little money in it—and I am one who considers money not the root of evil, but a comfort and a joy—why do I keep at it? If I realize that it won't always be possible to eat breakfast in bed at the Westchester Biltmore, why don't I devote all of my time now to a business or profession?

The answer is that I *am* in business—the insurance business—and now burn up plenty of shoe leather explaining to only faintly interested persons what a delight an insurance policy can be. Any truthful insurance man will tell you that the business is not exactly booming at the moment. Even by devoting twenty-eight hours a day, seven days a week to it, I would not, I suspect, be rolling in wealth.

But that fact isn't the real reason why I'm continuing.

The truth is that I have some unfinished business in amateur tennis.

For one thing, I've never won the National Men's Singles. On four different occasions—in 1928, 1929, 1930 and in 1933—I've been on the winning side in the finals for the U. S. Doubles championships. In 1931, also, John Doeg and I won the Wimbledon and French championships in doubles.

As this is written, I intend to make the old "college try" for the 1934 national singles title without worrying about retaining the doubles championship. I may get exactly nowhere, may be polished off early in the meet, possibly by some "unknown," but I'm going to shoot the works in preparation, concentration and energy in the 1934 campaign.

Once before I made a similar resolution. That was in 1931 when Ellsworth Vines was performing so sensationally. I managed to beat him in the semi-finals at Southampton—his first major defeat after he skyrocketed into fame. But he got me in the finals of the Men's Singles at Forest Hills. That gave me Number 2 ranking when I had hoped to attain Number 1.

Although, in the matter of years, I am now on the down side of what is supposed to be the peak in sports competition there may be one good national singles campaign left in this old frame.

Should Lady Luck grant my ambition I hope I'll have the judgment to let well enough alone and devote all of my time to business thereafter.

In tennis, as in other sports, it's hard to quit when one is at or near the top. Johnny Doeg, who won the national championship in 1930, by beating Tilden in the semi-finals and Shields in the finals at Forest Hills, was an exception. After winning the title, he knew enough to begin playing tennis as a means of recreation while he was still an ace. Incidentally, he's prospering.

As for turning professional, I can't quite see it. I'm not high-

hat—I don't censure the boys who've gone pro—but it just isn't down my alley. It would mean giving up too many things which I value.

For, despite all of the foregoing talk about money, the game to me remains a sport—one of the fastest, hardest games the world knows. And when the tennis star is out there battling away for that intangible, fleeting thing known as victory, he isn't counting his money. He's too busy—for in major competition tennis is as fast and strenuous as any game on earth. If there is a Doubting Thomas in the audience I'll be glad to take him out on the courts and make a believer out of him. The roar he will hear in his ears will be the pounding of his own heart.

It's a game in which the runt may slay the giant, where what is known in the ring as moxie, in football as heart, and in tennis as courage, may overcome superior size and strength.

For instance, in the men's singles at Forest Hills last summer, tiny Bitsy Grant of Atlanta, Georgia, suh, defeated Ellsworth Vines.

A long time ago I tagged Grant with the nickname "Bitsy," a shortening of "Ittle Bitsy." For, with a wet towel in his hand, he won't tip the scales at more than 120 pounds and he extends upward about five feet, four inches. But in his match with Vines, he covered the court with the speed and agility of a terrier. He made brilliant, unbelievable "gets" of drives by Vines to which most other players would have waved goodbye. And in the end, he staggered to the net on legs which had run many miles that day to receive the congratulations of Vines, the victim. It was an epic in courage.

And this is as good a time as any to put it into the record that Vines has his share of courage too. In his match with Perry in the interzone final with the British Cup team Vines literally played his heart out and his legs off. When he collapsed just before the finish a few of the know-it-alls hinted at "grandstanding." The kid had simply played himself out, with a badly sprained ankle for extra measure. What did they want him to do—*die?*

Remembering Shooting-Flying

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

February, 1935

THERE is a heavy norther blowing; the gulf is too rough to fish and there is no shooting now. When you are through work it is nearly dark and you can ride out on the boulevard by the sea and throw clay targets with a hand trap against this gale and they will dip and jump and rise into strange angles like a jacksnipe in the wind. Or you can throw them out with the gale behind them and they will go like a teal over the water. Or they can get down below the sea wall and have some one throw them out high over your head riding the wind, but if you puff one into black dust you can not pretend it was an old cock pheasant unless you are a better pretender than I am. The trouble is there isn't any thud, nor is there the line of bare trees, nor are you standing on a wet, leaf-strewn road, nor do you hear the beaters, nor the racket when a cock gets up and, as he tops the trees, you are on him, then ahead of him, and at the shot he turns over and there is that thump when he lands. Shooting driven pheasants is worth whatever you pay for it.

But when you cannot shoot you can remember shooting and I would rather stay home, now, this afternoon and write about it than go out and sail clay saucers in the wind, trying to break them and wishing they were what they're not.

When you have been lucky in your life you find that just about the time the best of the books run out (and I would rather read again for the first time *Anna Karenina, Far Away and Long Ago, Buddenbrooks, Wuthering Heights, Madame Bovary, War and Peace, A Sportsman's Sketches, The Brothers Karamazov, Hail and Farewell, Huckleberry Finn, Winesburg, Ohio, La Reine, Margot, La Maison Tellier, Le Rouge et le Noir, La Chartreuse de Parme, Dubliners,* Yeats's *Autobiographies* and a few others than have an assured income of a million dollars a year) you have a lot

of damned fine things that you can remember. Then when the time is over in which you have done the things that you can now remember, and while you are doing other things, you find that you can read the books again and, always, there are a few, a very few, good new ones. Last year there was *La Condition Humaine* by André Malraux. It was translated, I do not know how well, as *Man's Fate*, and sometimes it is as good as Stendhal and that is something no prose writer has been in France for over fifty years.

But this is supposed to be about shooting, not about books, although some of the best shooting I remember was in Tolstoi and I have often wondered how the snipe fly in Russia now. When you have loved three things all your life, from the earliest you can remember; to fish, to shoot and, later, to read; and when, all your life, the necessity to write has been your master, you learn to remember and, when you think back you remember more fishing and shooting and reading than anything else and that is a pleasure.

You can remember the first snipe you ever hit walking on the prairie with your father. How the jacksnipe rose with a jump and you hit him on the second swerve and had to wade out into a slough after him and brought him in wet, holding him by the bill, as proud as a bird dog, and you can remember all the snipe since in many places. You can remember the miracle it seemed when you hit your first pheasant when he roared up from under your feet to top a sweet briar thicket and fell with his wings pounding, and you had to wait till after dark to bring him into town because they were protected, and you can feel the bulk of him still inside your shirt with his long tail up under your armpit, walking into town in the dark along the dirt road that is now North Avenue where the gypsy wagons used to camp when there was prairie out to the Des Plaines river where Wallace Evans had a game farm and the big woods ran along the river where the Indian mounds were.

I came by there five years ago and where I shot that pheasant there was a hot dog place and filling station and the north prairie, where we hunted snipe in the spring and skated on the sloughs when they froze in the winter, was all a subdivision and in the town, the house where I was born was gone and they had cut down the oak trees and built an apartment house close out against the street. So I was glad I went away from there as soon as I did. Because when you like to shoot and fish you have to move often and always further out.

The first covey of partridges I ever saw, they were ruffed grouse but we called them partridges up there, was with my father and an Indian named Simon Green and we came on them dusting and feeding in the sun beside the grist mill on Horton's Creek in Michigan. They looked as big as turkeys to me and I was so excited with the whirr of the wings that I missed both shots I had, while my father, shooting an old lever action Winchester pump, killed five out of the covey and I can remember the Indian picking them up and laughing. He was an old fat Indian, a great admirer of my father, and when I look back at that shooting I am a great admirer of my father too. He was a beautiful shot, one of the fastest I have ever seen; but he was too nervous to be a great money shot.

Then I remember shooting quail with him when I do not think I could have been more than ten years old, and he was showing me off, having me shoot pigeons that were flying around a barn, and some way I broke the hammer spring in my single barrel 20 gauge and the only gun down there at my uncle's place in Southern Illinois that no one was shooting, was a big old L. C. Smith double that weighed, probably, about nine pounds. I could not hit anything with it and it kicked me so it made my nose bleed. I was afraid to shoot it and I got awfully tired carrying it and my father had left me standing in a thickety patch of timber while he was working out the singles from a covey we had scattered. There was a red bird up in a tree and then I looked down and under the tree was a quail, freshly dead. I picked it up and it was still warm. My father had evidently hit it when the covey went up with a stray pellet and it had flown this far and dropped. I looked around to see nobody was in sight and then, laying the quail down by my feet, shut both my eyes and pulled the trigger on that old double barrel. It kicked me against the tree and when I opened it up I found it had doubled and fired both barrels at once and my ears were ringing and my nose was bleeding. But I picked the quail up, reloaded the gun, wiped my nose and set out to find my father. I was sick of not hitting any.

"Did you get one, Ernie?"

I held it up.

"It's a cock," he said. "See his white throat? It's a beauty."

But I had a lump in my stomach that felt like a baseball from lying to him and that night I remember crying with my head under the patchwork quilt after he was asleep because I had lied to him.

If he would have waked up I would have told him, I think. But he was tired and sleeping heavily. I never told him.

So I won't think any more about that but I remember now how I broke the spring in the 20 gauge. It was from snapping the hammer on an empty chamber practicing swinging on the pigeons after they wouldn't let me shoot any more. And some older boys came along the road when I was carrying the pigeons from the barn to the house and one of them said I didn't shoot those pigeons. I called him a liar and the smaller of the two whipped hell out of me. That was an unlucky trip.

On a day as cold as this you can remember duck shooting in the blind, hearing their wings go whichy-chu-chu-chu in the dark before daylight. That is the first thing I remember of ducks; the whistly, silk tearing sound the fast wingbeats make; just as what you remember first of geese is how slow they seem to go when they are traveling, and yet they are moving so fast that the first one you ever killed was two behind the one you shot at, and all that night you kept waking up and remembering how he folded up and fell. While the woodcock is an easy bird to hit, with a soft flight like an owl, and if you do miss him he will probably pitch down and give you another shot. But what a bird to eat flambé with armagnac cooked in his own juice and butter, a little mustard added to make a sauce, with two strips of bacon and pommes soufflé and Corton, Pommard, Beaune, or Chambertin to drink.

Colder still. We found ptarmigan in the rocks on a high plain above and to the left of the glacier by the Madelener-haus in the Vorarlberg in a blizzard. The next day we followed a fox track all day on skis and saw where he had caught a ptarmigan underneath the snow. We never saw the fox.

There were chamois up in that country too and black cock in the woods below the timber-line and big hares that you found sometimes at night when coming home along the road. We ate them jugged and drank Tyroler wine. And why, today, remember misses?

There were lots of partridges outside of Constantinople and we used to have them roasted and start the meal with a bowl of caviar, the kind you never will be able to afford again, pale grey, the grains as big as buck shot and a little vodka with it, and then the partridges, not overdone, so that when you cut them there was the juice, drinking Caucasus burgundy, and serving French fried potatoes with them and then a salad with roquefort dressing and

another bottle of what was the number of that wine? They all had numbers. Sixty-one I think it was.

And did you ever see the quick, smooth-lifting, reaching flight the lesser bustard has, or make a double on them, right and left, or shoot at flighting sand grouse coming to water early in the morning and see the great variety of shots they give and hear the cackling sound they make when flighting, a little like the noise of prairie chickens on the plains when they go off, fast beat of wings and soar, fast beat of wings and soar stiff-winged, and see a coyote watching you a long way out of range and see an antelope turn and stare and lift his head when he hears the shotgun thud? Sand grouse, of course, fly nothing like a prairie chicken. They have a cutting, swooping flight like pigeons but they make that grouse-like cackle, and with the lesser bustard and the teal, there is no bird to beat them for pan, the griddle or the oven.

So you recall a curlew that came in along the beach one time in a storm when you were shooting plover, and jumping teal along a water course that cut a plain on a different continent, and having a hyena come out of the grass when you were trying to stalk up on a pool and see him turn and look at ten yards and let him have it with the shotgun in his ugly face, and standing, to your waist in water, whistling a flock of golden plover back, and then, back in the winter woods, shooting ruffed grouse along a trout stream where only an otter fished now, and all the places and the different flights of birds, jumping three mallards now, down where the beavers cut away the cottonwoods, and seeing the drake tower, white-breasted, green-headed, climbing and get above him and splash him in the old Clark's Fork, walking along the bank watching him until he floated onto a pebbly bar.

Then there are sage hens, wild as hawks that time, the biggest grouse of all, getting up out of range, and out of range, until you came around an alfalfa stack and four whirred up one after the other at your feet almost and, later walking home, in your hunting coat they seemed to weigh a ton.

I think they all were made to shoot because if they were not why did they give them that whirr of wings that moves you suddenly more than any love of country? Why did they make them all so good to eat and why did they make the ones with silent flight like wood-cock, snipe, and lesser bustard, better eating even than the rest?

Why does the curlew have that voice, and who thought up the plover's call, which takes the place of noise of wings, to give us that catharsis wing shooting has given to men since they stopped flying hawks and took to fowling pieces? I think that they were made to shoot and some of us were made to shoot them and if that is not so well, never say we did not tell you that we liked it.

Di Maggio, the Man

by WILL CONNOLLY

September, 1942

As his earnings have increased, Joe DiMaggio has become easier to live with. I think this point is worth emphasizing in the story of the development of the Yankee Clipper who could sail equally well under either of two literary titles: *Young Man of Manhattan* or *The Man from San Francisco.* This transition in temperament with the advent of prosperity has been graceful in direct proportion to his achievements. He *was* a little trying at first, but that was because he is a social introvert and was stampeded by his unprecedented prominence.

Early in his career Joe would promise to autograph things at a Jewish orphanage or answer questions at Fidelty Lodge of Masons and then run out on his bookings because he hated to talk in front of more than five people. His defensive personality, however, began to expand soon after he really began to hit the ball in the big money league, which netted him around $200,000 in the last six years.

Steadily he has expanded under the many extraneous influences playing upon him ever since he wore knee pants. He has acquired poise and maturity. He makes a nice talk in a double-breasted suit, after some schooling in radio and Hollywood. By this I don't mean to infer he has changed fundamentally and become a glad-hander. Out-of-state license plates drive up to "DiMaggio's Grotto," a truly luxurious joint at Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco in hope of having him autograph a paper doily, but Joe is rarely around. If he is, he's hiding out in the kitchen gnawing a T-bone with the Chinese bus boy.

Joe allows his name to be associated with the fish place and some of his money is in it, but he doesn't actively take a hand in its management. His elder brother, Tom, does the restaurateur's worrying. Joe's interests in life are plain, simple and understand-

able. After he is through with baseball, which to him is merely a good job, he wants to buy a home in Atherton, the swank peninsula district south of San Francisco. As yet, Joe has never expressed a yearning to pursue another calling when his playing days are done.

Two years after he joined the Yankees, Joe committed himself to an obligation that now amounts to $15,000 a year in a trust fund. When he's forty or before that, he hopes to rusticate off what he has salted away.

He had no craving to be a baseball great when he was a boy. Now, as formerly, Joe is blissfully indolent. But he enjoys luxury and will work for it six months a year, three hours a day. The fact that he has no plans for middle age beyond clipping coupons is a tipoff on his makeup. It also accounts for his tendency to hold out every spring. He has those stiff commitments to meet; so it's very important to him that the Yankees pay him $42,500 instead of $37,500. He wants to nudge baseball of all he can get out of it right away quick, for he doesn't know from day to day when his trick knee will fold under him or his peak earning power be otherwise curtailed. He reckons baseball an unstable career. Once poor, he has a dread of poverty.

DiMag' has no worship of big league glamour. It's an occupation to him, an easy way to make it quick; and if the Tulsa club could pay him $50,000 he'd jump the big league traces and to hell with Cooperstown.

When he returns to San Francisco in the winter, Joe doesn't talk hot-stove league like the other hibernating athletes. Around the house he rarely mentions baseball. He is virtually inarticulate on the subject even in his family circle. You ask him who is the toughest pitcher he has ever faced, and he says: "Mel Harder." You ask him about Ruffing. "Good pitcher," he says, as he casts the universal blanket of "Good" over Werber at third, Williams in the outfield. Everybody is good. He never knocks. Toughest man to interview. Yet it is an admirable quality in Joe—if you know your baseball players—that a guy so preeminently great as he is has such tolerance for the performances of less gifted men. He doesn't look down his nose at the weakest of his colleagues in the majors. "Great fellow," he says. "Great player." That goes for *all* of them.

At home in the winter he gets up as late as noon, and turns on the radio. He likes current music.

In the off season, he has few outside interests beyond swing broadcasts and bass fishing—and movies. He never reads a book or a magazine. He has no parlor tricks. He can't recite, or play an instrument and he isn't glib or witty. Therefore he avoids conversational groups. His education was not extensive. He matriculated at Francisco Junior High School but was not a good student, as Dominic was, and besides he used to play hookey too much.

In the presence of women he is awkward. He has a beautiful physique, clothes it smartly, but he fears that his thin and hawk-like face is unattractive to women.

He doesn't indulge in other sports in the winter. No hunting, no golf for him. He'll help out by rolling the first ball to open a bowling alley, but doesn't bowl. He fishes more than he used to, but only for the unsporting game of bass and deep sea. Trout fishing requires too much walking.

In baseball he behaves like a robot but isn't. He thinks and is no dummy on the field. He gets the signals correctly, is a fine team man and one of our most intelligent players—on the grass. He studies his own technique and when he fails to hit for two or three days knows exactly what he is doing wrong and soon corrects it. There is no better student of form. He isn't a mechanical ogre. The ball players all like him, and of course admire him but in the dugout he is a clam.

His refusal to crack under the strain of hitting in 56 consecutive games led some unkind observers to suggest DiMag' is a bovine dope without any sensitivity of nerves.

Months later I asked him if the ordeal got him down. "What do you think?" he said. "In those last twenty days I went to bat with my palms wet. I don't show emotion because I'm not a grandstander, but I feel things like everybody else."

Of all the great players, DiMag' required the least teaching and correction of faults. He had the ideal style from his very first day in the minors and hasn't altered his technique to any considerable degree. In his first season with the Seals, a group of major leaguers passed through San Francisco en route to the Orient. "Uncle" Charlie Graham, owner of the club, remarked that DiMag' looked more like a big leaguer even at that early date than the big leaguers themselves.

Joe is proud but not overbearing. He doesn't strut his superiority in an offensive way. There is nothing of the show-off in

him. In 1935 when he was under option to the Yankees, he was fighting Oscar Eckhardt for the batting champions of the Coast League. On the last day of the season less than .001 separated the rivals. Bill Lawrence, centerfielder for Seattle, wanted DiMaggio to win the title; so when Joe lifted an easy fly, Lawrence deliberately stumbled and allowed the can of corn to fall for a legal hit.

DiMaggio stormed the press box as soon as he tagged first base. "Whoever is the official scorer," he demanded, "I want him to change that to an error."

We in San Francisco remember Joe as a young buck who spent his winter afternoons sitting through *A* and *B* pictures at the Warfield, and then hurrying across the street for four hours more at the RKO Cathedral. Hiking, swimming, bowling, hunting and other masculine outlets were not for him. Mike, the oldest brother, and Tom, the next, and Dom and Vince served hitches on the crab fishing boat from Eureka to San Diego, but Joe never put to sea commercially.

The first member of the family of eight, born of Sicilians, to earn a livelihood at baseball was Vince. If Vince had not been recalled from Tucson by the Seals and paid 300 dollars a month, the DiMaggio baseball dynasty probably would have died aborning. That was more than the *Libia* made in two months. The *Libia* is the crab smack christened by Papa in honor of the Roman war ship of the Garibaldi era. Mrs. Rosalia DiMaggio, the mother, still keeps a special taper burning before an ikon for Vince and prays that some day he will return to her an opera singer. With his first earnings from the Yankees, Joe bought his folks a 25,000 dollar home in the Marina district, which is semi-classy.

Joe was the last of the family to take to sandlot ball, not excepting the dauphin Dominic. By nature Joe was lethargic and nonathletic. He liked to pound the pillow late, visit the double features and eat meat dishes. The traditional spaghetti is his choice only for the newsreels.

Joe had to be dragged into baseball by the nose in his grammar school period. He didn't mix well with the other youngsters and operated as a lone wolf—through shyness, not aloofness. Baseball didn't intrigue him. He didn't own a glove or a bat or spikes. But he began to like softball when he discovered that he could hit the mush ball farther than the other urchins who stood only up to his elbow.

His graduation to hard ball was precipitated by the generosity of a fellow resident of the Latin quarter, a boniface named Tony Battaglia who operates a gas station at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Lombard Street. Signor Battaglia was the angel of the "Jolly Knights," a cracker-barrel boys' club with pass words and secret grips. The Jolly Knights organized a nine that played Saturday mornings at Funston Playground in Cow Hollow, near the scene of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. All the DiMaggios began as infielders, Joe at shortstop.

Joe's introduction to professional ball was purely casual. In 1932 Augie Galan, the shortstop of the low-ranking Seals, asked permission in September to join a barnstorming troupe to Hawaii. Vince recommended brother Joe to fill out the schedule. The first day he played, Joe got a triple and a double in eight times at bat in a double-header, but almost killed half a dozen spectators behind first base with wild throws. Jimmy Caveney, the manager, therefore moved him out to right field.

Joe had a hard time getting out of the Coast League. In 1934 he hit in 61 straight games and saved the league from ruin. Nonetheless there wasn't a buyer, and for good reason. After a night game he stopped off at the Hofbrau for a snack, and in getting into a friend's car he slipped on the running board and wrenched his knee. The next year he crashed into the fence going for a ball and reinjured his knee. Except for Bill Essick of the Yanks, he would have been given the go-by. Essick, however, insisted on an examination by a doctor in Los Angeles, and then grabbed him for 25,000 dollars and five mediocre players—a sinful bargain considering that Joe became worth easily 500,000 dollars to the Yanks. If Essick had not had the courage to gamble on damaged property, DiMag' might have given up baseball in discouragement.

I think that the Essick incident is significant in Joe's career. It was another of the many "helping hands" that have miraculously steered Joe to success. At first he had no interest in athletics. Then the example of Vince slanted him toward baseball. Frank La Rocca led him into the playground and softball. Tony Battaglia shifted him to baseball. Then Galan's chance trip to Hawaii, and Vince's persuasion got him his break with the Seals. Bill Essick went out of his way to salvage him. Lefty O'Doul, his second manager at Frisco, taught him to dress elegantly in seventy-dollar suits and to tip the waitress twenty cents as becomes a man of his station.

Finally, the position of the Yankees, a splendid winning team which makes playing ball more enjoyable and endurable, helped him rise to the top in the money bracket, although there is no gainsaying Joe did as much for the Yankees as they did for him.

When you stop to weigh Joe's phenomenal abilities for this game, it seems almost unbelievable that so many ministering angels were needed to bring him through. Yet it has happened many times in other fields. Geniuses always seem to be lucky in the influences that beam upon them by chance. A long time ago Pasteur observed: "Luck always favors the man who is best equipped to make use of it."

I think that of this Joe DiMag' presents a most remarkable and complete example. If I should attempt to sum up my reaction to years of close and valued acquaintanceship with Joe and the other DiMaggio boys, I believe it would simmer down to the effect that the sun always shines on talent.

How to Take Golf Lessons

by WILLIAM SCOTT STEWART

September, 1942

THE GUY who said there were 99 things to get right in your golf game, any one of which could throw the other 98 completely off, was wrong. There are not 99 things to get wrong in your golf game. There are 100.

Yeah, I know. You add up all the stances and the grips, all the counts and the rhythms, all the heads down and the follows through, and you get 99. But the most important factor of your golf game is the one that sourgrapes artist left out—it's the ability to take golf lessons and to take them without holding your nose, making a bad face, then promptly spitting them out. That ability is something even your best friends won't sell you, but it's something you can pick up if you stoop to conquer.

And if anybody can give you a tip, straight from the horse, I'm it. I'm the guy who taught my kids to swim the crawl, just from reading the books and looking at the pictures, though my own claim to tank fame is in a slow, exasperating breast stroke. I picked up fancy skating when I was practically pickin's for Pitkin, just by watching the pretty girls in the center of the Arena and then practicing alone in the Park. Tennis, a passable piano, billiards—all fell in line with how-to books and determined practice. But I'll be damned if I could ever go it with golf by the same methods.

I've read just about every book that's ever been written on the game, from Vardon to date. In trying to be a self-made golfer I used all my very best learn-by-watching methods, avidly followed the pros all over the country ("just looking, thanks"), spent literally years on a practice tee—but no golf game worthy of the name came out of the pot.

That's when I decided to abandon this Horatio Alger pose, the one that goes along with the I-never-took-a-lesson-in-my-life line of

chatter. That's when I decided to take a lesson from a bona fide pro. That oughta fixit.

I didn't know this then, but I know it now: deciding to take golf lessons is only the beginning. From there in, a definite planned program is in order, for if you are shooting over 90 or 100 and you go about taking lessons like the average guy, you might as well rejoin the group of deluded dubs you just left—you know, Harry and Al and Mike with their locker-room protestations about "I only play for the fresh air and sunshine. Score doesn't bother me."

Bobby Jones once fixed 90 as the dividing line between dubs and golfers. Actually, only about 15 or 20 per cent of all American golf-club members can break 100; only 5 per cent can shoot below 80. Yet every high-handicap ball beater thinks of himself as a golfer and probably blames all but his basic form for his "off-day" scores. A lot of graceful growing oldsters can't understand why their games have fallen off as the years have piled up, but any little sand pile, if trapped, will tell them that it's not because they "don't get out as much as they used to," but because their games never *were* any good. Once upon a time maybe their agility and their brawn made up for eccentricities in their strokes, but today tightening muscles, weakened coordination and less powerful push behind the swings show up the old faults. The oldster who still scores as well as he did when he was in his twenties or thirties is the fellow who learned a good sound form and grooved it.

Of course, none of us wants to take golf so seriously it becomes a torment. Maybe a lot of us wish we could honestly claim we don't care about score so long as we have sun and seltzer—but the fact remains that we'd all be a lot happier if we could count on our golf. Not tournament golf, but social stuff. Just good enough to allow us to play with the sharpies without holding them up (and without being held up!) . . . just good enough to put us out of the dub class and often into the 80's . . . just good enough to make us welcome in any foursome. It can be done, and here's how:

Pick as your teacher a pro in whose ability to play and to teach you have complete confidence. If you belong to a club naturally your club pro will have first call. If you're picking from strangers, scout around to find out something about your prospect before you talk to him. But once you've decided on him, put yourself completely in his hands and stick with him.

I've taken lessons from an army of pros, big and small—from the unknown 42nd assistant at the stop-and-sock to the big name money winners—and I know that one of the first things to conquer when you start out for a lesson is the tendency to think (or worse, to *say*) "that ain't the way I heard it!" Take a lesson with reservations and you're worse off than if you never took it. At least a part of the pro's interest is in making a living, so if he suspects that you're not wholeheartedly with him, that you're going to be like the woman convinced against her will, he'll drag out some of the old bromides to make you happy. Net result—nil.

Don't expect miracles in minutes. The average guy who draws himself to his full height and announces in trumpet tones: "I'm going to take a lesson to get rid of this slice," is the bane of the pro's existence. He plans to take 1 (one) lesson and to return to his foursome that very afternoon—a new man. The pro can't afford to tell you, when you wheel up with that sort of a demand, that your request is as impossible as it is unreasonable. On looking over your swing his expert eye instantly detects faults—faults that have become fixed habits. They're correctable, but not in one three-dollar lesson. To correct one fault at a time, and in so doing build a swing more nearly correct, would take time, and lots of it. But he can't tell you that and still buy booties for the babies—not if you're in the impatient fix-me-up frame of mind.

So? So he looks you over, offsets your slice temporarily by pitting some other fault against it, collects your money and sends you back to your game. With your stance swung around and your hands in a different position your slice is gone—for a while. But you've done nothing toward building a better game, and soon you'll be worse off than you were before.

Even a pro with a conscience recognizes the value of giving John Q what he wants. His first tendency, though he'd be the last one to admit it, is to operate on the "customer is always right" theory. That's because he wants your business, and he doesn't want to buck all of human nature in one golf lesson. But if you can convince him that you're sincere and that you're going to junk your preconceived notions, he'll knock himself out for the chance to demonstrate his abilities.

When you've picked your pro, lay the money on the line for not one lesson but a *series*—a group of twelve or whatever the pro recommends. Tell him that you're his Charlie McCarthy, that you

won't play in competition of any sort until he says so, that you'll do exactly as he directs even if it means holding the club by the head or hitting the ball with the golf bag. And *mean* it when you *say* it!

If you've taken lessons before, tell the pro so, but whatever you do, don't quote your former teachers to him. Nothing irritates a teacher so much as to hear what Tommy Armour told you or what Hogan said in a magazine article. Obviously you didn't co-ordinate your former instruction or you wouldn't be sporting that terrible lunge he can plainly see. So the best attitude to take and to convey to your new master is this: "Those other guys' theories are fine, but they weren't written with my particular build and style in mind. What I want is a personal analysis and a personal success formula. I want to start all over, if that's what I should do. So let's go—you're the doctor."

Probably the best way to start off on your new project is to play an actual round with your pro. By playing with you he can catalogue your game and your faults, get a line on your general technique and abilities. The suggestion that you play together will have to come from you, however, for the pro has learned by bitter experience that when *he* comes up with the idea, his pupil gets any one or all of a dozen wrong impressions. In the first place, a "playing lesson" is one of the most valuable methods of instruction; it's worth paying a good piece of cash plus expenses to have a pro play with you. Nine times out of ten, though, as I learned from hob-nobbing with the professionals and listening to their tales of woe, when it's the pro who suggests playing together, the pupil thinks "Aha! Drinks on the house!" He assumes that the pro just likes his company or is hard up for playing companions, when actually if he were playing for pleasure the pro would much prefer 5, 5 and 5 Nassau with his pro pals.

Don't wait for your teacher to suggest the playing lesson, then. Come up with the idea yourself at your first meeting, and make it clear that you want to pay and play at regular rates. Talk price with him, but don't be a Scrooge. If he's a pro on the grounds, chances are he'll play with you for about what you generally lose in your foursome, plus his caddy fees. Of course if he's not at your club and playing with you will take his whole day, the tariff will increase proportionately.

When you get out on the course with your teacher, remember

you can't fool him at his own game. If you shoot over your head he'll know how much luck entered in, and if you're nervous and getting the bad breaks he'll know that, too. So don't grouse and make playing unpleasant.

In that first playing lesson probably your pro won't do much monkeying with your form. He may not even appear to be watching you. But he'll get a direct line on how much improvement you can be expected to show in that season, and exactly how much he can do for you in the twelve or so lessons you've contracted for—*if* you'll let him. But if you insist on being a big shot and tell him you know exactly why you're "off your game," he'll humor you. Why not, at those prices?

In a playing lesson, any pro can cut strokes from your game without changing you much, particularly if you're an over-100 player, simply by showing you how better to manage the game you *do* play. Funny thing about golf—everyone who has ever held a club in his hand watches Jimmy Thomson drive, sees the ball go a mile and says to himself, "Cheez, *I* can do that!" When he goes out to the ball park and sees Di Mag hit the ball over the fence he knows he himself couldn't hit the ball that far, even against easy pitching. When he marvels at the precision passes of Sammy Baugh or Cecil Isbell he doesn't tell himself that he could do it if he practiced a little. A dub never seems to believe that he could play tennis like Riggs or billiards like Hoppe, yet as soon as he gets out on a golf course he expects to be able to drive like Thomson, use his irons like Armour, putt like Horton Smith and score like an Open medalist. That mental quirk is responsible for at least 15 strokes on the score of a dyed-in-the-wool dub, because, though his own game doesn't warrant it, he plans his shots as if he could execute them better than a Bobby Jones. A pro can show him why it's better in the long run to chip out of the woods onto the fairway just opposite, rather than aim at the flag and try to slam out through the trees from a bad lie. Your teacher will show *you* how playing safe—on the green, in the traps, in all kinds of trouble—can make a terrific difference in your score. When he thinks you're capable of absorbing it, he'll show you how to roll three shots into two.

In spite of all you've heard and read about how the short game wins the tournaments and the money, probably your secret desire is for distance. The first thing you want to learn is how to sock

out those woods. Keep it to yourself, if it is, because your pro will soon show you that though iron shots are the least glamorous they're the scorers. If his system includes starting you off with a putter and taking the woods last as one leading pro recommends, give him the go-signal. The precision you'll learn while practicing your iron shots will help you when you come to the drives . . . and you'll be surprised at the tricks of the trade you can pick up in a short time of instruction on your approaches: how to stop the ball, how to run it, how to make it land to the right or to the left.

"You have to teach yourself" is a golf slogan that has done more harm than good to a lot of earnest duffers. The basic principle—that you have to take your mind and your will along with you when you take a lesson—is sound enough, but that saying has fostered a bad practice about practicing. After one of your first few lessons you'll feel as if you have the Secret Formula, all tied up in a neat package, and wham! you'll spend the next three afternoons out on the practice tee all alone, trying to groove it. You'll get in the groove all right, and your pro will probably have to spend your whole next lesson trying to get you out of it. Practice only under supervision, particularly at first, and you'll stunt the growth of a lot of new faults.

What the pro wants you to learn is the "feel" of the proper swing. You don't have to know the exact moment when your wrists should turn over, be able to give a ten-minute speech about your weight-change, or even have the vaguest idea of how you look at the top of your swing. The over-ambitious attempt to analyze and understand every tiny motion of the golf swing is deadly to the dub. Probably if you ate with an eye to your fork-form, studying every gesture and turn of the wrist involved in feeding your face, you'd wind up sticking the fork in your ear. And eating is a simple, natural, functional motion, too—nothing like the complicated and sometimes seemingly distorted movements involved in a correct golf swing!

That's why studying pictures of your own swing is a foolish and confusing practice, particularly if you try to analyze them without a licensed interpreter. And that's why involved discussions about theory make a poor way to spend your lesson hour. Keep your mouth shut when you're taking a lesson. Your pro will have his pet ways of putting his ideas across—they may even seem to contradict openly what you've read and what other players have

said—but they're designed only to get you on the right track. Don't pick the words apart, just get the idea and, while your teacher is watching, put that idea to work by trial and error. If your lessons "take," you won't have to concentrate on the 99 points of your golf swing when you get out on the course—you'll just swing!

The rule book on how to take golf lessons ought to include at least two more things: first, never take a kibitzer along with you when you go to take your lessons, and second, don't talk about taking lessons!

A third person in a spectator role at your lesson may not seem to distract you, but he's bound to take away from your relaxation and your concentration, and likely to make you "press" as much as if you were actually playing. Then too, though he or she may be meek in the presence of the pro, the post-mortem can be disastrous to your confidence in the progress you're making.

And if you've ever tried to quit smoking or stick to a diet, you know the value of that second rule. Talking about your "great sacrifice" as to food or smoking is bound to keep you conscious of what you're missing and give you a martyr complex, rather than strengthen your determination as you think at the time. Talking about your golf lessons, similarly, is bound to make you self-conscious of your coming debut as a new man on the golf course, get you to expecting quick results and, worst of all, make you put into words the things that you're supposed to learn by doing.

If you want to add an extra incentive for your teacher and insure his fullest co-operation, the bonus idea is a pretty good one. The Chicago lawyer who promised his pro $1,000 if he could get him to breaking 80 in a year went overboard on the bonus plan, but it paid dividends. More within the regular fellow's reach is this: tell your pro you're going to buy a new set of clubs from him when you've knocked your handicap down 5 points, or broken 100 or 90, or whatever your individual aim. It's hard to believe, but members of some of the swankiest clubs brag to their own pros about their purchasing prowess proudly display bargain basement golf clubs similar to those sold in their own caddy shops, and expect the pros to appraise and praise. Those guys are masters of *How to Gain the Ill Will of Your Pro While Saving a Few Dollars.* Because that's such a common happening, and especially because it's come to be a featured fret in private pro post-mortems, your

seemingly minor pledge to buy clubs from the home team will go a long way in the good will department.

Take it from your great-grandpar, half the battle in taking golf lessons is adopting the right attitude and, in so doing, developing the proper attitude and interest in your pro.

Well, there you are—all cozy and chummy with your pro, with your mind all made up to stop spoiling your summers with your lousy golf. Now that FDR has given Judge Landis the nod on baseball, you're convinced that we can return the Japs call of December 7 without abolishing our recreations, and you're going out after new vim and vigor on the golf course. You remember Jones' classic, "If golf is worth playing, it's worth playing right." You're ready to lay out a little money, a lot of time and some studied concentration to make a boogie out of a bogey. It can be fun as well as work if you go at it right—and with these rules in mind you're a cinch. The rest is easy. All you have to do is learn to play golf. Simple game, really. Oh, sure.

Learning Good Golf by Sense

by BEN HOGAN

March, 1943

I CAN HARNESS your golf swing so you'll be converted from a high-handicap hacker into a sensationally good swinger. The transformation will be made easily within a few weeks.

"Sensation-ally good" is the right term to apply to the new and correct swing you'll have. Your swing will be founded on sensations.

A sensation, according to the dictionary, is "an impression made upon the mind through the medium of one of the organs of sense; feeling produced by external objects, or by some change in the internal state of the body."

In this case of golf instruction the "organs of sense" involved are those of feel.

You can learn good golf if you use the sense of feel.

The soundness of the principle of golf instruction in my method has been demonstrated repeatedly by the caddies who've become great players. They don't learn by first mastering the mechanics of the game. They begin by imitating some good player and subconsciously becoming clearly aware of the difference between the feeling that accompanies a good shot and the awkward feeling of a shot incorrectly made.

The chances are that you now don't recognize the *sensation* of a good swing.

Not knowing the difference between the feeling you should experience when your muscles, bones and nerves have collaborated in producing a good shot and the feeling you should have when you make shots with any one of your numerous incorrect swings, you are without a foundation for your game.

If you don't know golf as a game of feeling, you are like a deaf man trying to play piano by ear. Then you, and the pro teaching you, are up against the extremely difficult proposition of

trying to get words to describe sensations that are felt when a correct swing is made.

The pupil's attitude is the major factor that determines whether golf instruction is or isn't going to be effective. In getting the pupil conditioned to receive the knowledge of shot-making the great handicap to be overcome is that of pronounced tensity. When pros talk together about their instruction problems, almost invariably they refer to the first and most important step in teaching as that of getting the pupil to relax.

Why is this relaxation so vital? It has a lot to do with the basic principle of the method I'll give you for learning good golf.

Why do you grit your teeth, hunch your shoulders, get tense and taut when you expect pain? The reason is that you thus hope to deaden your sensibility to the feeling of pain. When you're relaxed you believe that you'll feel too acutely. Delicacy of feeling is what we want in golf; hence the high valuation pros place on relaxation.

Perhaps you have tried to improve your swing by paying conscious attention to several different elements in the swing, such as pivoting by a sliding turn of the hips, keeping the left arm straight, having your left shoulder touch your chin at the top of your backswing, and uncocking the wrists when your club gets down near the ball.

Science has proved that the action of the golf swing occurs too swiftly for you to apply consciously all these tips you have in mind.

The swing pattern is a complete thing. Professor John Anderson of the University of Minnesota, a noted authority on motor skills, impressed that on pros at a professional golfers' clinic at the University of Minnesota two years ago, and again at the 1941 Professional Golfers Association national meeting in Chicago. Some pros were inclined to debate with Professor Anderson, but I'll say from my own studied experience that I can tell by the feeling of the swing whether or not a shot I have hit is good or bad, but I can't put my finger on what I have done wrong.

Often you may have read that you should have a picture of the swing in your mind. That doesn't mean a thing to most golfers, for how they look and how they think they look during the swing are two different pictures. You frequently see efforts made to apply this advice when you see high handicap players hold a pose after the completion of their swings. They think they are imitating some

star golfer, whereas they generally reach this posed position by means of some jerky, unnatural movements forced after their swings actually have been completed.

In your mind should be, rather than a picture, the sensation that is associated with a properly made swing. Maybe it will be impossible for you to recognize definitely more than one definite association of the action with a certain set of muscles. Don't worry about that.

Chick Evans says that one of the earliest items of golf instruction he received—and about the only one that has stood the test of years—is that he ought to feel a pulling of the muscles back of his left shoulder when his downswing is getting under way. Maybe some other one item of muscular consciousness will register with you when you are making a good swing.

Now, after this explanation of the basic principle of my method, I think you'll understand that the fundamental problem in teaching—and in getting the pupil to learn—good golf is the problem of making the pupil's muscles aware of what they should do.

And this is how the muscles can be trained to perform properly in making the sort of a golf swing one should have:

My method, amazingly effective with pupils I have supervised, is simply a method of buckling two belts; one around the pupil's arms just above the elbows, and the other around the pupil's legs just above the knees.

When the belt is looped around the elbows the arms should be straight—but not stiff—from the shoulders to the grip of the club. Just to make sure that the pupil has the correct grip, which is really a simple, natural and smooth working union between the player and the club, I'll check into that later, but now we'll keep to the arms.

Buckle the belt so the loop keeps the arms comfortably together. It would be better to have a device that would keep the belt from sliding out off the arms onto the club as the swing develops centrifugal force, and I'll probably get to that someday, but for the present the belt will do.

Take a natural stance, with the toes pointed outward slightly and the feet just a bit farther apart than the width of one's hips; then have the belt buckled just above the knees.

Bend your knees slightly, so they're loosened and you're sort

of sitting down or crouching. This does away with any tendency toward tensity. It unlocks your knees.

Now swing the club. You don't have to think of a thing, except not starting the swing by lifting the club with your hands. Swing the club so it'll go as far back as your body will twist, with the ball of your left foot being kept in firm contact with the ground.

After not many trials your arms, body and hands will be smoothly coordinated. You can hit balls with these belts around your arms and legs. Don't try to hit them hard. You'll be surprised how far they'll go when they're hit squarely.

Now you know how your muscles should feel when you're making a correct golf swing.

Without being told "don't" you are avoiding the two most common errors of the high-handicap golfer. These are the faults of spreading the elbows and of dipping the left knee toward the ground instead of moving it in toward the right knee.

You now know the feeling of firm balance essential to good golf. With that belt holding your knees in proper position you have to swing in good balance or come close to falling forward or backward, according to the error you have made.

One thing that will surprise you about the job done by the belt above the elbows is that the wrist joints will perform properly in hinging—so the club gets far back over the shoulders—straighten out without conscious effort as the clubhead comes into the ball, and complete their function in an extended, high follow-through.

That belt around the elbows will educate the muscles to the feeling that they should have when the ball is being smartly smacked. Generally, due to the collapse of the left elbow and the failure to turn the body freely and fully, the high-handicap golfer doesn't get the club far enough back to hit the ball nearly so far as he is capable of hitting it.

An illustration of what happens when a ball is hit to travel and when it is merely given a sloppy jolt off the tee can be provided by a rubber band. When the band isn't extended it won't shoot a paper clip very far, but when it is stretched out so there is tension to it, it will snap back to a relaxed position with speed and stored-up power that shoot the clip fast and far. The muscles, when they're working in the manner directed by the two-belt arrangement, work through the club shaft and head to the ball in a similar manner.

But note—and it's very important to get this clear—there's a difference between tension and tensity in your golf swing. When there is tension properly worked up so there is a sensation of being crouched or coiled to spring, you have tension that, when released over the wide arc of the swing which this method makes easy for the average golfer, generates speed that means distance to the shot. Tensity is a stiff, joint-locked feeling that completely prevents full application of force to the ball.

Tension is the winding-up for the swing. When your elbows and knees move in the proper paths you get a spring-like coiling that is released through the left arm, the left shoulder and back, and through the left leg when you make your swing at the ball.

With this elbow and knee harness, your muscles find it almost impossible to get conditioned to any sensation but that of the correct pivot, arm, and wrist action of a complete swing. You don't have to try deliberately to remember to pause when you are at the top of the swing. Your muscles are directed by these belts to perform until the body and arms reach the top of the backswing—the moment of ultimate tension, or the limit of the rubberband stretch—and a change of direction must take place.

When the backswing is correctly made by this coordinated functioning of the key joints of the swing, there will be no trouble about getting to and through the ball. The ineffective slug at the ball and the failure to keep the club moving through the ball are the result of earlier movements improperly made.

It will be noticed quickly that any tendency to lunge at the ball or to sway away from it in the backswing are eliminated by the forced action of the knees compelled by the clasped belt. The player must swing around on his hips and keep his feet in solid contact with the ground. There need be no straining to apply what one so often hears and reads about the weight being mainly on the right foot in the backswing, and on the left foot in swinging at and through the ball. By means of the belt, the player's muscles and his balancing organization work subconsciously in keeping the player from tottering.

It is obvious that these elbow and knee belts assure a compact swing. By a compact swing is meant merely a swing in which all elements work with a minimum of waste motion. It's the waste motion that accounts for the high-handicap player's inconsistency and his being more fatigued by his round of 90 to 115 than the expert

is by his round below par. Every time you make an unnecessary motion you are straining needlessly.

With the belts around your elbows and knees your muscles get acquainted with the feeling of making your legs and your arms, which are in effect lengthened by the clubshaft, parts of a tripod. Your muscles get the sensation of firmly setting you to hit the ball with freedom, speed, force and smoothness.

Now about the grip. To get the right grip, bring your hands to the club grip with the palms squarely facing each other. Move the right hand down the grip. This automatically brings the right shoulder down a bit. Now the club, if its sole is flat on the ground as it should be, is diagonally across your left hand, with the left forefinger's middle section at the bottom of the grip and the butt of the left hand coming across the top of the club. The left thumb is a bit to the right side of the grip. That's as the left hand grip should be.

Now put the right little finger over the left forefinger, get your left thumb in the hollow of your right hand, put your right thumb on the side of your right forefinger, and you have the grip that keeps the club in firm but not tense control, and supplies the right sort of union between the player and the club. The hands should be close together with a feeling that when they work they work as a unit.

With those belts around your elbows and knees and the club joined up as a close-connected unit of the swinging machinery, you can let your muscles teach themselves how they should feel when they are doing their best work at golf.

When your muscles learn that lesson they won't be interfered with by your trying to think of various, confusing, disconnected actions. You can concentrate on getting the ball into the hole.

It took me years of playing and practice until I finally worked out the muscle memory system that keeps swing details from becoming a conscious worry to the player and allows them to be mainly the habit of the muscles. In this way the muscles are acquainted with what their business is in the golf swing and get into the habit of performing their routine duties.

You can get rhythm in your swing only when the muscles have been trained to feel their proper performance.

Rhythm is what the higher-handicap player hasn't got. He doesn't know how to begin getting it because he hasn't a clear idea

of how he should feel when he comes up to swing, hence he is tense —tightened up—and thinks of many different kinds of swings, and hazards.

From the time I take the club from the caddie I am in rhythm. I have decided what kind of club is required for the shot and visualize the flight of the ball as I get the club from the caddie. I am feeling that club instead of only having it in my hand as a dead weight. The clubhead is felt as a weight put at the end of a shaft for the purpose of connecting squarely with the ball. The club is being felt not as so much steel, leather, and in some cases, wood, but as an instrument for doing a delicate but powerful job.

Instinctively, because of this basing of my game on feeling, I take the grip for the required shot as a matter of habit rather than as an additional job of conscious performance. My grip is always at the end of the driver, and at the end of the other clubs for shots of the full length of whatever clubs I've selected. The grip is lower down on the leather for the punch shots.

The club is waggled not merely as a habit but as a starting impulse to the series of feelings that should continue without my conscious effort to excite them, throughout the swing. Therefore, I can think of where I want that ball to go, and the feeling of the club, of the leg, body, arm and wrist action follows as any acquired habit. Sometimes there are mysterious little things that prevent the orderly performance of these muscle habits. With me, playing golf as a serious business against highly competent competitors, these little disorders are serious. But if you'll be content to get yourself on greens so you have a good chance of scoring close to par, these variations from the correct muscular habits and feeling can generally be eliminated by a return to the belt practice that made you a good golfer.

You may have noticed that I haven't told you anything about keeping the head down. With your body and arms feeling the sensation of a properly made swing you won't be inclined to move your head. It will stay steady where it belongs at the apex of the tripod I've mentioned.

Possibly you also have noticed that I haven't told you anything about the right elbow being held comfortably close to the body and kept down instead of getting into the curious position in which it frequently is placed by the player who does not get power or direction into his shots. The belt around the elbows makes certain that

the right elbow will keep in the positions it should be in at various stages of the swing. You'll feel the plain sign of its departure from the correct position should you return to original sin when you make some bad shots minus the elbow belt.

Other points that are common "don'ts" in printed golf instruction haven't been mentioned here for the simple reason that the belts automatically adjust movements to the proper groove.

You can try this belt method indoors without a ball until your muscles develop the right habit and the feeling of a good swing, or you can try it outdoors with a ball after you've had a few sessions to overcome the early feeling of awkwardness that's bound to be felt when you're weeding out your bad habits and teaching your muscles how they should feel.

The two-belts system will work for you. It's never missed on the hundreds of cases in which it has been employed.

Use it until your nerves become keen to the feel of your muscles and joints working as they should in swinging a golf club. It won't take so very long, but you should keep at it a little while every day until the habit of swinging by good feeling is adapted.

Then, all you'll have to do to scorch the scorecard is learn to putt well enough to hole a few of the long ones now and then, and seldom miss the short ones.

How to Be a Successful Duffer

by HENRY McLEMORE

December, 1937

Do you hold your nose when you dive off the springboard? Do you take six shots and five minutes to get out of a sand trap?

Do you get more blisters than aces when playing tennis?

In brief, are you a duffer at sports?

The chances are that you are a duffer, because of the millions of Americans who play at sports each year only the scantiest fraction are champions or anything like it. The overwhelming majority are double-dipped, hand-carved duffers—men and women to the awkward manner born.

I am a member of this tremendous duffer family, whose brothers and sisters you find everywhere—untangling their snarled fishing lines from trees, playing shots from rough so deep and forbidding that Frank Buck would think twice before invading it, getting bumped on their noggins by booms and spars, double-faulting and foot-faulting, and executing belly-whopping swan dives from the edges of pools. A true duffer always will be a duffer.

Lessons from professionals do him little good. He will carry that loop in his backswing, that flyswatter tennis service, to his grave. The library shelves of the nation are overrun with learned books on how to become a champion by improving your form. The real duffer has no form and couldn't improve it if he did.

As for becoming a champion you can't fool us. Champions are harder to make than trees. To begin with, they must have great natural ability and an early start. Your champion horseshoe pitcher probably started pitching pony shoes when he still wore three-cornered pants, and your golf champion undoubtedly could put backspin on his milk bottle. Anyone who is old enough to read is too old to start becoming a champion.

During the years I have been a member of the duffer family

my only real shame has been in front of outsiders. We members of the family understand one another, but occasionally we have to compete with non-duffers, men and women who are not bound together by the common lack of ability to do things well, and it's embarrassing. They make it known to us that they wonder why we struggle on.

As one who has long been inefficient at many sports I have felt the need for a manual or primer which would explain to the duffer how he could appear to be much better at games than he really is. So, during the eight years in which I have been a sports writer, I have been careful to observe and listen to the explanations that champions make when they slip temporarily into the duffer class and top drives, flub easy lobs, land sideways on a jackknife dive, and ride the best horse in the race and finish last. For the Sarazens, the Budges, the Degeners and the Kurtsingers make the same mistakes that you and I do—only not so often. That's why they are champions and you and I are dubs.

There's another difference, too. When we duffers flop, we say "oh, hell." When champions flop, they are ready with a profound explanation that may involve criticism of wind, weather, the tides, equipment, spectator noises, playing conditions, the referee, or the piece of chocolate cake they ate the night before. They make these explanations in highly technical terms and in my scholarly way I have been writing them down, often not knowing what they mean.

The result is a long-needed manual and guidebook on how duffers may make themselves look good when actually they are terrible. As soon as the sports season opened this spring, I tried it out at a week-end party. My theories worked beautifully. Not one of my fellow guests realized I was a duffer. When I packed up on Monday I had almost convinced myself that I was good.

Arriving late on a hot afternoon my host told me to get into a bathing suit and join everybody at the swimming pool. I would have preferred to have had him ask me to put on a pair of overalls and clean up the basement. My equipment for swimming consisted of a laborious side stroke and a fear of any water more than five feet deep. I reached the pool to find it alive with expert swimmers who were doing new-fangled crawls and diving from platforms so high that it didn't seem right not to have firemen with nets below. My host introduced me around to the human sea lions who called for me to "come on in!"

I thought about that side stroke which Aunt Bessie had taught me when I was eight years old. She thought I was very graceful but something told me that these strangers would not see eye to eye with Aunt Bessie. Then I remembered the study I had made on how to look good at sports although a duffer. Standing there on the edge of the pool I thought back on my swimming data and decided to put it to a test.

I recalled that several years ago in Florida several of America's finest men and women swimmers—Adolph Kiefer, Katherine Rawls, Georgia Coleman, and Ralph Flanagan—had amused a crowd by violating everything they knew about swimming and diving.

"Remember the old dog paddle?" I shouted. "Watch me do it!"

Every eye was upon me as I jumped in with a huge splash and started dog-paddling to the other side of the pool.

My progress was greeted with roars of genuine laughter. Encouraged (and out of wind) I said:

"Remember this one?"

Then I went into Aunt Bessie's side stroke and again everybody laughed. Carried away by my success I suddenly found myself slowly sinking in the middle of the pool. I managed to cry:

"Come on, fellows! Pretend to save me!"

Then I went down for the second time. Fortunately, the expert swimmers were so intrigued by this that they joined in the sport and made what they thought was a mock rescue. They howled with laughter when I allowed them to pull me out of the pool and apply first aid.

Later, when I had revived, I thought I had better go off the diving board to impress them further with my athletic prowess. I was the center of attention as I stepped out on the board that was quivering almost as much as I. But again my duffers' manual came to my aid. At the Olympic games in Berlin last summer I used to spend mornings watching the divers of all nations practice. I had picked up much technical knowledge concerning the sport. I knew about "carriage," I realized the importance of the "approach to the board." I had seen Dick Degener, Olympic champion, always precede his take-off by a graceful rise to his tiptoes, a statuesque arching of his body. I tiptoed and arched to the best of my ability.

Then, just when they expected me to go into a beautiful swan dive, I laughed and said:

"Now for the old frog jump!"

Grabbing my nose, I jumped. My feet spread wide, and my free arm cut circles in the air. It was the only dive I knew. I will always remember it because my stomach is still sore.

My success was unbelievable. The men and women, who had been sailing off the board in lovely and intricate dives a few moments before, began trying my frog dive. They turned to me for advice and I actually found myself an instructor, showing them how to do it.

The next day I played tennis. During the ride to the courts I was positively cocky. I sized up my doubles partner and my opponents and decided they were much better than duffers and far out of my class. So I knew that I must waste no time in laying a foundation that would make them believe at the end of the match that I was really a fine tennis player, no matter what happened.

I recalled that Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry, Donald Budge, Bill Tilden—in fact, all the good tennis players I knew—never called a racquet a racquet. They always called it a "bat."

"Darn it," I said, picking up my racquet and shaking it, "I packed in a hurry yesterday and brought along the wrong bat."

My companions looked at me with new interest in their eyes. I had scored and I pressed my advantage.

"The weight in this bat," I said, "is too much in the head. I like a bat with balance nearer the throat. Nothing bothers you so much on half volleys as an unbalanced bat."

My companions handed me their racquets and asked my opinion on the balance. I held them over my head at arm's length and swung them delicately. I remembered well seeing Jean Borotra do that at Germantown one day.

"Fine bats," I finally said judiciously. "I wish mine had as neat a balance."

Too, too soon we arrived at the courts. My companions began taking off their sweaters but I walked directly to the court and pressed my thumbs against the surface. Then, shaking my head in despair, I called a conference at the net.

"Terribly soft court, isn't it?" I said. "Not much bounce today. Pins us down almost entirely to chopping, doesn't it?"

The only reason I had decided the court was soft was that a feeble chop—a lamb chop, so to speak—was my lone tennis stroke. Then, too, I had seen Helen Jacobs win more than one national

championship by using her chop stroke on a soft court. Well, I chopped and chopped and chopped. We lost the first set, 1-6, but my reputation did not suffer. Throughout the set I was careful to yell "well hit!" or "too good!" every time I missed a simple shot. These cries of flattery blinded my opponents to my own shortcomings. They believed they were playing super tennis and that I was merely the unfortunate victim of their blazing speed and control.

When it came my time to serve, however, I was strictly on my own. For a moment I was at a loss for an explanation of the weak, pitty-pat, girl undergraduate, service of mine. Then I remembered Henri Cochet, the little Frenchman who once dominated all the courts of the world, not with his speed, but with uncanny placement of shots.

"Placement of service is the thing, eh partner?" I cried, and then put a powder puff across the net, ducking to escape the terrific smash that came back at my head.

"Peach! Peach!" I screamed, and then frowned at my racquet.

"I'm going to have to string my own bats after this," I said. "This gut is loose as spaghetti."

Well, we lost three sets in a row, 1-6, 3-6, and 0-6.

Under the shower I said to my partner:

"Odd, isn't it, how some players can't get their games together in doubles? Tilden and Helen Wills Moody used to have the same trouble we had today. Individually they were unbeatable; together they never could click. It was the same with us today."

"Never thought of that," my partner answered, "but it certainly sounds logical. Hope we can team up again some time."

The next day we were scheduled to play golf, and just before going to bed I looked out the window to see if there were any hope of a saving rain for me. All of the stars were out, and winking evilly at me. I stayed awake most of the night preparing a professional alibi for every mistake I could possibly make. First, my hook, which is chronic. I knew that of the 105 or so strokes I would need to get around at least 90 would be hooked. My two-foot putts are fairly straight. I remembered Bobby Jones once saying that a hooked ball got tremendous roll because of top-spin or something. I knew I could explain my inability to hit a decent brassie shot with the same reason that Tommy Armour once used in my hearing.

"The lies are too close for a brassie shot," he said.

I have often wondered what he meant.

I began my personal work on my opponent while we still were in the locker room dressing for the match.

"How long is the course?" I asked quite casually.

"Sixty-seven hundred yards," he answered.

"From front or back tees?" I quickly asked, remembering that I had heard Lawson Little make the same inquiry at the recent national open in Detroit.

"I don't know," my opponent replied.

"But it makes a great deal of difference," I said, and on the way out to the first tee I told him all about the yardage at St. Andrews, the Royal St. George at Sandwich, and Carnoustie, all of which I hope to play some day.

He seemed impressed, but I was taking no chances. I plucked a handful of grass from the first tee, tossed it into the air, and studied it with a frown on my face as it drifted down.

"Hmmmmmmm, cross wind. And a nasty one, too," I said. "A man would be a fool not to play a hook here."

He licked his finger and held it up as a test for the wind.

"You're right," he said, "but I can't control my hooks."

I leaped at him like a tiger. For ten minutes I severely cross-examined him on his game. I questioned him minutely on the following points: Did he use the overlapping or interlocking grip? Was he an open or a closed stance player? Did he have a tendency to shut the face of his club? Did he cock his wrists at the top of his backswing? Did he believe that the left hand was everything? How was his pivot?

For ten minutes he knocked the tops off dandelions with a swing that I would have sold my soul to Mephistopheles to have been able to equal. Between narrowed eyes I watched him. I circled him. I adjusted his arms. Ordered him to keep his head down. Finally, I delivered my verdict:

"Old man, try a wee bit more right hand on top of the shaft."

I said that I would be glad to demonstrate what I meant by hooking every shot.

He argued against this, saying it would spoil my score, but I merely smiled and said:

"No trouble at all. We'll just call all bets off. What's another round of golf to me?"

I never have seen a more appreciative man. He won the first, second, and third holes with pars. On the fourth hole, which is a

decided dog-leg to the right, I hooked into woods on the left of the fairway, hooked out of them, and then hooked back in again. I finally hooked onto the green in eight, and hooked three short putts for an eleven.

"Get the idea?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he answered, "that right hand is what does it, all right."

At the fifteenth green (I was ten down and sliding fast) he hit one of his few bad shots of the day. I walked slowly and solemnly across the fairway, put my arm around his shoulder in a comradely fashion, and said:

"Tck! Tck! Mustn't let your right shoulder collapse like that, old man."

"Thanks," he said. "I'll watch it from now on."

I returned, addressed my ball smartly, and hooked sharply into the rough on the left of the green. If my opponent's shoulder had collapsed, both of mine fell clear to my waist. But I covered up quickly by turning to my caddy and barking:

"You overclubbed me again, boy!"

Approaching the eighteenth green I was twelve down and I knew that my only hope was to talk fast. My drive was fairly good with a slight hook on the end of it but I dug a six-inch divot behind my approach shot.

"Must be fresh sod on this fairway," I said, speaking loud enough to be sure my opponent heard me.

My ball rolled into a trap on the right of the green. I took out a niblick, tested it, frowned and put it back in the bag.

"Boy, my dynamiter," I said, and my caddy handed it to me with the air of one who has suffered too much already. I was on the green in four more shots and knew that I had to make my final face-saving speech of the day. I had it ready because I had heard pros—Johnny Revolta, Harry Cooper, Horton Smith and Denny Shute—put the blast on courses on which they had unfortunate scores. For good measure, I threw in some things I had remembered from an interview with Donald Ross, the great golf architect.

"The trap is furrowed," I said, "and the pin on this green is unfairly placed. Mighty coarse-grained sand in your bunkers here. And how about these greens, they don't get enough shade, do they, and somebody planted the wrong bent on this one. Your fairways

are baked but maybe you'll get some rain soon. Go ahead and putt, you're away."

That night I was away on the first train. They were planning water polo for the morrow.

The Time of Ruby Robert

by EDGAR LEE MASTERS

February, 1940

I saw Bob Fitzsimmons a good many times, both in action, and when he was ambling on the streets of Chicago, sometimes leading his pet lion. His hair was reddish, but he wasn't so very ruby after all, and as for freckles, though he was cartooned with a great back covered with freckles, the size of a quarter, he wasn't very freckled either. Sports writers must have something sensational. When it isn't at hand they make it up, and often out of scant materials. Fitz's clothes always seemed too tight for him, too tight in the shoulders. He dressed rather flashily, not in taste like "Gentleman" Jim Corbett. He talked like a Cockney, pronouncing "half," "arf," and the like. As he walked along you could see that his legs were not of the same giant proportions as his shoulders. The latter were simply huge.

You will find in the twenty-third book of the *Iliad* old Homer's description of the fight between the boxer Epeius and the boxer Euryalus, in which Epeius smote Euryalus, so that his legs sank beneath him. They fought in those days with thongs of ox-hide fitted about their hands. There may have been critics of the game, but they did not indulge for years in comparative analyses, and in fanciful reasons for the defeat of one or the other. The Homeric fight reminds one of the contests of Fitz, for when he smote an antagonist the latter's "glorious limbs" sank beneath him.

I have been interested in pugilism all my life. I have seen many of the greatest of the pugilists. The reports of fights have a strange fascination for me, and I have always studied them, as later I have followed the explanations and criticisms and guesses of the men who follow the sport for the newspapers. If you will consider that many of them were not born when Corbett defeated Sullivan in 1892, or even when Fitzsimmons defeated Corbett in 1897, you will see that when these judges of the sport indulge in comparisons, and

say that Louis is a greater puncher than Jeffries was, or that Peter Maher was a harder hitter than Louis, they are manifestly venturing an opinion without the facts having been gathered by the eyes. One thing that stands out is the constant cry that Louis was knocked down by Schmeling, and later by Galento, and that shows that he is not all that he is cracked up to be. They don't take into account that many of the greatest boxers were knocked down somewhere along the path of their career. The great Sullivan was knocked down by Charley Mitchell, who was a middleweight. Jack Johnson was knocked down by Stanley Ketchell, a middleweight. Fitzsimmons was knocked down many times. Corbett was knocked down and knocked out. Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo. Tunney was knocked down for a long count by Dempsey. The list could be amplified. This is enough to prove that the most skilled boxer can get it and that it does not speak much one way or the other as to his standing. Certainly and plainly Sullivan was a better man than Mitchell; Jack Johnson was a better man than Ketchell, and Fitzsimmons was a better man than the men who floored him. Dempsey demonstrated his superiority over Firpo on the spot. And Tunney, though knocked down, got the decision, and I have never heard any great howl that he did so. The case against Louis passes out when the facts are considered which should enter into a judgment of him as a champion. No one who knows anything would say that Galento is a better man than Louis. A big awkward fighter can get in a blow sometimes, and for that matter an ordinary man could knock Louis down, or Sullivan in his best days, if he got the right sock on the right spot. I have a memory of Sullivan being knocked down in barroom scraps. I am surprised to see experts give so much attention to the knock down that Louis received at the hands of Schmeling. Schmeling is a big man and when he got in the right blow on Louis, Louis had to go down, as great fighters did before him. There is nothing to this.

I could put up a good argument to the effect that Fitzsimmons, all things considered, was the greatest fighter who ever lived, but it would be a long argument and intricate with comparisons back and forth. Along the way I'd have to get Dempsey out of the way, who at Toledo in his fight with Willard was a whirlwind of power and skill. I have felt that Fitz could have defeated Sullivan. But I'll not indulge in such speculations. I'll only say that Fitz never

had a superior, and rest the case upon some salient facts. In this connection I might mention first the matter of his age when he won battles, this has bearing upon his strength and vitality. He was never anything more than a light heavyweight, a class created in 1903 when George Gardner defeated Jack Root. Fitz defeated Gardner in the fall of 1903. So that when he defeated Corbett in 1897 he was only the middleweight champion.

Sullivan called Fitz a fighting machine on stilts, in reference to his spindling legs and his enormous shoulders and arms. But be it observed I don't recall an instance where Fitz's legs gave out on him. They seemed to have the endurance of steel. As to age he was thirty-five when he won the championship of the world over Corbett; he was forty-one when he gave the giant Jeffries with his 220 pounds of bone and muscle a terrible beating, and conceivably might have won the fight if his hands had not been turned to pulp by hammering the bronze head and jaws of Jeffries. On the other hand Corbett was towards thirty-one when he lost to Fitzsimmons; Dempsey was thirty-one when he lost to Tunney; Sullivan was thirty-four when he lost to Corbett. I differ from experts on fighting as to this age matter. A man at thirty-one or thirty-four is good enough for any man of any age. It may be that dissipation will lower a fighter's effective strength, but the mere matter of years, which have not advanced beyond thirty or so, will not do so. The case of Fitzsimmons proves this, and I stress it to make the point in favor of the Cornishman as a fighter with no superior. He had what no one can explain: he had strength, as Sullivan had, strength that can endure, that can rush and deliver great blows, strength that can stand up when beaten and bloody and fight on, as Sullivan did in his fight with Corbett. There was a report about that Sullivan was drunk the night before that fight. It is likely true, for Sullivan had been drinking heavily for years. And they say that is bad for the muscles and the wind—but look at Sullivan lasting for 21 rounds, chasing Corbett around the ring, and at last sinking in exhaustion in his corner. The standard reports of this fight say that Corbett defeated Sullivan; they do not say that Sullivan was knocked out.

Corbett was a boxer. He cut his foes to pieces, and as for himself he was hard to hit. He cut Fitzsimmons to ribbons, but it did not avail him, as it did in his fight with Sullivan. Fitz stayed on, though several years older than Corbett, and older than Sullivan

was when Corbett defeated him. These points are well to remember.

I saw Fitzsimmons in action several times, first with a fighter named Ed Dunkhorst, who was called the "Human Freight Car." He was the Carnera of his day. When the two stepped into the ring it looked like a fight between a grasshopper and a rat. You can well suppose that if Dunkhorst's weight had sent a blow to Fitz's jaw that Fitz would have gone down. Why not? Dunkhorst must have weighed towards three hundred. But Fitz almost murdered this huge slugger, as he waltzed around Dunkhorst planting terrible punches that made Dunkhorst grunt and double up. Before this time Fitz had defeated Peter Maher, and the first Jack Dempsey and a long list of fighters of all weights. He took them all on, saying that the bigger they were the harder they fell.

Then I saw the fight between Fitzsimmons and the champion of South Africa, a heavyweight named Jeff Thorne, or Jim Thorne, the name is differently reported. Thorne greatly outweighed Fitz, perhaps by twenty pounds anyway. Thorne was not to be despised. There had been so much talk by this time of Fitz's short punch, a kind of corkscrew it was, that I was very glad of the chance to see him use it on this Jeff Thorne. I wanted to see how it was that Fitz could put a man down so that he could not get up. In this connection you must admit that many champions didn't put their men down so that they could not get up; they wore them out, or cut them to pieces, or covered them with blood and bruises, or put them down as Dempsey put down Tunney—who got up. Fitz put them down for good. He did it with Corbett, and many others.

Malachy Hogan, a referee long remembered as an honest man and a good fellow, met me on the street one day in Chicago and gave me a ringside seat to this fight between Fitz and Thorne. It was held at Tattersall's, and I was there on time, sitting within a few feet of the ring, waiting to see Fitz do the trick.

Pretty soon the fighters entered the ring amid great applause. Fitz in a manner ambled into the ring, though he was quick and nimble enough. His indifference was laughable. He looked about as if he knew what the result was going to be, as if he wanted to get at the business and have it over. His legs were slender, but not too much so, not as much so as the cartoons of the time led one to believe that they were. He was bald, but what hair he had was not so ruby after all. The arresting thing about him was his shoulders, which were huge, with no ridges of muscles, but as it seemed

with long thin muscles slipping and gliding smoothly and easily beneath his skin, not so freckled after all. His arms were the most powerful to look at that I ever saw, and without bulges. They were long symmetrical cables of muscle, like a python's body, like the legs of a large man. He probably weighed about 160, a good deal less than Thorne, that was clear.

Fitz sat in his corner unconcerned, waiting for the bell, while Malachy Hogan stepped about getting ready to judge the fight. At last the bell! Fitz ambled over to the center of the ring, and there met Thorne coming on fast, full of fight, and striking out viciously over and over. He tried for Fitz's jaw. Fitz lifted up one of those huge shoulders, and sent the blow harmlessly to one side. He tried for Fitz's stomach. Fitz just drew in his stomach, and the blow fanned the air. Meantime Fitz did not strike a blow; and meantime I was watching every movement with concentrated eyes. The round ended with no damage. Thorne had not hit Fitz, Fitz had not tried to hit Thorne. I was wondering what cunning plan Fitz was nursing in that small bald head of his, I was watching to see the famous corkscrew.

Well, the second round, with Thorne after Fitz as in the first round, to no result! Then they got close together, and I looked and watched. Then this is what I saw: Fitz twisted a short blow to Thorne which caught him on the chin. The blow was not over six inches in delivery—but what a sock! You could tell that from the way that Thorne crumpled. He sank down to the resin. Malachy counted him out. He did not get up. He lay there limp and helpless. Malachy with the help of some others carried him to his corner. When he was put into his chair his head fell over on his breast. They rubbed him with ammonia. They sprayed champagne upon him. Still he did not come to. He was dead to the world. I wish I had held a watch on all this. But it was a good deal more than 18 seconds. It seemed to me several minutes before Thorne awoke to the realities. He had received one of Fitz's twists from one of those python-like arms. Can you think of another fighter who did the like, or did what Fitz did at Carson City to Corbett? Does this count in measuring what Fitz was when compared to other fighters?

No championship should be decided on ten rounds. I indulge that judgment based upon what I have seen, for outside of Fitz and others, Choynski included, and Jack Johnson in a sparing match, I saw Young Griffo, Terry McGovern, Tommy West, Benny

Leonard, Harry Wills, Firpo, and in the old days Joe Goddard, Jim Hall, a marvelous boxer, whom Fitz defeated with some difficulty, and once a few years before Sullivan died I saw him spar with Jake Kilrain. A fighter can be very bad off in the tenth round, or even in the fifteenth round, and then come on and score the victory. That's what it means to have strength, that enigmatic X. That's what it means to fight 75 rounds, as Sullivan did with Jake Kilrain. That's what it means to be bleeding and reeling, as Fitz was in the 13th round at Carson City, and then in the 14th round to score a terrible knockout. Which shows that a man's strength and punching power can be on tap when he is bleeding. In these days a technical knockout is awarded when a man is blind and bleeding. Not in the old days, not in the days of Homer, nor in the days when Jeffries was blind from Fitz's blows at Coney Island.

One time in a conversation with Corbett, not many years before his death, I asked him how it was that he had fought sixty rounds, and others had fought as many in former days, and then in these later days 15 rounds were considered a long fight, long enough to test the superiority of one of the contestants. His reply was that fighters grew to be trained for speed and terrific strength, quickly exerted; while formerly they were trained for endurance, trained by running and other exercises that make for wind. There is something to this, but it doesn't quite convince. Later than this I read a statement by Tunney in which he said that ten rounds were not enough upon which a championship should pass. And I believe that in the second fight between him and Dempsey, Dempsey might have scored a knockout if the fight had gone to fifteen rounds. The matter comes back to that enigmatic thing called strength, to which I have already referred. In this talk I furnish material for experts to argue, but I am an expert myself, since I have done for years what experts do, namely, I have watched fights, read the reports of fights, and talked to experts who have seen fights that I did not see.

Fitz's fight with Corbett at Carson City helps to prove my point. I didn't see this fight, but I have talked by the hour about it with Bob Davis, who was in Fitz's corner there, representing the *New York Journal*, and as a coach to Fitz. You will find descriptions of this fight in plenty, but none so vivid as that Bob Davis can give at the luncheon table. It was a fierce fight, animated by hate on Corbett's part, and by cool ambition on Fitz's. Corbett

kept dancing about jabbing and cutting Fitz, and dodging Fitz's blows. He hit Fitz enough. He covered him with blood. In the sixth round Fitz was down. It seemed that Fitz was through. In the thirteenth round Fitz presented a spectacle as terrible as Galento did in his recent fight with Louis. But the fight was not stopped. It had to go on to a finish.

Bob Davis told me that Fitz came back to his corner at the end of the thirteenth round with his chest streaming with blood, with his face covered with blood, with his eyes half-blinded. He sat down and his seconds began to sponge him off, to work on him. Then Fitz said coolly and as a matter of fact that he would get Corbett in the next round and to put up money on it, to tell the boys to bet. Think of that! When Bob heard Fitz say this he turned to his fellows and told them to put their money on Fitz. That was the amount of confidence that Bob Davis had in Fitz, sitting there covered with blood. More than that he sent a wire to his paper, saying that Fitz had won in the fourteenth round. This before the round was fought! But it was soon fought. Fitz worked what was called "the fatal shift," some kind of a placing and bracing of his feet in which all his bulk and strength were put into leverage, and he delivered the solar plexus, a blow to the midriff, which sent Corbett writhing and helpless, defeated and counted out. Everybody knows what it is to get a blow in the pit of the stomach. That was what Fitz gave Corbett. He had studied it out, and it did the trick. That made Fitz heavyweight champion of the world, at thirty-five years of age, weighing about 160 pounds. He began then to tour the country heralded as the champion of champions. He was thus heralded, but his name lacked magic somehow. He didn't clean up. He was not a gentleman, a Shakespearean amateur; he was a fighter. Six years after this time he won the light heavyweight championship. He was only the world's middleweight champion when he defeated Corbett.

In 1898 Jeffries after a bruising fight in San Francisco with Tom Sharkey, gaining the decision in the 20th round, was after Fitz. Fitz told him to go and get a reputation. Finally when the match was made Jeffries took on Tommy Ryan as a trainer, a very foxy and able fighter. He trained Jeffries so that Fitz would have difficulty in hitting him. That is he trained him to a kind of crouch, with the head down and one fist thrust forward. The great hulk, Jeffries, with his 220 pounds of bronze-like flesh, did

not want to be hit by a fist with only 160 pounds back of it, seeing that those pounds were Fitz's. Fitz gave Jeffries everything he had. He was then thirty-seven years of age. Jeffries was twenty-four. In the 11th round Jeffries knocked old Fitz out.

Fitz turned forty and challenged Jeffries. In the meantime Jeffries had fought Tom Sharkey 25 rounds and had won the decision. There was no knock down. For the first time that I know anything about, pictures were made of the fight. I saw them and studied them, watching the short Sharkey and the tall bear-like Jeffries fight toe to toe, round after round. You couldn't tell from the pictures that either one had any advantage. They toed the mark and slugged. Often Jeffries' head went back, often Jeffries soaked Sharkey with terrific blows. But it turned out that Sharkey's ribs were smashed. The fight looked like a draw. But after observation at the hospital it was not difficult for doctors to say that Sharkey was badly punished, even if not knocked out.

At this time there was a huge fellow named Gus Ruhlin, called the giant grip-man, as he had run a grip-car. In the week before Fitz fought Jeffries the second fight, Fitz took on this Ruhlin, defeating him handily in a few rounds. Also in this week he took on Sharkey, knocking him out in two rounds, as I remember the facts. True, Sharkey had been badly macerated in that fight with Jeffries, but what do you think of the trick that Fitz turned in actually knocking out the tough Tom Sharkey? Then came Fitz's second fight with Jeffries. It took place at San Francisco.

As I am writing this article a magazine is on my desk with a piece in it by Hype Igoe, in which he says that Fitz gave Jeffries the most awful beating that he ever saw a man take in the ring, and that Dempsey's destruction of Willard or Firpo cannot be compared to it. I have heard the same thing from men who were on the ground, from Louis Houseman, a sports writer for Chicago papers, from Malachy Hogan already mentioned. Fitz was over forty, and Jeffries twenty-six. Fitz was a light heavyweight, Jeffries was one of the heaviest of the heavyweights.

Houseman told me that Jeffries at the last was nothing but bloody pulp, he was blinded, reeling. In these days the fight might have been stopped to save the life of Jeffries. Fitz had the fight won by a large margin until the strange end of things in the eighth round. Then suddenly Jeffries, out of his blindness, delivered a blow which sent Fitz sprawling to the mat. It turned out that

what happened was this: Fitz walked close to Jeff, saying, "Hit me, Jeff." That's what he told Houseman, and Houseman told this to me. Spectators did not realize at the time that Fitz had nothing on which to continue the fight. His hands were just mush, bloody mush. That's why he said to Jeffries, "Hit me, Jeff," and exposed himself so that Jeffries could do it. When Fitz was in his dressing room they had to cut the gloves from his hands. His endurance had not deserted him, he was simply without weapons. Can any fight by Sullivan, by Dempsey, by anyone be compared to this? To me it puts Fitz at the top. For courage, for power, for skill, for fighting will, there is nothing in the record of Sullivan down to Joe Louis that holds a candle to it.

After this fight Fitz drifted around, sometimes fighting, but not notably. He got to be fifty and wanted to fight. The authorities would not let him. His purse was thin, and finally it came out that he had died in Chicago, aged fifty-six. Like other men he had to leave it to posterity to judge of him, to decide how good he was; and as in the case of other men, experts argue about him, and lie about him, and misvalue his record. So far as I am concerned I think he was a wonder in every way.

Johnny-on-the-"Spot"

by JOHN S. GETCHELL

November, 1941

I'M NOT making any predictions about this Fall, but the record seems to show that every two years something pretty awful happens to me either in football or basketball. My ears ring with the long sibilant notes of the Bronx cheer wafted on the autumn breeze. Take 1936 and that Minnesota-Northwestern penalty business or the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game in 1938—But before we get to that, let's set up this proposition of Johnny-on-the-spot.

I got into this business by accident. Johnny-on-the-spot, I've tried to be in every play that I follow. But looking over my slap-happy life among the intercollegiates, I find that that "spot" I speak of means a location usually behind the well known eight-ball.

You who were athletic heroes can remember what a huge kick it was to stand out on the field and be cheered by 50,000 howling fans.

Well, how would you like to stand out on a field and be roundly jeered by 50,000 yowling fans?

I said I got into this intercollegiate business by accident. One night I was planning to take the wife, then a bride of less than a year, to see Notre Dame and Minnesota shoot away at each other on the basketball court. Around that time I was picking up loose change here and there as a high school whistle-blower. Naturally I was shooting for big time. But, not so fast as to be called on the phone just before this Irish-Gopher blood battle was to start and to be told, "You're elected. The referee has taken ill. Here's your chance."

My chance—before the home town folks in the Twin Cities, the place where I made my living? I didn't want it. I'd much rather have made my debut away from Minneapolis. Those fans are sports

bugs and they don't mind letting you have it if you call something they don't like.

So, while the wife sat in the stands, alone, watching her handsome hero, I strolled out on the court. The game started and stopped in one second. I stopped it. I saw a Gopher foul an Irishman and called it, awarding two free throws to Notre Dame.

You should have heard that crowd!

They hushed down just as the boy stepped up to toss his free shots. From somewhere out of the mob came a searing stab which I'll never forget. The voice from the grandstand yelled:

"Hey, take that whistle away from that kid before he hurts himself."

I took it standing up, though, and have been taking it ever since, but the remark my wife sobbed out to me as I met her after the game is something else I won't forget for awhile.

She said, "John, dear, must we make our living this way?"

Yes, I was determined to beat the rap. Other officials did and do. Why not me? It's my life and I love it.

When I say "it's my life" I often wonder why so many things must happen to me. Yes, I know. Much of it I brought on to myself—like the little incident when Carnegie Tech and Notre Dame were fighting it out on the football field, the stakes nothing more or less than the national championship.

But, I'll get to that one later.

That, I'll admit was my mistake. But, many of the tenser moments of my life were brought on by outside circumstances.

For instance, that time I was working a three-day high school basketball tournament. The first night one of the teams lost by twelve points. No cause for argument there. Yet, when I walked off the floor, fifteen men jumped me all at one time. When I picked myself off the floor, my clothes were torn off, half the bleachers had been smashed. Police had to be called in to control the scene.

Or the time an inquisitive Chicago detective opened the door of my cab while it waited for a stop light to say "go."

When I am listed for a game in Chicago, I leave my home in Minneapolis by fast train, arriving in Chicago shortly before game time. It's been my habit to change to my referee's uniform while crossing town in the cab. But this detective—how was he to know when he peeked into my window and saw me in my underwear? I

tell you it took some fast talking on my part to get him to let me go on my way.

I imagine you have often cut up and sorted out the big moments in your life like I have mine. I have three groups—great, tremendous and colossal.

We will pass over the first two groups and start out with "colossal."

Number 1 Colossal dates back to November 2, 1936.

Northwestern's Wildcats were playing gridiron host to the Thundering Herd of Minnesota that day. Newspapermen called it the most important game in the nation for that week end. Northwestern was undefeated for the year. Minnesota hadn't been beaten in twenty-one games, nearly three years. It was one of those days when unusual things seemed doomed to happen. Sunshine, then snow, then rain. Low, overhanging clouds, forty-seven thousand people, a sellout, the first sellout in Evanston since Knute Rockne's last team played there in 1932.

And I was slated to referee!

Harry MacNamara, of the Chicago *Eaminer* must have had a premonition. I read his pre-game story.

"—one of these officials—Referee Johnny Getchell—will be on the spot. He is a graduate of St. Thomas College in St. Paul. Also, he is a resident and business man of Minneapolis. Getchell's integrity and his ability as a referee are not questioned. The fact that Getchell may be obliged to make a ruling during the game which may mean the difference between victory and defeat for Northwestern puts the referee, and Griffith, too, in embarrassing positions, which the commissioner could have avoided by selecting another official . . ."

Mr. MacNamara called the turn about making a decision which meant victory for one team, defeat for another.

Late in the final quarter, the two great teams were fighting furiously. Neither had been able to put over a touchdown. Suddenly, Minnesota's Julie Alfonse fumbled and Northwestern recovered on the Gopher fifteen-yard line. On the second play following I saw Minnesota's All-American Tackle, Ed Widseth, rough Don Geyer, Wildcat halfback. There was nothing other for me to do than penalize Minnesota for unnecessary roughness, which took the ball to the one-yard line. From there, Northwestern scored the touchdown that won the game.

After the game I had forgotten about it. Naturally I felt sorry for Minnesota. Yet it was my duty to call them as I saw them and I saw that. I spent the next day in Chicago, and still didn't think of what the reaction might be. I returned to Minneapolis on Monday. And it was then I learned the whole town was aroused, as well as sports writers from coast to coast. Motion pictures of the game were featured throughout the country, with the play in question displayed in slow motion. Controversy fanned the flames of the argument into a white heat.

One newspaper finally, in desperation, appeared with an eight-column display the contents of which I repeat here:

CALLING FOUL "SLUGGING" INJUSTICE TO BOTH WIDSETH, GETCHELL.

"The thunder-clouds of post game argument concerning the 6-0 victory of Northwestern over Minnesota last Saturday keep crashing together. And every time they crash, the phrase, 'if Minnesota hadn't been penalized 15 yards for slugging' comes thundering out, roaring an injustice to the two men most concerned —co-captain Ed Widseth and Referee John Getchell.

"Eastern, Chicago and other writers at the game persist in terming Widseth's alleged infraction of the rules as slugging. Whereas it actually was 'unnecessary roughness.' And, we ask you to believe this—if Widseth had been guilty of slugging, the Gophers WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER OFF. For Northwestern, by almost wide odds, could not have scored. Let us look at the facts:

"The penalty for unnecessary roughness is 15 yards. And first down for the offensive team if committed by the defensive.

"The penalty for slugging is half the distance to the offending team's goal line and banishment from the game of the player who committed the foul.

"Therefore, had Widseth been guilty of slugging and absorbed the notoriety that goes with such an offense, he would have been put out of the game.

"AND NORTHWESTERN WOULD HAVE BEEN ADVANCED FROM THE THIRTEEN YARD LINE TO THE SIX AND ONE HALF YARD LINE.

"—Widseth was called for unnecessary roughness by mussing up the ball-carrier's face in a pile up. It easily could be unintentional but still a 15 yard penalty.

"Widseth's record as a clean player through seven years of

competitive football entitles him to be free of the stigma of having slugged an opponent.

"Getchell's record as a competent and fearless official entitles him to be free of the charge of not knowing the rules. If he had figured Widseth actually 'slugged' he would have put him out of the game and inflicted the half-the-distance penalty.

"—let us not do injustice to two men who are standouts in their respective football fields."

There were other repercussions, a Widseth Defense Fund was talked of. Sports writer Joe Williams of New York questioned the wisdom of putting officials in important positions where their personal opinions can decide a game.

Some men of authority and expertness came to my aid. Frank Murray, then Marquette's coach and now at Virginia University said:

"I take off my hat to Johnny Getchell . . . In all my experience I have never seen an official in a tougher spot . . . Yet he had nerve enough to forget everything in the world except that he was an impartial observer, honestly trying to enforce the rules which he knew so well . . . I think coaches will generally wish that there were more Johnnys-on-the-spot."

Major Griffith was very kind in starting off a letter to me this way:

"I did not get to see you after the game last Saturday, but want to tell you that I think you worked a splendid game and showed magnificent courage and sportsmanship. I did not see the foul but know that you would not have called it if it had not happened. Of course, there will be a few rabid individuals who may annoy you but the majority of our college men admire courage, honesty, and integrity and I am writing just to say to you that I would not let any of the other fellows bother me."

The United Press reviewed how the motion pictures showed the much discussed play this way:

". . . Referee John Getchell did not err in calling the roughing penalty. After Don Geyer plunges off Minnesota's left tackle, the pictures show him falling on his back with face upward. Ed Widseth dives at the fallen Northwestern player and strikes him across the face with his arm. He repeats the blow a second time . . ."

These words plus an offer, which I accepted, to referee the New

Year's Day Cotton Bowl game at Dallas helped to soothe the wounds of battle.

During all those "warm" days, my wife and two children were real troupers, making the show go on around home as if nothing happened. Many times I wondered if they really thought I had pulled a boner in that game. I am convinced, though, they felt the way I did—that what I did was entirely justifiable.

In my own mind, I heard again those words my wife cried to me early in my career. Must I earn a living this way? To quit right then and there would have been an easy out. Yet was it the right way out? A quitter admits defeat. Somehow, I'm not built that way. I recalled how many times I've seen boys on the field show outstanding courage against great odds. I argued with myself to be just as strong. And I decided to stick to the ship.

That ship sailed out of the stormy seas that fall and through the basketball winter of 1937 and the football season of 1937. Once again I was at peace with the world. Things happened, true, but nothing more or less than what is ordinary to any other man in the whistle-tooting profession.

And then came No. 2 Colossal of my life.

Notre Dame and Carnegie Tech, two undefeated football teams, were fighting it out at South Bend on that never-to-be-forgotten day of October 22, 1938. Three-quarters of the game was over and the final quarter was three minutes old. Neither team had scored. Tech had the ball on its own 47-yard line, a yard to go for a first down.

I, as a referee, was waiting for the play to start when the Tech quarterback, Paul Friedlander, stepped over and asked, "What down is it?"

I promptly answered, "Third down." Friedlander called a running play in an effort to get that extra yard and a first down. Tech's back, Carnelly, fumbled but recovered, still short of a first down. Tech then lined up into a fourth-down kick formation. Notre Dame objected, took possession of the ball. That started the storm. Head Linesman, Joe Lipp, informed me it already had been fourth down and that the Engineers had lost the ball on downs. Right then and there I admitted I had made a mistake. I had called the wrong down.

The Tech players blew up. Coach Bill Kern of Tech rushed onto the field to protest as did Coach Elmer Layden of the Irish.

There was nothing more for me to do but admit the mistake, and since the rule books don't provide a penalty against the referee, something I wish there had been at that moment, I had to tell the irate Techmen the ball belonged to Notre Dame.

Three plays later the Irish had a touchdown and that was the ball game. I have no doubt that the strong Carnegie team was disorganized by the decision. And probably the touchdown was a direct result of my mistake. There was no choice but to give the ball to Notre Dame.

After the game I boarded a train bound for Minneapolis. I was hoping the mistake would be forgotten. Bernie Bierman was on the train, too, having scouted Illinois that day for a future engagement. We sat together and talked. I told him what had happened. I remembered he said, "There won't be much said about it. Forget it." His words made me feel better. Bernie having been in the national spotlight so long, I felt he had a better slant on public and press reactions. Yet the fact that I once had been a sports writer looking for hot news kept me awake wondering whether other sports writers would consider this mistake of mine "hot news."

Crash! The following Monday hit me like an earthquake. That Widseth incident was nothing compared to this. From Carnegie Tech's home in Pittsburgh, Bill Kern aimed a verbal blast at me that all but burned the Associated Press wires. "It was the biggest bonehead I ever saw pulled by any official," Bill said, and added, "It certainly meant defeat to us."

And my name took an awful beating from then on. They called me "Wrong Down Johnny." Papers wrote public letters asking me "What Down is it?" The mails brought me some twenty-five arithmetic books, seventeen whistles, various drawings by punsters from coast to coast.

I even overheard my youngest daughter, Mary, make this remark after the oldest daughter, Barbara, had said something about daddy being "the smartest man in the whole world."

Mary said, "Gee, he can't be so awfully smart; he can't even count to four."

I got wires from eastern newspapers asking whether the rumors were true that I was going to quit refereeing. Silly stage offers which were, of course, gags of some pranksters.

I admit my case looked mighty sad. And there I was with the

honest but lame excuse, "I made a mistake." I knew then as I know now that such mistakes are made three to four times every year. But, in such a game, well—it just had to happen to me.

The griddle didn't start cooling until Elmer Layden issued a statement to the Press which said:

"The Carnegie Tech quarterback knew fourth down was coming when he called the play that led to the dispute over Referee John Getchell's ruling. The outcry against Getchell is, I think, unsportsmanlike in these attempts to malign a competent official who made a mistake any man might have made and who apologized for it. Any further discussion of the dispute seems to be in poor taste, but since I am asked to comment, I only want to point out that it is the quarterback's responsibility to know what down it is. The scoreboard and the head linesman's marker showed fourth down.

"The Tech players knew it was fourth down, because they checked signals when Friedlander called a running play. But he called it again, apparently trying to take a chance with official sanction."

Asa Bushness, executive director of eastern intercollegiate athletics, didn't feel the same way about it. He issued this statement:

"If one of our eastern referees had been in a spot like that, I'd have expected him to run the play over. It might offend a few of the experts, but it would be the sensible thing to do and fair to both teams."

But the rule book didn't say such a thing could be done.

I thought of that, too, in fact, it was the first thing that came to my mind after I realized my mistake. But my Bible is the rule book.

Much of the tension was released later in the week when I received a wire which read:

"Reports of my comments on you personally very much exaggerated. Consensus of our own squad and myself that we forget the whole thing. We all wish you the best of luck.—Bill Kern."

I stuck to my schedule of remaining games, but everywhere I went the local newspapers kept recalling it.

In November Los Angeles newspapers greeted me with sport-page headlines reading, "Wrong Down official works here." Another writer called me the "hot water official of the Middlewest."

The only other anti-Getchell outburst occurred two weeks after

the Tech-Irish game when Tech tumbled mighty Pittsburgh into defeat, which assured the Engineers of a bowl bid somewhere. The Tech students on the Monday following this victory went on parade and burned my name in effigy, along with that of Jock Sutherland, then coach at Pitt.

After the season closed, Tech was invited and accepted the chance to play in the New Year's Day Sugar Bowl game at New Orleans. I was glad for them.

Not long after, I was called to the telephone at my home one night, to hear the person at the other end of the line say, "Johnny, we'd like to have you work in the Sugar Bowl game. Let us know your answer."

I thought some of my friends were pulling a practical joke. Work in that game! The last thing I could expect, I thought. I spent the next fifteen minutes tracing the call—and found that it really had come from Bill Kern in Pittsburgh.

The announcement of my acceptance of the bid reached the newspapers about the same time the seventy sports editors taking part in the Associated Press annual poll voted that I had won the strange honor of contributing sports' outstanding oddity during 1938.

It wasn't many days before I realized the job down in the Sugar Bowl, in which Tech was to play Texas Christian, was going to be another of those predicaments where Johnny's on-the-spot.

I knew that the smallest kind of a decision in favor of Tech would be interpreted by some as an attempt to even things up. Or a decision in favor of T.C.U. would be taken that I wanted to "get even" with Kern, or that I wanted to show I wasn't favoring Tech.

My wife and I arrived in New Orleans a few days ahead so that we could see some of the beautiful sights down there. We stepped into a sight-seeing car in which were sitting three other people. As we rode about town, the three gentlemen started discussing the big game. My hat nearly fell off when I heard one say:

"Say, it's a funny thing about bringing that Getchell down here."

"Yeah, that's what I think," another of the three commented.

"I think Tech's bringing him here to give the break to them this time," the third fellow said.

All the while I was edging closer and closer to my wife, my ears

burning. Then one of the men asked me what I thought about Getchell.

I reached into my pocket, took out one of my business cards and handed it to him. You should have seen their faces. When we got out of the car a bit later, my wife said: "I want to apologize for something, John. I've always said you talk too much. Today you've proved you don't."

The New Orleans papers were fair to me and I felt very much at ease. Only one writer made comment, and that was to compare how I "backed into fame" somewhat like Fred Merkle, who, you remember, forgot to touch second base and cost the Giants a pennant, and like Roy Riegels, the only man known to have run backwards in the Rose Bowl.

I wasn't sure what kind of a reception I'd get when I stepped out on the Sugar Bowl field. You can bet I was surprised and pleased when the crowd gave me a big hand. Between halves when many asked for autographs, I signed them all "Wrong Down Getchell."

The game was one of the best I've ever seen and while the Texas boys won, there wasn't a decision that drew criticism. The players hit each other mighty hard but when a play was over, they helped each other to their feet and praised the other fellow's play. Wonderful spirit of sportsmanship, I thought.

The year 1939 was good to me, and while people still call me "Wrong Down Johnny," I know that No. 2 Colossal has faded into the past and left me no worse for the blunder.

I often wonder when and if No. 3 Colossal will come. Right now, I'll settle with the Gods of Fate. I want no more.

Football's Greatest Backfields

by CLARK SHAUGHNESSY

November, 1943

By naming the outstanding backfield of each five-year period of football, we are able to make a quick survey of many of the important trends of the game over the past sixty years, and note the rise and decline of many leading football schools.

To me there never has been a greater backfield combination in football than the Stanford backfield of 1940: Frankie Albert, quarterback; Norman Standlee, fullback; Hugh Gallarneau, right half; and Pete Kmetovic, left half. My contention is that this backfield could accomplish as much using the T-formation as any other backfield could have accomplished in any of the other standard systems—single wing, double wing, short punt, box, etc. I *wouldn't* say that this Stanford backfield playing one of these other systems would rate as one of the great backfields. But it just so happened that their qualifications fitted exactly the requirements of the T style of offense.

First of all there was Albert, a superb ball-handler, a magician with the ball, and a gifted field general; wonderfully observing, a great left-handed passer and a great kicker. Frankie was not used in this system as a blocker or a ball carrier, assignments in which he would have been at a great disadvantage because he was neither strong nor fast. His talents were primarily those of a fakir; he could fool people; and by temperament he ate up that sort of an assignment.

A typical example of the way Albert ran a team came up in the tough game we had with U.C.L.A. At this stage of the game there was no certainty that we were going to win. We had made an advance to about the U.C.L.A. 30-yard line, where we bogged down; and it stood fourth down and around 12 to go. The question was whether to do the ordinary thing and kick. Albert called a pass to Kmetovic who caught it for a first down. Nobody in the

stands, *nobody* agreed with his judgment. To them it was crackpot, unsound football. But of course they didn't know the story.

When they came in, I said to Frankie: "That was quite a play. What was your reason?" I always ask for a reason; if they have a sound reason I call it a good play, no matter how it comes out. "Why didn't you kick?" I asked him.

"Coach," he told me, "if I'd kicked, the chances were I'd gone over the goal. I decided to gamble the ten yards against a first down; besides I felt positive I had that spot open."

At staff school in the Army, I am told, the men to be officers are picked on the general background of "flair and judgment." This play, it seems to me, is a splendid illustration of "flair and judgment."

I have often said that Norman Standlee was one of the greatest players I have ever known or seen. He was a tremendous player, gifted by the gods with a terrific physique, weighing at his best nearly 220; six feet one inch tall, of remarkable speed for so large a man. I think he had the most drive of any plunger in football history. Standlee functioned at his best when he did not have to wait for a direct pass from center. His power and agility were his strengths, and any system in which he could get his power under way without being handicapped by having to catch the ball from center first was the type of offense in which he was at his best.

Pete Kmetovic couldn't block anybody, but he could start like a flash; and after Albert had faked the ball to Standlee, the defense was stretching open holes that Kmetovic could dart through and out into the open. He could spot a hole in a flash and once in the clear, he was one of the finest open field runners I have ever seen. As a man-in-motion in the T-formation, he was at his very best because of his speed, change of pace and pass catching ability. It was impossible for the defense to match a man against him as he roamed from side line to side line looking for an opening to dart into and catch a pass.

The fourth member of this backfield and perhaps from many standpoints the most valuable of all was Hugh Gallarneau, who combined great blocking with wonderful ball carrying ability. He wasn't as shifty as Kmetovic, though he had more speed; he didn't have the crushing momentum of Standlee, but he had ever so much more power than Kmetovic. He was a typical off-tackle runner, with an outstanding knack for starting from scratch for a

hole, gathering speed in one stride; and if the hole he was supposed to find was closed and there was an opening a few inches to the right or left he could swerve into that hole as fast as any player who ever lived.

So, with no apologies, I take my Stanford backfield of 1940 for the current period. Going back to the 1935-40 period I am just as quickly "sold" on my quartet.

Ask any Panther football fan to name the greatest backfield in the history of the University of Pittsburgh, and without a dissenting voice the answer will be Harold Stebbins, Dick Cassiano, John Chickerneo and Marshall Goldberg. Checking into the records of these men individually and the records of the team on which they played, it is easy to see why Pittsburgh's Dream Backfield is given such a rating. They played together for two years, 1937 and 1938, rolling up a total score of 416 to 93.

In 1934 Minnesota had one of the strongest power-attack teams in history. There were four ball carriers in that backfield who could hit the line like the recoil of a 16-inch Coast Artillery gun, and all of them had the speed and shiftiness to *go* if they sheared off into the open.

This backfield was led by the splendid quarterback Glen Seidel, an exceptionally smart general and an expert blocker. The heaviest power came from the two smashing fullbacks, Sheldon Beise and Stan Kostka. Add to these at the halfbacks the great Pug Lund and Julius Alphonse and you have a backfield that for a power running attack would be hard to surpass.

For the 1925-30 period I'll take the Dartmouth backfield of 1925. Dartmouth was national champion that year. The team carried on the "brains" game established by the 1924 Green eleven which was Eastern champion. In 1924 Dartmouth could put on the field a team, without one player under second-string rating, every man of which was, then or later, a Phi Beta Kappa. The 1925 team was as high in scholastic rating.

Oberlander as a passer was an unforgettable star. He played tackle in the 1924 team but Jess Hawley took him out of the line and put him in the backfield for his great year. Miles Lane was high point scorer of 1925.

The first and foremost famous backfield combination in football history was Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen at Notre Dame who reached their peak in 1924. Rockne once told me that the secret

of these boys' greatness was the fact that "their strengths and weaknesses dove-tailed perfectly." Where one boy was a little shy, the other had a little extra.

Notre Dame didn't use the right half for short side plays so much in those days. They shifted to the left and then operated to the strong side almost as often as they did to the right. This gave the right half about as much ball-carrying as the left half, and Don Miller did plenty of it. In the Georgia Tech game of 1924, for example, he made touchdown runs of 88, 60 and 30 yards in his team's 34-to-7 triumph.

At left half was Sleepy Jim Crowley, 155 pounder, a typical left half of the Notre Dame system. He was the break-away runner.

Fullback was Elmer Layden.

At quarterback was Harry Stuhldreher, present Wisconsin coach, a fine sound football man, a real leader and general. The late Judge Walter P. Steffen, All-American quarterback at Chicago in 1907 and for many years head coach at Carnegie Tech, told me that one year in preparing his team for a game with the Four Horsemen, he gave his Carnegie team four trick defenses to try to stop the scintillating onslaught of this great backfield. He related that Stuhldreher would rise up in giving his signals, take one glance at this continually changing defense, and not one single time during the entire ball game did he fail to call exactly the right play to take fullest advantage of the weakness of the radical and unusual defense he was facing. That is a quarterback.

During the other war, Georgia Tech in 1917 came up with one of the all-time great backfields of history, with Hill at quarterback, Harlan at full, and Strupper and Indian Joe Guyon at the halfbacks. Guyon, big and fast, was a great blocker and ball carrier, while Strupper, his running mate, was a jack-rabbit. Guyon did the punting. All four of these backs were good ball carriers.

In the period of 1910-1915 Harvard assumed the scepter for its brief rule in the changing realm of football. Percy Haughton, a coach wonderfully systematic in little matters, was the man behind Harvard's rise. This era of supremacy centers around the years of Charley Brickley and Eddie Mahan. In 1913 Harvard was the leading team of the country.

Brickley in 1913 was rated by Walter Camp "back of the

year." In addition to his numerous field goals, he was a fine running back.

Mahan was an ideal all-around type of back to go with him. He was greatest as a punter, where his distance and accuracy were marvelous. He was also one of the fine early passers, and great as an end runner.

In the period of 1905-1910, Yale, it seems to me, reached its peak. It was the full-throated expression of all that one of its most honored sons, Walter Camp, had to give to the game.

This Yale backfield of 1909 had power in the beautifully-muscular Ted Coy, called by Camp the "best all-around kicking fullback of his time." Coy gave them their punch. But almost as sensational was Philbin at halfback, the breakaway type—ideal to pair up with Coy. Philbin had speed and dodging ability. In every game that year he had long runs to his credit, many of them setting his team up for scores.

Of the four "Heston backfields," which dominated western football from 1901 through 1904, that of 1902 was the best four-man unit, according to Coach Fielding H. Yost himself. Willie Heston, left half; Albert Herrnstein, right half; and Harrison Weeks, quarterback; were all spendid open field runners. Although Heston scored 16 touchdowns during the season when the Wolverines ran up 644 points to 12 for the opposition, Herrnstein topped his mark with 27.

Of Weeks, the quarterback, Yost insisted at the time he was playing that: "As a leader of forces and strategist I believe he has no equal on the gridiron today." Everett Sweeley, the fullback in this mighty backfield, was a great kicker, who in four years of play never had a kick blocked. All of the backs in this backfield could handle punts and return them. It was a backfield of breakaway runners from Heston right on through.

The football season of 1898 is noteworthy because it marked the first appearance of a western man on the All-American. To Clarence Herschberger of Chicago went that honor. Herschberger was the outstanding man in a strong backfield that played together two years at Chicago, in 1899 winning the first championship for Amos Alonzo Stagg.

Pennsylvania was the first big school to move into the charmed circle of the Big Three—Yale, Harvard, and Princeton—in football. George Woodruff, star Yale guard of 1886-87, went to Penn-

sylvania to coach in 1892. There he developed the famous "guards back" play, in which the guards would drop back out of the line into the backfield and drive as massed interference on the point to be hit by the ball carrier. In 1894 his teams won 12 straight, scoring 366 points to 20 and opened a winning streak that ran to 34 in the next three years before Lafayette finally broke it in 1896 in a 6-to-4 game.

Both George H. Brooke and Arthur Knipe made the All-American in 1894, along with C. S. Gelbert, who also played end. He is the father of Charley Gelbert, the big league shortstop.

Gelbert was regarded as the miracle man of his day. He never weighed over 160 pounds and was a deadly tackler, a superb leader of interference and was impressive because he wore a long, wavy, blonde moustache and a leonine mane of tawny hair.

George Brooke, twice All-American, was only nineteen when he was selected as an All-American in 1894. Brooke developed in his punting a long, low spiral that was hard for the opposition to handle and easy for the ends to charge down the field.

When you go back as far as the 80's in football, you are dealing with almost a different game. The rules were different, the ball was different, the uniforms were different—everything was different. Old pictures of E. A. Poe show him holding a ball that is almost like a soccer ball.

The reason I specify Princeton's backfield of 1889 as the best of the period from 1885 to 1890 is that three of the men in it—Edgar Allan Poe, R. H. Channing and Knowlton L. "Snake" Ames—were picked on the first All-American team in 1889. R. H. Channing was a fine running back, Poe was a fiery little leader, and Ames was an outstanding punter and deceptive runner. J. S. Black probably was left off the All-American that year in favor of Lee of Harvard only because the selector didn't want to appear too partial! This backfield slaughtered Harvard 41 to 15, and also beat Yale 110 to 0 when Yale had such men as Stagg, Heffelfinger, Gill and McClung.

Basketball or Court Game?

by NAT HOLMAN

April, 1941

You would think that basketball coaches must realize that basketball is a big-time sport. For years they have been citing indisputable statistics demonstrating that basketball is the most popular game in the world both in the number of participants and spectators. But too many of the coaches do not realize that basketball is big-time.

In football, the gridiron and goalposts have standard dimensions. Teams can use practically the same strategy on any field. They may change their attack and defense according to the opposition they meet. But they won't adopt a five-man line, or a seven-diamond defense because the field is forty yards wide in Chicago, for example, and sixty yards wide in Chattanooga. Briefly, tactics are determined by the make-up of the opposing *team*, not by size and shape of its playing area.

But in this respect, basketball is still small-time. It is possible, according to basketball's governing code, to play on a court varying anywhere between sixty feet and ninety-four feet in length, and thirty-five feet and fifty feet in width. Throughout the country there are many courts which vary in size and shape from one extreme to the other. And that's bad—because quite often it's the court, rather than the ability of the opposing teams, which decides the outcome of a basketball game.

Even a casual student of basketball knows that the size of the court determines the type of strategy, and even the personnel, used by a team. A long, wide court favors a squad using a fast-break on the attack. On the defense, a long, wide court makes it more difficult to use a zone defense successfully against an accurate shooting and ball-handling team. On a large court, the coach uses players who have plenty of straightaway speed and stamina.

On a smaller court, the defense can employ a zone defense with

infinitely greater chances of success. On the attack, a team must be more resourceful. The players used by the coach must be better ball-handlers, have faster reflexes, must be quicker thinkers, and have to be shiftier afoot. In this game, a 100-yard dash champ must have something besides speed to be a star.

Obviously, then, the size of the court is a very important factor in determining the outcome of any single game. Teams trained on one type of court are at a great disadvantage on another.

Last winter, Bruce Drake, coach of the University of Oklahoma quintet which played Fordham and Temple on a trip to the Eastern seaboard, was quoted as saying when he got back to Oklahoma, "We had a swell time and were treated royally. But we found our game totally unfit for the *small* 84-foot court we had to play on at Philadelphia and Madison Square Garden." (The italics are mine.) Note that what Drake calls "small," Eastern coaches think of as "large."

Taking the other side of the case. My team some seasons ago left Eastern territory on one of its trips. Before the game my boys went out to test the lighting of the court and resilience of the backboard, to take a few practice shots and a warm-up. When the team captain saw the 94-foot court, he stared in bewilderment. "What's this going to be, a basketball game or a track meet?" he wanted to know.

I am not saying that I am right and that Drake is wrong. Far from it. What I should like to see is a situation where a boy on the Pacific coast and a boy in the East, talking about basketball, are referring to the same game. Opponents in intersectional contests are not playing the same sport. What the spectators want, and what most of us coaches want, is a game in which the team that plays the better basketball wins.

The "home" team has enough of an advantage in its familiarity with the lighting, the resiliency of the backboards, and the crowd. Yet under the present code we often have games which are virtually started, not with the score "Home team"—0; "Visitors"—0, but "Home Team"—10; "Visitors"—0. In a game between teams closely-matched in basketball ability, the court decides the issue. That is the reason why so many colleges have miraculous records at home, and are disappointments on the road.

Are we playing a game in which the better basketball team

wins? Or are we going to let the court decide the result of a contest? Basketball or court game? Which shall it be?

I vote for basketball.

But that's not all; far from it. This lack of standardization in the governing code is a temptation to coaches. By using equipment which is optional, but not used by opponents, the "home" team gets an even greater advantage, and again it is the court rather than the basketball displayed which decides the game's outcome.

For instance, this year it has been made optional to use, instead of the rectangular bank which has been standard for years, a peculiarly-curved backboard. Streamlining, its proponents call it. It makes the game more interesting, they say. Improves it. Doesn't block so much of the view of spectators seated behind the backboards.

Maybe so. But if that is the only reason for urging the adoption of these alterations why do we see advertisements in certain athletic journals read by coaches and graduate managers which make no bones about the unfairness to your opponent by installing them.

"Teams without benefit of practice with the new equipment will be 'blitzkrieged'," says one advertisement. And it continues, "Teams winning basketball laurels this season will be teams which have mastered the new 'fan-shaped bank' style of game. . . . A smaller target of different shape, the new bank will 'muddle' many a team unfamiliar with it. It completely 'junks' the game as played with the old rectangular banks."

These pernicious tendencies must be crushed if basketball is to continue its growth. It is true that some of these people who propose optional equipment sincerely desire to improve the game. But, as this advertisement bears incontrovertible witness, too many of these opponents of standardization want to get some unfair advantage.

This business of visibility for spectators behind the court doesn't bear close scrutiny. Most major courts have already installed glass backboards, which give considerably more visibility than the streamlined monstrosities. With the fan-shaped thingumbob you can't see the ball as it passes through the basket, anyway, but with a glass bank you can see the entire court at all times.

And *that's* not all. Still another option makes it permissible to use a seamless ball. Teams composed of athletes who, for years have

been playing with the usual balls with seams, are suddenly forced to participate in a game in which they must use a seamless ball. I'm not talking about laces, now, but about the seams. These boys must instantaneously learn a new technique of gripping that ball for passing, shooting, or dribbling. In brief they must learn new fundamentals; and when you must learn new fundamentals, you're not playing the same game. Obviously such a contest is no test of the relative basketball talent of the opposing quintets.

Nor am I conjuring up a hypothetical case. Several of my New York colleagues have run into just this situation when playing out-of-town. The only reason they haven't publicly yelled bloody murder is that they have been around too long to bother with alibis.

There are other categories of small-timers who oppose standardization. The publicity-seekers, for instance. They propose something optional and get their names in the paper. Nor am I alone in objecting to this type of individual as a perusal of the basketball columns of last winter's New York *Herald Tribune* will amply demonstrate.

Basketball has developed considerably since Dr. Naismith hung his peach baskets in the Springfield gymnasium. But if the game is to continue its present rate of growth, *standardization should be included in the rule book.* After many years we now have something approaching a uniform interpretation of the rules throughout the country. It's ridiculous not to have the rules themselves provide for a uniform game.

In baseball, football, tennis, etc., the court has the same dimensions anywhere in the world. Materials of construction may differ, but a pitcher's mound is always the same distance from home plate, the quarterback always has the same distance from the sidelines to maneuver in, a good tennis server will "ace" his rivals at Kalamazoo or Wimbledon. Let's have a game called basketball played the same way and demanding the same skills of its players throughout the world.

Now, don't get the impression that I'm opposed to change and am a hidebound conservative. Anyone who has watched my City College teams play will testify that our tactics are continually being altered so as to outwit the opposition. There can be no doubt that, in the matter of basketball strategy, I'm a progressive.

Nor am I one who believes that Dr. Naismith got his inspiration from Mount Sinai and that the rules, therefore, should not be

amended. Those who know anything about basketball legislation of the past few years are aware that I have been in the front rank battling for certain rule changes. I am definitely not opposed to experimentation with the rules.

But on two tenets, I do not yield. First: if changes are made, they should apply to all equally—standardization. Second: changes should be designed to correct specific minor ills, but the essential character of the sport should not be changed. In short, let us *all* play *basketball!*

Let's have the ball as it always has been—with seams. By taking away the seams, you make it almost impossible to attain the finger-tip control so necessary in basketball fundamentals and you nullify skillful shooting, clever passing and tricky dribbling. You replace basketball with a game of running and jumping. All you have to do is throw the ball down the court, and get a teammate to catch up with it. He heaves it at the backboard—it doesn't have to be too near the basket—and then your bouncing bean poles keep tapping at the backboard until they finally get the ball in the basket. Personally, I think volleyball is a good game for people who like to see tapping. Basketball is supposed to be a game requiring skillful passing, shooting and dribbling. So let's not replace the seamed ball.

As for the backboards, there is a movement afoot to make them convex. First, it was made optional to enlarge the courts so that the ends were beyond the basket. Now, it seems, there is not enough room on the court from which to shoot, these reformers claim. By making the bank convex, it will be possible to shoot at the basket from the corners of the court.

A logical extension of this idea would be to remove the backboard entirely. Then it would be possible to shoot a goal from behind the basket, which wouldn't be possible with the convex bank. But they don't want that. Taking the backboard away would increase the opportunities for shooting, but because it would also place a greater premium on accuracy, they don't want it. It's much easier to change a rule than to teach good basketball.

Now, according to theory, I would benefit by a bankless game because I get comparatively undersized material, and because as a professional, I actually played that type of game for many years. But, I say, for the game's sake let's forget about fan-shaped, con-

vex and any other nightmares. Let's continue with the same rectangular backboard which hasn't seemed to hurt the game 'til now.

The main argument for a fanshaped bank is that for little expense you can seat more spectators behind the backboards. But if a team is drawing so many spectators that they can't get enough of them in the gym without having to seat them behind the baskets, it seems obvious that they can afford glass backboards. These, in turn, will further enlarge the seating capacity and will soon pay for themselves.

As for the dimensions of the court, I suggest an area between eighty or eighty-five feet by fifty feet. Such a court places emphasis on basketball skill without making endurance and sprinting ability—important in any game—the decisive factors. Personally, I might like to see the smaller length adopted. But in a poll conducted by Ned Irish, Madison Square Garden basketball director, coaches of all metropolitan teams strongly opposed any increase in the size of the Garden's court, and expressed their approval of the Garden's eighty-four foot layout. These men have traveled throughout the country and annually turn out teams which play thoroughly representative schedules. As much as anyone in the game, they should know what shape court is the best test of basketball skill.

In addition, two important practical considerations enter, which make it unwise to standardize the basketball court to a size greater than the Garden's. First: many high schools, churches, "Y's", etc., haven't got the room for courts even as large as the Garden's, let alone roomier ones. If an acre-size court is made standard, games played in these community centers would be regarded relatively as ping-pong to tennis. Are the teams fortunate enough to have roomy playing-surfaces to be the *only* ones allowed to play basketball? What about those who can't get to a large court? Can't they play basketball?

Finally, and most important. Spectator interest supports intersectional contests and has put basketball in the big-time. By their enthusiastic support of the game at Madison Square Garden, hundreds of thousands of fans have voted their satisfaction with the game as it is played there. These crowds do not assemble four or six times a year. They come back for as many as eighteen games per season—and pay fancy prices.

It is the customers who have made basketball a big-time sport. The customer is always right. He who pays the piper, calls the tune. Something ought to be done about the lack of standardization in basketball. It's the most important problem now facing the game.

Parallel Skiing vs. Stem

by OTTO LANG

January, 1943

So you want to learn how to ski? Step right up, folks, and make your choice. You can have the new "Parallel Technique," as advocated by Fritz Loosli, being the latest and much ballyhooed attempt to compete with Madame La Zonga's famous six lessons; or you can have the "old-fashioned" Arlberg-Technique, some twenty-five years old and still holding up its world-wide reputation.

As per advertisement Loosli needs a minimum of at least eight days to make a parallel skier from a dub. I must admit it takes us from the old school considerably longer to come anywhere near this mark.

Loosli claims that his is a simplified method of instruction, streamlined and quick; that he surged ahead from where the immortals of skiing, Hannes Schneider and Arnold Lunn, left off. In short, it is the "parallel technique." He is modest enough though not to proclaim himself Messiah of an entirely new technique, for he is well aware that any skier halfway familiar with the subject knows that there is hardly anything new or revolutionary about this "parallel technique." In fact, it is as old as skiing itself since it rose to become a most popular sport from a plain medium of locomotion.

Loosli's method takes us right back where we started many decades ago, for that was the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries, Austria and Switzerland. No one with a little sense and knowledge of the history of skiing will dispute that these two countries are the originators of modern skiing, whether you call it Alpine- or Arlberg-Technique. Yes, they are responsible and to be credited, not blamed, for all this Stemming, Snowplowing and such. But why did they do it? Certainly

not just to antagonize these first pioneers from the motherlands of skiing who skied with their skis held tightly together.

To ski in Norway, Sweden or Finland consisted mostly in cross-country running and touring over gently rolling terrain. To ski in Alpine territory with its steeply pitched slopes was another matter. Thus, the beginning of this modern skiing technique, adapted to the most trying of circumstances, was evidently not invented by the urge to make matters more difficult and complicated. On the contrary, it was created by necessity and to master the new and yet untraveled slopes of those Alpine giants in the simplest and most efficient manner. This gradually led to the Stem technique, which has had an "unparalleled" success and still is the technique used by our champion skiers.

The standard of a skiing technique in any district where skiing is a popular sport shows a direct relationship to the terrain and prevailing snow conditions. In other words, the easier the terrain the less technique will be necessary in coping with the hazards. On the other hand, the more difficult the terrain, the steeper the slopes and the deeper and more varied the snow, a more highly developed skiing technique will be obligatory and most likely found as a natural evolution.

To ski at Lac Beauport where Loosli teachers his Parallel Technique is one thing. But to ski down the reputed Taft Trail, or the Headwall at Tuckerman's, or to run Warmsprings, or the Diamond Sun Standard Course on Mt. Baldy at Sun Valley with a vertical drop of a mere thirty-one hundred feet for two miles in total length—that is another matter.

I doubt if you would get very far on these runs with your so-called Parallel Christiania even if it seemed to function deceivingly well at Lac Beauport or skiing around the seventh fairway of your country club. Ah, but those hills must have been packed and polished smooth, just right and not too steep. As a matter of fact, to ski on such a surface as these slopes all you would need is a little better than average athletic ability, enough courage to accumulate a certain amount of speed and a good sense of balance. In that case why bother with any instruction at all.

Basically, the art of skiing is equivalent to the mastery of a repertory of turns adapted to various pitches, changes in snow conditions, and, above all, to varying speeds. It is the turn which controls the speed, but the rate of speed governs the type of turn.

The ability to judge properly and to apply these various maneuvers stands for control—and control is the essence of skiing. The ideal solution to this problem would be the creation of one type of turn only; that one turn to replace all others under every imaginable circumstance. The idea, of course, is not novel. It has been tried repeatedly and advocated vigorously during the past years. There were vogues and rages in the ski world favoring one turn or another from the Open Christiania and Telemark to the Jump Turn and Parallel Christiania. After each rage, it was the Stem Turn and Stem Christiania always coming out on top again.

In spite of the diversified schools of thought, ski experts share at least a few doctrines and principles. One is the essential requirement of "leaning forward" while in motion on skis, better known as "Vorlage." Another, that the power which makes the skis turn is the result of the simple process of transferring the weight at a given moment. They furthermore agree that with increasing speed (within reasonable bounds!) and augmented "Vorlage," turning becomes comparatively easier.

But alas, these are exactly the most difficult factors for the novice—speed and the necessity to project the body forward. Some beginners adjust themselves readily to speed, others shy from it and lose control.

It will be a relief for any novice to know that there are actually only four possible ways to make a pair of skis turn. As long as both skis are equally weighted and lined up parallel they will run straight and usually remain so.

Very often a skier encounters a slope too steep and too long to be taken straight. He is forced to check and to control his forward motion by making turns, linking each turn by a traverse at a chosen angle, depending on the rate of speed at which the skier wishes to propel himself.

If the parallel position of the skis is abandoned and one of them or both put at an angle, diverging or converging, either tips or ends together, and one of the skis is weighted more than the other, the skier will deviate to one side. In this way one's ski acts almost like the rudder of a ship. Turns of this type are classified as "steered turns." They are the Snowplow turn, Stem turn, Telemark and Open Christiania.

It is also possible to unweight both skis simultaneously by a pronounced up and down motion of the body, at the same time rota-

ting the skis by a powerful and accurately timed swing toward the desired point. Here we deal with "swing turns," better known as Christianias. Their primary requirement is speed.

One can also change the direction of the skis by simply stepping around, lifting one separately off the ground and placing it sideways, then following with the other. This type of turn works on a gentle hill or flat run-out, but is useless on steep slopes.

There remains the Jump Turn, in which both skis are taken off the snow simultaneously and while in mid-air switched around. Usually a Jump Turn covers an angle of approximately ninety degrees, switching the skis from one traverse into the opposite direction. The Jump Turn, although quite valuable at times, such as on the worst kind of breakable crust, is not considered a part of the teaching curriculum of a ski school. It should be, however—especially in the advanced classes—for it is an excellent exercise to develop courage, spring and correct timing.

Thus the scope of turns with which a skier operates is limited to the two groups: the steered turns and the swings, with the various and practically unlimited combinations of the two.

Hannes Schneider, who made the Arlberg-Technique an institution, chose the Snowplow turn as the foundation of his teaching system. This turn not only enables the beginner to make a series of linked turns practically from the first day, but at a rate of speed which he can handle with confidence. Furthermore, all the movements which the beginner will later employ in his higher speed turns are incorporated in the Snowplow turn. The novice will learn to transfer his weight; he will soon feel the rhythm by using his shoulders extensively. Great emphasis is laid upon giving the pupil an understanding of the "forward lean" and the delicate function of the steel edges.

From then on the pupil is gradually accustomed to speed and the effects of centrifugal force and momentum. The goal in mind is to lead the pupil as rapidly as possible, but with safety, toward the Stem Christiania.

There is no reason why a pupil who started with the Snowplow, advanced to the Stem and Stem Christiania should not be able gradually to make his turns longer by increasing his forward lean and speed. The original pronounced Snowplow position will diminish and disappear more and more until almost automatically the Stem Christiania begins to flow into a Parallel Christiania.

The opponents of the Arlberg-Technique, particularly Loosli, claim that the Snowplow turn is detrimental to a rapid progress of the novice skier; that it becomes a habit for him to fall back into the Snowplow position at the slightest provocation, and that it is dangerous.

So Loosli starts his pupil off with a turn from the traversing position in towards the slope with a pronounced "backward lean," one ski out in front and the weight on the heels. This is Fritz Loosli's elementary turn, the Open Christiania. But, he expounds, it is not the prehistoric Open Christiania, for in his elementary turn the weight is on the lower ski. That may be so, but the fact remains that the turn is begun by diverging the skis; in other words, by spreading the ski tips.

If Mr. Loosli can prove that the Snowplow is a dangerous maneuver, I can only reply that his "Open Christiania" as an elementary turn for a novice is equally dangerous, if not considerably more. Presuming that a beginner does takes a fall in the Snowplow position, his skis may cross but his legs will be pushed together. On the other hand, in the so-called split the legs fly apart.

It should be of interest to the reader to know that even such nationally known and outstanding competitive skiers as Dick Durrance and Alf Engen, to mention only two, revert instinctively to the Snowplow when the occasion calls for it.

According to an enthusiastic description about a year ago, written by one of Loosli's most ardent boosters, this is what happens when a novice enrolls at Lac Beauport Ski School. He is rushed through the rudimentary exercises, including a few straight runs, doing various motions to improve stability and balance, but mostly "bobbing" up and down. This, of course, every ski school does, only other schools spend considerably more time with these all-important preliminary fundamentals. Not so Señor Loosli, who discards them as an excessive waste of time. Pretty soon the pupils are ready for the first turn, and I quote from that article:

"As the pupils came out of their crouch, just at the moment when they reached the apex of one of the up movements, Fritz shouted at the top of his voice, 'TURN.' Turn they did, the most surprised bunch of turners one ever saw."

I don't blame them. I, too, would be very surprised.

"That turn," Loosli said, "those beginners make on their first

day out is so simple—so simple I often wonder why I did not think of it before."

The great difficulty in making a turn of this type with any semblance of ease and grace is the primary requisite of more speed than the average student is capable of handling. The most serious drawback, however, and where Loosli commits a fatal blunder, is that he is not concerned with the "forward lean" at all, perhaps the most difficult element to pound into a pupil. Not only that, but Loosli purposely caters to the student's natural instinct to lean backwards; whereas later in the more advanced stages he expects the pupil suddenly to lean forward.

Then he goes on: "When the pupil has the down-up motion mastered and when he is loose and at home on the skis (this all the first day out on skis, mind you! O.L.) I bring in the shoulder swing." Here again Loosli instructs the pupil first to use the forward shoulder swing in the elementary turn as a helpful medium to facilitate the turn. But later on in his Christiania at higher speed he will demand from the same student a reverse shoulder action, instead of the previously emphasized forward motion, which is exactly the contrary of what he was taught at first.

But supposing the novice does eventually learn to make this elementary Open Christiania of Loosli's in towards the slope. What of it? He is still pointing with his skis in the direction he came from, and the object of a turn is evidently to change the skis into, or towards, the opposite direction. I presume that is where Mr. Loosli and his pupils "revert" to the kick turn as a most valuable help and necessity. That, undoubtedly, is a possibility and a way out of a dilemma. But is it satisfactory and practical?

Or does Loosli really want to convince us that he can make a novice skier steer his skis from a traverse into the direct line of descent, pick up speed faster than he can reach for his hat and then turn left and right in a series of Christianias?

In his recently published book Loosli exclaims that "ski schools have done nothing to influence racing technique but racing technique is crying for a change in the methods of the ski schools. Standardized ski instruction in short has done very little to keep up with the pace set by the competitive sport."

So far so good, but in an article in *Ski News* of January 9, 1942, in which Loosli defends himself against the violent attacks of a Swiss ski instructor, he writes differently and as follows:

"What makes you think we're trying to build racers? I am not interested in racers. They prove nothing about recreational technique. I am merely enjoying success in teaching average skiers to find new pleasures in the sport."

Of course, one of the very popular false beliefs is that a racing technique with its razor-sharp finesse can be just as well applied in teaching novice skiers. This mistaken conception as to how skiing should be taught has been made by many a famous racer.

Emile Allais, for example, the French ace skier and one time world champion with an altogether enviable racing record, published a book some years ago which burst like a bombshell. But he still has to prove his merits as a pedagogue and he still has to show us the results of his method. In it he, too, advocated omitting a number of preliminary and fundamental turns, unnecessary in his opinion—in particular, the Stem turn and Stem Christiania. Allais' final hypothesis is the "Pure Christiania" or "Tempo Turn," a typical racing turn at high speed, with extreme forward lean and the weight of the body pressing onto the ski tip. The up and down movement is not very pronounced, but the forward shoulder swing is a vital part of this characteristic racing turn.

Allais' technique was tailored after his own individual success as a competitor, unusually gifted by nature and tutored by the finest pre-war European coaches. In spite of his radical ideas he could not and did not attempt to rid himself of that one fundamental maneuver, the Snowplow.

From the latest reports heard before war-torn Europe's connections with the outside world were completely severed, Allais seems to have considerably revised and modified his original teaching method. He has even taken to acquaint his pupils with the Stem turn and Stem Christiania before attempting to teach them the Pure Christianias.

His method could offer possibilities with exceptionally gifted and chosen physical specimens, but would certainly not work out with beginners, children or women. It is an entirely different proposition to train aspiring racers. For a racer, speed and control are most important—whereas for the recreational skier it is safety and control.

The expert and competitive skier uses almost exclusively a scale of varied Christianias, from the Stem Christiania to the Pure Christiania. As he usually makes these turns at high speed they

have an appearance of ease, simplicity and dash. But the one element which makes the Christiania so easy to execute for the expert skier is speed. Thus the expert's meat is the novice's poison—and a serious drawback, for his speed range is definitely limited. It surely would be a waste of time to wait until he has acquired enough confidence and skill without teaching him other turns as a substitute for the time being.

Now with the United States at war skiing as a branch of military warfare suddenly has taken on importance. In the last World War mountain troops and skiers held key points and passes and the tops of mountains throughout winter and summer. That was Hannes Schneider's experimental laboratory. He had to train skiers in a hurry, and fellows who had never stood on skis before.

Two winters ago the United States realized the imperative need of ski troops, with the vast snow-covered territory of Alaska on her hands to protect; not to mention the possibility of sending an expeditionary force abroad. There was no ski unit to speak of in the United States Armed Forces until two winters ago. That meant starting from scratch, not only to train the men but to decide on the best equipment, such as clothes, skis, poles, boots, etc.

But there was also the question of a technique, making it possible to train thousands and thousands of soldier skiers uniformly. I have no doubt that military authorities from the War Department, advised by experts and leading personalities of the sport in this country, thoroughly investigated every possible method. They were undoubtedly after a technique to train men efficiently and in as short a time as possible.

Was there ever a better chance or a more golden opportunity for the promoters of "Parallel Technique" to step into the picture? It was not even considered, and the Army's training manual closely follows the Arlberg method as advocated by Hannes Schneider. This fact alone, proves, more than all the written words, the soundness of the Stem Technique.

In Defence of Parallel Skiing

by E. FRITZ LOOSLI

March, 1943

ANOTHER ski season is upon us, it would seem, the very profusion and confusion of the falling snow rivalled only by the arguments—once more—of my antagonists, who apparently would attempt to disprove on paper what I am proving conclusively on snow—namely, that you don't have to be a contortionist to ski. I have reference, of course, to the most recent attack authored by Otto Lang, upon my system of Parallel Skiing. Will any friends of Mr. Lang who are reading this kindly advise him to be ready to duck? He asked for it, and here it comes!

"Loosli's method," wrote O.L., "takes us right back where we started many decades ago, for that was the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries, Austria and Switzerland." Sure, I know it's silly. But that's what he wrote.

In the first place, O.L., "the gospel which the first Scandinavian skiers brought to the Alpine countries" was not a method of controlled skiing. They skied with their skis locked closely together, their bodies in an upright position, and when they wished to change direction they jumped or fell around. What, may I ask, has that in common with Parallel Skiing?

Mr. Lang's point seems to be to attempt to link my method with the methodless skiing of thirty years ago.

Parallel Skiing is very definitely a method of ski instruction—a method founded upon proved principles. After dozens of years of observing and instructing skiers and after many hours of studying the actions of experts through the medium of slow-motion movies, I have succeeded in breaking these actions down into three different phases. The first phase involves the work of the skis only, the second has to do with the action of the knees and the third involves the part the shoulders play in the turn. Each movement is so definite that a beginner can be taught to master one at a time—and

by thus simplifying ski instruction I am able to combine, in a short time, these separate phases into the finished turn.

In teaching the work of the skis, only I—as most skiers know by now—have eliminated the Snowplow turn. I, too, taught the Snowplow for many years, accepting it as a safety device affording the skier a means of putting on the brakes, so to speak, until he could become more proficient. Quite some time ago, however, I realized that the Snowplow was more a detriment than an asset—that it was teaching the skier many things he would have to forget to reach the later stages of skiing perfection. I noted, moreover, that only a very small percentage of skiers is ever able to forget these hampering movements of the Snowplow, as is evidenced on any open slope, where less than ten per cent of the skiers will be seen to be skiing completely free of the triangular entanglements of the Plow. What greater proof of the fallacy of teaching the Snowplow could one ask for?

In place of the Snowplow—to give the beginner a safety device which will allow him to turn—I teach a Modified Open Christiania turn. In making a right turn, for instance, the skier is taught to place his weight on the left ski, to advance the right ski, opening the tip slightly and exerting a little pressure on the uphill edge. Soon he is brought to the point where he no longer has to open the tip as he advances the ski slightly and continues to edge it a bit. This is the Pure Christiania, even as advocated by Mr. Lang—the skier, by my method, having reached it by progressing through simple and related phases.

"To ski at Lac Beauport where Loosli teaches his Parallel Technique is one thing," wrote O.L., "but to ski down the reputed Taft Trail, or the Headwall at Tuckerman's, or to run Warmsprings, or the Diamond Sun Standard Course on Mt. Baldy at Sun Valley with a vertical drop of a mere thirty-one hundred feet for two miles in total length—that is another matter."

I will agree with Mr. Lang there. It certainly is another matter. Is Mr. Lang, however, advocating that people be *taught* to ski on the trails he has mentioned?

It has always been my contention that the place to teach people to swim is not in the surf but in relatively shallow, quiet water. Thus it is with skiing—and thus at the Chateau Frontenac we take our guests out to Lac Beauport where, as Mr. Lang said, "the slopes are just right."

"As a matter of fact," he went on, "to ski on such a surface as these slopes all you would need is a little better than average athletic ability, enough courage to accumulate a certain amount of speed and a good sense of balance. In that case why bother with any instruction at all."

That is precisely the point. My system has been designed for persons of average athletic ability, average courage and an average sense of balance. Too long have ski experts failed to recognize physical limitations affecting most people taking up the sport. It is my conviction that skiing should be—and can be—made simple for all.

At Lac Beauport the beginner is made to feel completely at ease on his skis on a slope that will assist, rather than hinder, him as he learns. When he has mastered this slope he is taken on increasingly more difficult terrain until he is able to run any ski trail that is wide enough to permit him to swing. If it isn't that wide it isn't a ski trail and no one on skis, seeking recreation solely, belongs on it. Mr. Lang will have to admit that more than seventy-five per cent of the skiers on the North American continent do their skiing on open slopes. Why not fit them, primarily, for the type of skiing in which they will participate most often? Once they master slope skiing it is a simple matter to teach trail running technique.

I have already differed with Mr. Lang in his contention that as his system progresses "the original pronounced Snowplow position will diminish and disappear more and more until almost automatically the Stem Christiania begins to flow into a Parallel Christiania." I have cited as evidence the distressing scene on any open slope. Now I should like to differ on another point.

"The novice will learn to transfer his weight; he will soon feel the rhythm by using his shoulders extensively," wrote O.L. "Great emphasis is laid upon giving the pupil an understanding of the 'forward lean' and the delicate function of the steel edges." May I make a suggestion to all advocates of the Snowplow system? Never use the word "delicate." The very name, "Snowplow"—drawing up a picture, as it does, of a ten-ton truck with a wedge of steel fastened on the fore—belies the contention that there is anything at all delicate about the maneuver.

"It should be of interest to the reader to know," Mr. Lang continued, "that even such nationally known and outstanding com-

petitive skiers as Dick Durrance and Alf Engen, to mention only two, revert instinctively to the Snowplow when the occasion calls for it." I should also like to thank him for that. It stresses a point I have been having difficulty getting across to my opponents.

The point is, of course, that I have found it wholly unnecessary and unwise to spend days, yes, even weeks, teaching pupils the Snowplow. In explanation I offer the following quote from my book, referred to by Mr. Lang:

"I have eliminated the Snowplow and the Stem simply because I, myself, believe that their advantages are more than overcome by their detrimental effect on the skier's balance and feeling for his skis. Actually I have no objection to the use of these maneuvers, although I believe they should not be taught in the development of the skier. As a matter of fact, there are occasions, on a narrow trail, for instance, when the ability to Snowplow or Stem is of great advantage—but in this respect I must say that I have found my pupils, now fully acquainted with the action of their skis, instinctively employing these maneuvers without being taught. They have been spared the pain."

In support of this I might add that many times in the past two years I, or my assistants, have taken advanced classes on exceedingly difficult terrain, steep and full of hummocks and rises capable of testing even the best skier's ability. Running them down over this treacherous hillside we have observed slightly different reactions, with the exception that none used the Snowplow until he or she found it absolutely necessary. Those pupils that had used the Snowplow before coming to me did revert to it again when the occasion demanded. More revealing, however, was the observation that even those who had never been taught the maneuver now and then employed it instinctively, even if not so often. When we took all these pupils back on the easier, and more popular slope, we noted that they had left their Snowplows back on the tricky hummock-filled hill and were not reverting to them when they didn't need them. That proved again to us that the Snowplow does not have to be taught but will be picked up naturally. If taught at all—as some instructors may find necessary in a few isolated cases—it should certainly not be taught until the pupil has reached the advanced stage where he will employ it only when it is absolutely necessary.

As Mr. Lang continued his attack upon my system he referred

to an article about Parallel Skiing which appeared in the February, 1941, issue of *Esquire*. This was an article written by Mr. W. C. Heinz, Ski Editor of *The New York Sun*, and I believe this is the article which started this whole tempest in the ski world over Parallel Skiing vs. Stem. At least it was the first lucid explanation of my system to be printed. In his attack Mr. Lang quotes the description found therein of how my elementary pupils make their first turn, the turn, according to the article, being based on the pupils' bobbing up and down and—at the moment when their skis were unweighted—turning at my command.

Mr. Lang suggests that no one could make a turn employing those procedures alone and I agree with him. When Mr. Heinz first heard about my system and came to Quebec to gather information for the article, I demonstrated to him that the elementary turn was made with the Modified Open Christiania but I requested that he not bring out this point in his article. I simply felt that other instructors, hearing that I was using a form of the Open Christiania, a turn to which they have always objected, would not understand the modifications I had made in it to eliminate its faults. They would consequently criticize it unfairly before my system had a chance to prove itself. You must remember that this was the first article, written while my system was still new. After I had proved my point over and over again, however, I readily acknowledged using the Modified Open Christiania—explaining that in my adaptation of the turn, the weight is on the lower, not upper ski, while the upper ski is edged slightly. That is the turn the beginners learn on the first day; it is the turn I have explained fully in my book.

"The most serious drawback, however," wrote Mr. Lang, turning to his next point, "and where Loosli commits a fatal blunder, is that he is not concerned with the 'forward lean' at all, perhaps the most difficult element to pound into a pupil. Not only that, but Loosli purposely caters to the student's natural instinct to lean backwards; whereas later in the more advanced stages he expects the pupil suddenly to learn forward."

Right here I would like to say that in our system we do not expect pupils suddenly to lean forward. After the pupil has been allowed to lean backward in the elementary turn, which actually facilitates the turn where only ski action is employed, he is urged

constantly to acquire more forward lean at the same time as he is shown how.

This point seems to me to be the crux of the whole Parallel Skiing vs. Stem argument. Is it, or is it not, wiser to sacrifice the small degree of forward lean the average pupil can be encouraged to employ in the Snowplow in order to eliminate the evils of the Snowplow completely? We, of course, think it is.

I note that Mr. Lang said that the forward lean is "perhaps" the most difficult element to get across to the skier. Again I say that what can be seen on any open slope proves that by far the most difficult problem any instructor faces is to remove the parasitical remains of the Snowplow turn in teaching the more advanced maneuvers. Actually the pupil learns very little about forward lean in the Snowplow as he is pushing back constantly against the hill.

When we have eliminated the Snowplow entirely we have more opportunity to dwell on forward lean—stressing that it can be acquired simply by pushing the knees forward and down and bending from the ankles. We don't expect the pupil to acquire forward lean suddenly; we teach it to him gradually.

Going on from there Mr. Lang then quoted from my book a passage in which I brought out the fact that standardized ski instruction has done little to keep up with the pace set by competitive sport. Immediately following this he quoted from an article by me in *Ski News* of January, 1942, in which I explained that I am not interested in racers. The point in the book was simply brought out because advocates of the Arlberg system are constantly citing racers as examples, when actually ski schools have done nothing to influence racing techniques. The point in the article was stressed to emphasize that I am interested primarily in teaching average skiers to find pleasure in the sport. Both still hold true and I fail to see where they are contradictory.

Continuing with Mr. Lang's criticism, I note that the next point he brings up for discussion is that of shoulder action. As he explains, in the early stages of instruction the Parallel Method advocates employing the usual forward shoulder action. In other words—in a left turn, the right or uphill shoulder is brought around to facilitate the turn.

"But later on in his Christiania at higher speed he will demand from the same pupil a reverse shoulder action, instead of the previously emphasized forward motion, which is exactly the con-

trary of what he was taught at first," O. L. wrote. That is true, too, but it gives the wrong impression. By reverse shoulder action it is meant that in the left turn the left shoulder is moved forward with the left ski. This is done at very high speeds or on very hard surfaces to prevent the tails of the skis from swinging around too far as often happens when the forward shoulder action is employed. These two actions may sound difficult and contradictory as Mr. Lang refers to them but try this little test:

Stride naturally across the room, swinging the right arm forward as you advance the left leg and the left arm forward with the right leg. That is forward shoulder action. Now stride across again swinging the left arm forward with the left leg and the right arm with the right leg. That is the principle of reverse shoulder action. It can be done as simply on snow as you have done it in the room, in spite of the fact that it sounds so "contrary" to Mr. Lang.

Mr. Lang next posed the question of how we get novice skiers to steer their skis from a traverse into the direct line of descent. They are taught to do this either by bending the knees further forward, which will cause the ski tips to drop towards the fall line, or simply by advancing the ski nearest to the fall line, to initiate the turn in that direction.

As he approached the end of his article, Mr. Lang then did something I had been awaiting from the start. He brought up the question of Emile Allais, a fine competitor in Europe but not as good a ski instructor by any means.

Allais it was, in fact, who gave me the first idea for Parallel Skiing when he asserted he was abolishing the Stem Turn and the Stem Christiania before teaching the Pure Christiania. Allais, as you may know, was not successful. This may have been due to the fact that he may have lacked the qualities so necessary in an instructor or it may have been because, as Mr. Lang points out, he did not rid himself of the Snowplow.

But whatever the reasons, I fail to see where they fit the present subject of discussion—my own Parallel Technique. From Allais' failure I learned that the Snowplow must definitely be avoided.

And now to Mr. Lang's final point which, apparently, he liked best of all. I like it, too. It is so easy to answer. Mr. Lang explains that comparatively recently the United States realized the importance of ski troops and in organizing these troops selected a technique of instruction for them which closely follows the Arlberg

method. I agree that that is very fortunate for I can think of no better method for military instruction than the Arlberg. For that purpose it is excellent but I somehow got the impression we were discussing methods of teaching recreational skiing, an entirely different subject.

Military ski instruction is designed to prepare soldiers to ski, with heavy packs on their backs, over mountain passes and down trails that are no wider, in many cases, than foot paths. During troop movements much of this downhill skiing is done at exceedingly low speed so that the units will remain as close together as possible. The only semblance of similarity between this and recreational skiing as we know it on this continent is that all participants in both wear skis. Of course the Snowplow is indispensable in military skiing. From the very start it teaches the pupil to hold back against the hill and to fight it. That, obviously, isn't what our recreational skiers should be taught.

Belles of the Ball

by HERB GRAFFIS

June, 1940

THERE is a person named Charley Dunkley. He is a sports writer for the Associated Press. Although he is a young-looking and vigorous man, Mr. Dunkley is reputed to have made his debut in sports journalism covering the regatta of the *Pinta, Niña* and *Santa Maria* in 1492.

If you don't know Charley you can't amount to much in sports. The gentleman who had just recovered from delirium tremens and boasted that he had been everywhere and seen everything, traveled in Phantasy as Charley has in the meat.

One evening when Charley was in a charming, stinking little saloon convalescing from fresh air poisoning contracted during his literary labors at an outdoor sports event, a bunch of the boys got telling about the greatest things they ever had seen in sports. It came Mr. Dunkley's turn.

"I have seen 'em in thrilling performances of strength, skill and courage; Dempsey, Ruth, Tilden, Jones, Lenglen, Gotch, and numerous others. You think they had color?" Mr. Dunkley parked his beaker and paused for reply. None was forthcoming. Continued Mr. Dunkley. "They all are blacked out by lady softball players. There is more color to those softball ladies than there is to a sky full of rainbows.

"And let me tell you a young lady known jestingly to her intimates as Mangy Maggie was the most vivid of them all. I don't wish to reflect upon Mag socially because, maybe, I am not qualified to do so, and besides, her husband is a young gentleman who drives one of those trucks that looks like a fortress of the Maginot Line. He can hold the truck up with one hand and change one of its tires with his other paw. So what I say about Mag is said in reverence.

"I was watching a game in which Mag was catching for a

team that had not been favored in the morning line. The pitching of Maggie's team was supposed to be weak. This was Mag's first game with this team.

"I never saw players, male or female, hardball or softball, swing at so many wild ones. The reason was that Mag infuriated them. I saw that Mangy Maggie was no sissy and was very fond of stoking her maw full of Mail Pouch for a refreshing tidbit, but I never gave that matter much thought as not a few very able lady soft-ballers I have seen use the weed in liquid form.

"But as I say, Maggie really was one apart from the whole race of athletes. She would squirt her chaw through the bars of her catcher's mask and write, in the dirt ahead of the plate, 'you stink,' just like a baker uses icing to write Happy Birthday on a cake.

"It is not possible for a highly strung lady softball player to keep her eye on the ball while tart criticism about her is being spelled out in mud at her feet. So Maggie's pitcher began throwing one and two hit games and would probably have gone through that opposition like a blitzkrieg, only Mag had words with her husband who was a man of few words. He slapped her in the puss and knocked out her bead teeth, after which she was unable to spell with jets and lost her witchery. Alas, and more alases."

Mr. Dunkley put down his glass and excused himself to go out to report on evening of fisticuffs for the Associated Press clientele.

When he was safely out of the hearing zone, one of the survivors ventured the suspicion that Mr. Dunkley had been indulging in a flight of fancy, such as the A.P. sports chroniclers treat themselves to when freed from the restrictions of their solemn professional oath.

However, as the evening wore on and notes were compared, Dunkley's tale became more credible. These girl softball players are a lot that are beginning their stories where the male athletes have left off. You may deplore the receding tide of color, the passing of the golden decade in sports, but if you do, your lament only sounds to prove that you are missing one of the most entertaining show sports ever revealed.

It was fifteen years ago that the Bloomer Girls of Chicago presented the debut of girls' softball outdoors. In that period the game has grown to the extent that now there are more than 600,000

young women playing softball, and the game has its bob-haired Ruths, Deans, Gehrigs and DiMaggios. Girls have graduated from softball teams into quite substantial salaries as minor executives of companies that employed them primarily as athletic advertisements. Girls have paid college tuition with the money they've earned playing softball—not, of course, out-and-out as softball players, for it is an amateur game and under conscientious control as strict as widespread amateur sport can be. The softball girls have gone into wedlock and traded their bats for skillets, their diamonds for didies. One of them, at least, has entered a convent. She is Miss Ann Harnett, a high school teacher who starred with the Rival Dog Food team which is one of the game's major clubs.

So, while the supreme male may regard the lady softballers as freaks of nature who don't throw as though they were trying to escape from a strait-jacket, the ladies themselves have been building a new sports attraction by glorifying feminine inconsistency in a muscular manner. It's guessed by those who ought to be able to call the shots fairly accurately, that about 90,000,000 Americans watched softball in 1939. Girls teams were the major attractions of this pastime that night lighting has helped to boom into popularity as neighborhood entertainment.

The crowd appeal of the softballing males is merely that of baseballers scaled down to neighborhood dimensions, plus playing time that fits conveniently into the evening schedule of the citizen who enjoys having his dinner digest while seeing a living picture that has a plot subject to change without notice. Softball by the ladies has the assets of game time that meets the citizens' requirements of evening relaxation and the sudden shifting of scripts by home runs or fumbles, but with a lot more.

Women's softball has grown tremendously despite the comparatively small amount of newspaper and radio plugging it has received. Its large city newspaper publicity has been received mainly as the result of promotions conducted by certain newspapers. When a paper plugs its own sports promotions the other papers in town ease up, and give affairs promoted by the competition only minimum mention.

A young lady who works for a neighborhood plow plant or dairy outdraws Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan in many a community where these females are competitively billed as entertainment. When the local young lady known as Butch, Spike or Mickey

can do that, you may be sure that she appeals to fundamental instincts. Maybe the instincts are upside down and the cave girl is delighting her male by giving birth to a timely triple which the male considers he has sired by his loud cheers and advice. If that's the case, softball's remarkable growth may be regarded by the deep thinkers as evidence supporting the belief of some pathologists and psychologists that the females are getting more and more masculine, and vice versa, each succeeding day.

Cases of cryptorchism pop out every so often in the annals of female athletics. The Olympic games have included contestants whose performances have been notable when classified in the ladies' department, but who later have been subjected to surgical attention with the result of disqualification on the grounds of being biologically suited for shaving brushes instead of powder puffs. It is the jealous nature of some males to suspect that lady softballers who are males' superiors in throwing, catching, running and batting, enjoy such superiority because they possess other fundamental male attributes not as much in evidence as skill on the tabloid diamond.

That cheering delusion of the male is blasted by such female softball stars as Catherine Fellmeth. Catherine is a high-browed, attractive young matron of about 28 years. As Mrs. Rutherford, she has Mr. Rutherford's meals well-cooked on time, gets their 5-year-old youngster fed and put to bed, gets the dishes washed, then goes out to sparkle as a performer on a Chicago team that figures prominently each year in the national softball championships. To keep her biceps in condition for sweeping, dusting, wielding the skillet, washing the dishes and the baby's things, Kitty adds to her softball exercise that of winning the Chicago women's bowling championship, heaving the discus 113 feet 7½ inches, and putting the shot 41 feet 1¾ inches; the latter two feats being performed at the 1939 national A.A.U. track and field championships, at which Kitty shared with Stella Walsh the glory of being the only double victor among the contestants.

The mystery of the way of the maids with the men is further deepened upon examination of the case of Miss Dorothy Klupping, who emerges from women's national softball championships as the Dizzy Dean of that pastime. Miss Klupping, a pitcher for the Down Drafts of Chicago, is known to the softball opera lovers as Boots. She is a legitimate blonde, of a shade of hair that even

her foes in the crucial struggles call "honey blonde." She is a bit over 5 feet high and when seen away from her strenuous employment would not be recognized as a muscle moll.

On the field Boots has a histrionic range from Baby Snooks to the Queen of the Amazons, with Charlotte Corday and La Passionara, firebrand of the Spanish loyalists, tossed in for seasoning.

Boots will walk into her team's dressing room before a game and still the nervous chatter of her compatriots by remarking, "them tramps ain't got a chance. They can't hit me." That, of course, is hearsay from her teammates, as this investigator has not been in the dressing room of a ladies' softball team. But what she does do before the naked eyes of the multitude is plenty to reveal performing color.

She will receive the ball from an umpire. She will appraise it carefully, stitch by stitch; read the printing on the cover; toss the ball gently up as though testing its weight. Then, with an expression of disdain, Boots will toss the ball over the park fence.

Another ball will be tossed out. She will repeat her act. The manager of the opposing team will run onto the field yelling that Boots be tossed out of the game for contempt of court, lese majesty, spitting on the sidewalk, homicide and other charges managers make in women's softball games.

Boots will look coy at the umpire and pout. "The very idea!" she'll protest. "Here I am just warming up and he wants to have me benched because I'm a bit wild. Make him get back minding his own business, Mr. Umpire, or maybe one of my wild ones will tear his fat head offen his lazy shoulders."

It's the Eleanora Duse in the kid, who actually is a girl of not inconsiderable culture. She is a rather proficient artist and uses this skill to draw cartoons she mails to members of opposing teams. Her technique in this style of ribbing is effective.

Another one of the standouts in the upper realms of women's softball is Freda Savona of the Jax Brewers of New Orleans. Tris Speaker, the old grey fox of baseball, maintains that Freda has one of the best ball throwing arms he ever saw in operation with a softball or baseball. The Savona girl was brought from Cleveland to New Orleans when the National Screw Manufacturing Company team was raided after its world championships in 1936 and 1937. Along with her came Dot Underwood, third basewoman, or baseman, as the women's softball lexicon has it, and manager of the

National Screw's championship teams. Also departing from Cleveland for New Orleans were Gene Peck and Mary Skorich. Miss Skorich pitched two no-hit games in the 1937 championship. The raid gives the thick-skulled males a faint idea of how the Yankees' domination of major league baseball might be broken. Leave it to the girls to figure the answers. However, such raids are at an end in women's softball as the ruling body of the sport has changed the regulations that formerly required 30-day residence in a community as eligibility, and now call for six months' residence in the state in which the player's team is located.

When the National Screw champions were disbanded by the lure of more lucrative jobs in the southland, Alameda (Calif.) girls hammered down opposition in winning the 1938 and 1939 national titles. These brawny and sunkist cuties have it over their sisters of the cinema sector to the south of them as players, but in oomph, impartial critics give the Los Angeles maidens the decision.

Marty Fielder, former minor and major league baseballer, and his brother Irving, organized a women's softball league around Los Angeles. They got eight sponsors to invest $1,000 apiece in backing the teams. The bulk of the gate is at a dime. It's been a very profitable entertainment venture for the astute Fielder brothers.

Although southern California's girl softballers haven't the performing class (according to competent national judges) that the standout teams in other sections show, the calibre of their work is improving so speedily that it is expected southern California soon will be represented by brilliant teams at the national championships. Then, so apprehensive males fear, there may be a brisk battle as an added attraction. Florida has the reigning beauty queen of softball, Miss Paulette Nolan, outfielder for the Dr. Pepper Girls of Miami Beach.

With Miami Beach and Hollywood in a battle of curve tossing for the world's title, there should be the bitterest, most beautiful competition ever beheld by the eyes of mortal man.

To tell the truth about it, the softball girls weather fairly well. There is a lady named Lorraine Gehrke, who has completed her tenth year, with the original Bloomer Girls' softball team, and never missed an inning of short-stopping during that stretch. You might be disposed to think that a lady Gehrig, in contour and solidity, would resemble a wholesale butcher's block. However, in

verity, the rollicking and durable Lorraine has a considerable edge in pulchritude and streamlining over many another nice lady whose sliding has been done from one chair to another in changing bridge partners, instead of over skinned diamonds that abrade the hide like a nutmeg grater.

Though all but Lorraine have fled from the line-up of the pioneer Bloomer Girls, Ed Baumgardner, who still manages the team he founded in 1924, says that he will parade members of his old line-ups in competition with any other group of Floradora veterans.

It might be so. Naturally the girls' softball talent is selected from a physically superior group.

The American parent seems to encourage his female progeny in the sprightly pastime of softball. Fathers whose names once were on scorecards of major and minor league, and scholastic ball games have their names kept luminous by their maiden children whose diamond feats are thrilling the neighborhoods. One of this corps of lassies, Shirley Jameson, is the daughter of the once-renowned Tubby Jameson. Miss Shirley is of such proficiency that when one tells her daddy that if he were as good at baseball as his daughter is at softball, he would have out-glamoured Babe Ruth, all that Jameson *père* can do is to nod agreement.

There still is abundant opportunity for better stage management in women's softball, Some teams persist in swathing themselves in the superdrooper bloomers which are, beyond all question, the most godawful creation an esthetically illiterate modiste ever hung on the human form divine. The color combinations of many of the suits are reasons for playing many games at night, for it is a certainty that man, woman or child of normal vision must suffer unpleasant disturbances at the pit of the belly upon viewing the bilious colors that clash on softball uniforms.

Considering the physical requirements of softball, it is amazing how many a neat set of gams is revealed by the tastefully attired maidens who perform in shorts instead of in the superdrooper pants. The girls do get their knees, legs and hams skinned by slides, and as the result of being sent bounding on their beautiful bottoms by contact with other sturdy maidens. But it is just such mishaps that stir the mothering instincts of the crowds—65% of which are males—and add another appeal to the game.

As a matter of fact, somewhat unpleasant to organized baseball,

girls' softball is showing the swiftest rate of increase in sports draw. Around Chicago, for instance, girls' softball at five parks, over an 18 weeks' season, drew about twice the season's crowd Chicago's American League White Sox drew. The New York Rangers and Roverettes, playing at Madison Square Garden last summer, averaged more than 9,000 customers per game.

This pastime is drawing its own group of fans, many of whom have switched from other sports, and some of whom are entirely new as sports entertainment enthusiasts. There is a lively grade of violence toward the umpires exhibited at close contests between the girls, and ingenuity shown by the players in inciting the crowd against the arbiters. All of that adds to the gaiety of the show. Perhaps one of the umpires' problems accounts for the hideous superdrooper pants previously mentioned. Mr. Harry Wilson, who has worked many of the big games in ladies' softball, tells of a case of an umpire being rebuked by a lady catcher, thus:

"Listen, big boy, if you would take your lamps off the batter's knees long enough to look around maybe you would see more of these pitches coming over as strikes."

You can't send a doll to the bench for a remark like that. You have to listen and like it. That's what the country is doing about the girls' softball games.

Horse Champions of This Century

by ROBERT S. DOWST

February 1935

THE UNITED STATES is going running-horse crazy—witness the number of states that have legalized racing and betting and the number of new and successful tracks opened in the past two years or about to open. With the pugilistic "game" moribund, with the big-league baseball clubs often in the red and even with football running a temperature, the animal that King Richard once vainly offered a kingdom for seems to be coming back into his own. The racing of running-horses always has been monarch of sports in Great Britain, but in this country the trotters and pacers formerly overshadowed the runners. Now, however, it's another story.

First on the list of great horses since 1900 must be placed the name of Man o' War. A two-year-old in 1919 and a three-year-old in 1920, "Big Red" was the Jack Dempsey of the American turf. A bad post-actor, nervous and irritable at the start as was Dempsey in his corner before a fight, once the barrier was sprung and the field away he took the lead in effortless fashion and maintained it to the end. Defeated but once in twenty-one starts, then by a colt named Upset—and upset indeed—Man o' War stamped himself on the consciousness of the American racing public as a super-horse. The only criticism that oldtimers could make of him with any show of support in the facts was that he always ran in front and never won by coming from behind. He never had to. His theory of a race seemed to be much the same as Dempsey's theory of a fight—to get the blamed thing over with. And he did. In the Dwyer of 1920 he toyed with John P. Grier at a mile and a half, toyed with him and broke his heart after that good colt alone had accepted the issue of the race when all the other eligibles had dodged the hopeless task of attempting to best the horse of a century.

The big chestnut ran in front because he possessed blinding

early speed as well as the ability to run a distance; it was his way of racing. On the morning of his eighty thousand dollar match-race with Sir Barton at Kenilworth Park, Canada, he was given a limbering-up gallop of a quarter-mile and was timed by several watches in from 20⅖ to 21 seconds. The American record for a race at the distance is 21¼ seconds, held by a horse called Bob Wade. They never have come faster than Man o' War, and there is no reason to expect they ever will come better. In him the thoroughbred type reached perfect flower after its three-hundred-year-ago beginning in the mating with native English mares of Arabian and Barb stallions imported into Great Britain during the reigns of the Stuart kings, of William III and of Anne.

Two great horses were contemporaries of Man o' War—Exterminator and Sir Barton. Although defeated by the super-horse in their match-race in 1920, when Man o' War was three and he four years old, Sir Barton had won the Kentucky Derby of 1919 at Churchill Downs, defeating Billy Kelly and Eternal. He went on to win the Preakness at Pimlico, Maryland, again defeating Eternal as well as Sweep On, won the Withers at Belmont Park, New York, and later took the Belmont Stakes at a mile and a half. No other horse ever won a Kentucky Derby, a Preakness, a Withers and a Belmont. In the same year, as a three-year-old, he picked up a hundred and thirty-three pounds and beat Mad Hatter and Audacious in a Maryland Handicap run in 2 minutes, 2⅖ seconds, for the mile and a quarter. Mad Hatter and Audacious carried only a hundred and six and a hundred and eighteen pounds respectively.

In 1920 as a four-year-old Sir Barton packed a hundred and twenty-nine pounds to victory over Wildair and Exterminator in the Saratoga Handicap at a mile and a quarter, time 2 minutes, 1⅘ seconds. In the same year he won the Merchants and Citizens Handicap at a mile and three-sixteenths, defeating Gnome and Jack Stuart in 1 minute, 55 3/5 seconds—thus setting an American record for the distance until A. G. Vanderbilt's Discovery reduced it to 1 minute, 55 seconds flat, at Narragansett Park in September, 1934.

Like Man o' War, Sir Barton was a chestnut, but unlike "Big Red" he was a small one. However, he could carry weight and was "all horse." His poor races can be attributed to his hoofs. Their

walls were so thin that they would not always hold the nails securing his racing-plates.

In 1918 Willis Sharpe Kilmer, the Binghamton, New York, sportsman, had the favorite for the Kentucky Derby, but the colt ran a nail into his foot and could not race. So Kilmer purchased the three-year-old eligible gelding Exterminator, merely to get a horse to carry his colors in the race. Exterminator won in the mud, at odds of about 30 to 1, and thus began a career in racing over distances which endeared him to the public to a degree never before or since achieved by any other horse. "Old Bones," as he affectionately was known about the tracks, could carry any weight and run all day. He still holds the American record for two miles—3 minutes, 21 ⅘ seconds—made under weight of a hundred and twenty-eight pounds when he was five years old. In any list of great horses of this century Exterminator's name belongs near the top.

Gallant Fox—the Fox of Belair—in 1930 won the most impressive list of stakes for three-year-olds ever garnered by a colt of that age in this country. He took the Wood Memorial, Preakness, Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Dwyer, Arlington Classic and Lawrence Realization, also the Saratoga Cup and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He was retired to the stud at the end of his third year, having accumulated winnings of over three hundred and eight thousand dollars, exclusive of what he gained as a two-year-old, an all-time record both here and abroad. A son of his, the Belair Stud's Omaha, barring accident or misfortune will run in the Kentucky Derby of 1935 and will carry the writer's money.

A flagstaff at the Aqueduct track, New York, still marks the training quarters of the Fox of Belair. Unlike Man o' War, the Fox almost always ran from behind, and no one who ever saw it ever will forget his thunderbolt charge in the stretch.

The twentieth century did not have to await the period of Exterminator, Man o' War and Sir Barton before it saw a great horse. Hermis, the "little red 'un," in 1902 as a three-year-old won eight straight races, including a Travers. Although only a little over fifteen hands in height, he could and did pack weight and dealt out numerous beatings to the best horses of his period. In the first half of his fourth year he did little, being hampered by the incubus of an amateur trainer, but in 1904, when five years old, he carried a hundred and twenty-seven pounds a mile and a quarter to victory in the Suburban Handicap over The Picket,

Irish Lad, Major Daingerfield and Africander. The time was 2 minutes, 5 seconds flat—and in those days tracks were much slower than they are now. Like the other little red 'un, Sir Barton, Hermis was all horse. He won a total of eighty-four thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars in purses in a period when single races were much less richly endowed than they have been recently and still are.

James R. Keene's Colin followed Hermins closely in point of time, having retired from racing late in 1908. He never was beaten, but won fifteen races in a line and amassed earnings of something over a hundred and eighty thousand.

In 1925 Man o' War's greatest son—Crusader—came to the races as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old in 1926 he won the Suburban Handicap under a hundred and four pounds, defeating American Flag—another Man o' War colt—and Chilhowee, and in 1927 he won the same race at a mile and a quarter when carrying a hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The time was 2 minutes, 2 3/5 seconds, over a track saturated by rain, and in the race he defeated Black Maria, under a hundred and twenty pounds, one of the best race-mares this country ever produced; Macaw, under a hundred and twenty pounds; Chance Play, under a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and Display, under a hundred and sixteen pounds. Crusader beat real horses in this race—and led by seven lengths at the finish. One of the vanquished, Display, won over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars before he retired from racing. Incidentally he since has sired Discovery, A. G. Vanderbilt's good three-year-old, Cavalcade's chief rival in 1934.

Crusader is the only horse to have scored a double in the Suburban. He also won the Belmont, the Dwyer, the Jockey Club Gold Cup and other important races.

Reigh Count—one of the few American horses to have raced successfully in England—as a two-year-old in 1927 permitted his stable-mate Anita Peabody to win the Belmont Futurity by sufferance, but then won the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at a mile and as a three-year-old in 1928 won the Kentucky Derby, Law? rence Realization, Saratoga Cup and Jockey Club Gold Cup. In England in 1929 he won the Coronation Cup and ran second to Invershin in the Ascot Gold Cup at two miles and a half—the sternest test of all races for a thoroughbred under weight. Reigh Count easily beat in this country horses such as Sun Beau—world's

champion money-winner—Misstep, Toro, Diavolo and Victorian, and must be included in any list of the "ten best since 1900."

The year 1931 on the tracks a quartette of three-year-olds of the highest class—Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand, C. V. Whitney's Equipoise, A. C. Bostwick's Mate and G. D. Widener's Jamestown. Jamestown, although a horse of extreme speed up to a mile, did not fulfill the promise of his victories in the Belmont Futurity of 1930 and in the Withers of 1931; he was soundly trounced both by Twenty Grand and Sun Meadow in the Belmont Stakes of the latter year, and his chief claim to fame is that it was his dazzling pace which forced Equipoise to set a new world's record for the mile in a race at Arlington Park, Chicago, when both horses were four-year-olds. Mate did not display his three-year-old form in after years and now is racing in England with mediocre success. But Twenty Grand and Equipoise both must be included in any list of the century's best horses.

In 1931 Twenty Grand won the Kentucky Derby in record time—2 minutes, 1⅘ seconds for the mile and a quarter—also the Belmont Stakes in record time of 2 minutes, 29 3/5 seconds for the mile and a half, time which stood until Peace Chance shaded it by two-fifths of a second in June of 1934. "Twenty" won other stakes and cups, but was beaten by Mate in the Arlington Classic of 1931; his leg-soundness had begun to be impaired by his rough manner of going. Although he could develop extreme speed when thoroughly warmed to his work, Twenty Grand ran not like a horse but rather in great bounds like a lion. With such a gait it is no wonder that he went wrong in his third year. But no one can ever forget who saw it, his stretch-run in the Belmont of 1931, lengthening stride and leaving Sun Meadow and Jamestown farther and farther behind with every leap at the end of the long journey of a mile and a half.

Equipoise went wrong in the beginning of his third year, 1931, and was laid up till the spring of 1932. As a four and five-year-old he proved practically invincible in the handicap-division—good horses over three years old. He could carry weight and he could develop extreme speed, particularly at distances from a mile to a mile and a quarter, as attested by his mile world-record ahead of Jamestown and the fact that he has won more races at a mile and a quarter in times only fractionally slower than 2 minutes and 2 seconds than any other horse that ever raced.

These horses, then, in the writer's opinion, are the twentieth century's "ten best"—Hermis, Colin, Exterminator, Sir Barton, Man o' War, Crusader, Reigh Count, Gallant Fox, Twenty Grand and Equipoise. No attempt has been made to rank them in order of class or quality, save that Man o' War has been, as he must be, placed on top. If all these could be resurrected from death or brought back to the tracks from retirement, if all could be made of even age, say three or four years, and if all could be entered to race together at a mile and a quarter, what a contest that would be!

To call it a race would be to deal in anticlimax.

Rather it would be a battle of Titans, a struggle of gods, and who shall say what horse would be under the rose-blanket after the hoofs had thundered through the stretch and the dust had drifted away?

Here They Come

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

March, 1940

ONCE PRACTICALLY everyone in America at all interested in sports knew the trotting and pacing horses. When one of the champions was to appear at one of our state fairs, J. I. C., Maud S., Nancy Hanks, Dan Patch, the people turned out as they do nowadays to a big college football game. Men and boys hung over the fences along the race tracks.

"Here they come!"

The trotters or the pacers were in the home stretch in an exciting race. Some of the drivers were shouting wildly while others sat with grim tense faces, holding the reins over their steeds.

The horses themselves, as they swung into the full rhythm of their stride, seemed to flatten. Heads were thrust forward, nostrils distended. There was the ringing round of hoofs on the hard earth. A little gray mare was creeping up inch by inch on a big free-legged brown gelding. He was a high stepping, long-striding one. She was at his flank, at his shoulder. There was the wire just ahead. Would she make it?

"Here she comes! Here she comes! Ha! She has made it!"

Almost every boy and man hanging over the fences along the home stretch at the big mile tracks, at the state fairs where the fastest sometimes came at the little dusty half-mile tracks at the county fairs, knew his horses. He could recite for you the blood lines of his favorites. In every American town there were a few men, owning a few good ones, colts they hoped might come on, get into the big time. It was the sport of the small town man, the farmer. A few city men went for it but on the whole it remained the sport of men who lived close to the horse. General Grant loved the trotters as did the first of the Vanderbilts. The big-timers went to the Grand Circuit meetings at North Randall, near Cleveland, to Goshen, New York, Meadville, Pennsylvania, Kalamazoo in

Michigan. It threatened to blow up, come to an end with the coming of the automobile.

Unlike the running tracks, harness horse racing never was a sport for big time gamblers. A quite different crowd was attracted and is still attracted. They are a hearty sun-tanned outdoors crowd, these harness horse men.

It was a horse age, when almost every man you knew owned some kind of horse. The country doctor drove a horse along country roads to visit his patients, the lawyers and judge went horse-drawn from town to town to attend court, the livery stable was the hangout of the young sports of the towns. Men and boys knew the blood lines of horses as now they know the various makes of automobiles.

It seemed a dying sport but it never did quite die and now it is coming to life again. Go in the winter to the Old Glory horse sale, held in New York City, where the yearlings from the big Hanover Shoe Farms and from other big breeding farms are brought in for sale. They will be coming up also from many big and little breeding establishments, buyers there from small towns all over the country, a few rich men, many of the small town well-to-do class, what we have learned recently to call "the middle class." They will be also at the big Indianapolis sale and at the fall sale of yearlings from Walnut Hall near Lexington during the Lexington Trots, in late September.

They are in the show ring at one of the big sales. There is a man on a pony leading a yearling around the ring. The pony goes at a furious gallop. The man cries out, the colt is on a halter, at his galloping pony's heels. The man shouts. He gives wild cries. He cracks a long whip over the colt's head.

"You see—he is bred right, eh," he is saying to the colt buyers. "Look how naturally he sticks to the trot or pace."

"He is a good one, boys. Buy him and own a winner."

It goes on and on, man's love of the horse. The automobile threatened to kill it, wipe it out, but didn't succeed. For a long time, after the automobile came, when the barns that used to stand back of almost every house in the towns began to be torn down or turned into garages, it looked as though a special breed of horsemen, the drivers and owners of trotters and pacers, might die out and what many men had thought the noblest and most beautiful of all forms of sport, be forgotten.

Forgotten also the time when the rich city man, living but a few blocks from his office, still felt he had to own a good one or a team of good ones, the time when you could see a horse race almost any day, down through a residence street of an American town or city, when after a snowfall, horsemen of the towns got their best ones out for a sleigh race down through the main street. No red and green stop lights for them. A country lawyer, a saloon keeper, a doctor, each up behind his own fast one, the main street cleared of farmers' teams, men and boys standing in crowds on the sidewalks before the stores, all business suspended for the time. The quiet-seeming country doctor has become like a wild man now. He is holding the lines over a big gelding that has been to the races and won't break no matter how much noise the doctor makes. He plans to throw that little mare the lawyer is driving off his stride, and so wild cries come from his lips and he slashes his long whip back and forth over his gelding's head.

It is fun, horse fun, man's fun. The country doctor as he drives visiting his patients from house to house along country roads has trained his gelding not to be annoyed by his cries and his whip lashings. The big gelding knows the game. He half turns his head waiting for the little mare to go into a "break."

Even the preachers indulged in it sometimes, although a preacher had to be careful. If he went off to one of the big sales and bought himself a yearling and had the fun of training him, seeing him get a little more and a little more into his stride, if he began to dream of seeing his horse in a race at county fair time, he had to take him to a professional horse trainer and driver.

"Jim, you understand that, as far as the public is concerned, he is your horse. It wouldn't do for me to send a horse into a race and if you do send him in, it's on your own. You understand?"

"Sure I understand, preacher."

"Preacher, he sure looks like a comer to me."

There were farmers who got what was called the "horse craze." Such a one sold his farm and moved into town. He bought some colts and opened a training stable. He trained on the half mile dirt track up at the town's fair ground. He might be a young man whose father had died and left him a good farm and everyone said he was a fool to let a good farm go for the horse racing game.

However he had a dream. He had his heroes. He dreamed of some day becoming an Ed Greer, known far and wide as "The Silent

Man from Tennessee," a Walter Cox, a Budd Doble. The trot and the pace were American institutions like baseball, highly technical, fast, exciting. Almost every man along the main street of an American small town knew the fine points of the game. It had its heroes, known to all, its Babe Ruths among race horse drivers, its Jimmy Foxxes, its DiMaggios. The fast trotter had been an American development and all the world champions had been born and trained here. When the Europeans wanted to get really good ones they had to come here. The Czar of Russia and the Grand Dukes sent their buyers. Buyers came from the kings and princes of many lands. Some of our famous drivers and trainers went to drive and train in Europe.

It was a time when all men were close to the horse. It was true that the run was the faster gait, the gait a horse naturally took when pressed to extreme speed, but the American always did love technique. Look what we have done to football and to baseball. At the trot or pace, there is something controlled. You are held within a certain definite technique, as when a poet writes a sonnet. I remember when one day I took a young man, a horse lover, son of an old-time trotting-horse man, to see a trotting race, at a time when the harness horse seemed on his way out. The young man did not understand or see how skillfully one of our well-known harness horse drivers tooled his horse through the stretch, pressing him to the last possible inch of speed at the gait and not over pressing to throw him off his stride. The boy could not understand because he knew only the saddlers and the runners. I wanted to weep not only for my friend's son but for all sons born in an age when what had seemed the finest development of the horse ever known was passing out.

But it has not passed. Now it comes to life again. Now we have the Hamiltonian, named for old Hamiltonian 10, whose blood runs down through almost every horse, trotter or pacer, going to the harness races today, a big forty, fifty, sometimes even sixty thousand dollar race. It is a big race, in a sense we Americans understand, big money involved, and it gets attention. The big city newspapers send their sports writers to the race, the city men turn out, whole pages in the sports section of the big city newspapers are devoted to the race, a Peter Astra, the Hamiltonian winner, Kentucky Futurity winner, owned by an Ohio small town doctor, gets his picture in the city newspapers. Go among the people at

Goshen on the day of the Hamiltonian and you will find a vast majority of the crowd still small towners and farmers. It is their big day. The best of the new ones, the coming champions, will be there. It is their kind of horse racing, the kind they know and love.

And now harness horse racing is adjusting itself to the modern age. It is not only that they step faster and faster every year, dozens of good ones down now well below the two-minute mark, great horses, like the Greyhound and Billy Direct stepping miles that would have seemed unbelievable to the men of the horse and buggy age, a new one like Peter Astra likely, before he retires to the stud, to go faster even than the Greyhound or Billy Direct, new men, Doc Parshall, Sep Palin, Vic Flemming, Ben White, to take the place of the Coxes, Greers and Dobles of another day, but there is also a sharp stepping up of the get-away going on.

It was the scoring for the start that too much annoyed the modern harness horse race goer although it did not annoy the people of the horse and buggy age. The horses went up to the head of the home stretch and turning scored down for a fair start. There were numbers drawn and the pole horse, on the inside of the track, was to lead the way. If another horse scored down ahead of him or a horse went into a break, leaped into a run, it was no go and had to be done over again, sometimes five, ten, even twelve or fifteen times, the starter scolding the drivers, we in the crowd sitting patiently, each driver trying to get the advantage of the start, sometimes a driver fined, it all, we felt, a science too, the drivers striving to outwit the starter, but to the modern race goer, knowing horse racing for the most part only at the running tracks, it was all too slow.

Starting machinery is being introduced now, to get the horses off quickly. Bigger and bigger crowds are coming again to the harness races.

And there is something else. The man who owns a trotter or a pacer can, if he has the gift, if he loves the feel of the lines held over a good one, get up behind him himself. It isn't at all necessary, as with the running horse, to turn him over to some slip of a boy. All the thrills may come to any man, a horse lover, who can feel himself, as the harness horse race driver may, a part of the horse at speed, controlling him, handling him, timing him to get out of him the last inch of speed. The harness horse man can, if he wishes and has the courage, the nerve, the gift of the hands

holding the reins, get up there himself. It is this fact that is drawing them back. The little owners are again going to the yearling sales. Horsemen, who can afford to own big stables, the Harrimans, the Dunbar Bostwicks and other rich men are buying fast ones. They can get up there themselves, know the feel of the horse, know in their own bodies the curious accord that sometimes grows between man and horse. Women who have the horse passion can do it. In '37 at the Lexington Trots, held in late September, a slip of a girl of eleven, Miss Alma Sheppard, daughter of Lawrence Sheppard, trainer at the Hanover Shoe Farms, took the three-year-old trotter, Dean Hanover, out on the tracks and with him smashed the three-year-old's records, doing the mile in 1.58½. With the modern bike sulky the weight of the driver doesn't matter too much. He isn't up there on the horse's back. What matters is something in the driver's hands, in his head, in his nerves. He doesn't have to hand the game over to a boy, stand aside. He can get up there, behind his horse, the racing flanks of his horse, his pride and joy, between his legs, be in it, a part of it.

This is the fact that, in the end, will surely more and more bring horse-loving men back again to the harness horse and to harness horse racing.

Long Count Fight

by HERB GRAFFIS and RALPH CANNON

August, 1943

SIXTEEN years ago it was, come next month, when Dave Barry's right arm whipped chill early autumn air over a recumbent gladiator. Gene Tunney, his eyes filmed by goof-glaze, watched that count. Five precious seconds had been lost by Jack Dempsey in getting to a neutral corner. Those of the 104,943 crowd that favored Dempsey—and they were a roaring, bellowing majority—had clamored for Barry to begin counting, but Barry knew that neutral corner rule too clearly to be rushed by hysteria.

That seventh round at Soldier Field, Chicago, September 22, 1927, was history and a hundred years long for Tunney and his partisans. It was history as history used to be figured and time as time can drag when one man is on the canvas and another, frantic with primitive instinct, has a fist cocked for the kill.

Those 14 seconds of that ten-round heavyweight championship fight, out of the more than a billion and a quarter seconds that have been ticked off since the beginning of the century, compacted the drama of the sporting event this month's Esquire Sports Poll voters rated the greatest of the Twentieth Century.

By a long margin the Long Count fight between the now Commander J. J. Tunney of the Navy and the warrior who now is Lieutenant Jack Dempsey of the Coast Guard was voted the top sporting event of the past 42-and-a-fraction years.

As Bill Kinney, *Rock Island* Argus, commented: "For the amount of space devoted to it, I believe the Long Count fight tops all other events. There was the controversial angle of the 'long count,' the financial tops of $2,658,660, real heavyweight fighters, the question of the ring's 'comeback'. In short, it was *the* event of the 'era of wonderful nonsense', and what wouldn't we all give to have it back?"

Second to the Tunney-Dempsey fight as a standout sporting

event of the century was the 1930 performance of Major Bobby Jones, long before he was in the Army, in winning the United States and British Open and Amateur championships. One has only to recall the margins of Jones' victories that year to appreciate how emphatically he dominated golf. In the British amateur final, he defeated Roger Wethered 7 and 6. In the British Open, the Jones 291 led Leo Diegel and Macdonald Smith, who divided second money, by two strokes. Macdonald Smith finished second to the Emperor Jones in the U. S. Open at Interlachen, Minneapolis, and again Mac was two strokes shy of the winning 287. On September 27, Jones completed his conquest by mowing down Gene Homans 8 and 7 at the Merion Cricket Club, Philadelphia.

"In winning the four major championships in golf," wrote Frank Craven, the actor, who is also a great golf and sports fan, "I think Bob Jones gave a great exhibition of concentration, condition and determination. He had time between championships to relax, but to keep at the peak of his game over the span of time was a great feat. Championship golf is no sissy game."

Jesse Owens' performance in the 1936 Olympics won third place in the voting. In nine of his 12 performances in heats and finals, 22-year-old Owens either equalled or bettered the existing Olympic records, and in five appearances he bettered or equalled the existing world's records. As Norman S. Thomas, Lewiston, Maine, *Journal*, pointed out: "Owens won the 100-meters in :10.3, equalling the world and Eddie Tolan's Olympic record made at Los Angeles in 1932. He took the 200 meters in :20.7 for a new world and Olympic record. He won the broad jump at 26 feet $5^{21}/_{64}$ inches, bettering the Olympic record. And he ran on the winning 400-meter relay team with Ralph Metcalfe, Foy Draper and Frank Wykoff in the time of :39.8, which lowered the world and Olympic record." Don T. Wattrick, WXYZ, Detroit, seconded the nomination with "Owens' performance in the Big Ten track meet at Ann Arbor, May 25, 1935, when he ran the 220-yard low hurdles in :22.6 for a new world record; did the 220 in :20.2 for another world record; broad-jumped 26 feet 8¼ inches for a third new world record, and equalled the world mark for the century of :09.4."

Baseball registered in fourth place with the 1926 World Series performance of Grover Cleveland Alexander in the seventh inning of the seventh game. The Alexander feat was that of relieving Jesse Haines with the bases loaded with Yankees, and striking out Tony

Lazzeri. The Cards then went on to win St. Louis' first world championship. "When Alexander hurriedly warmed up and rushed to the mound in time to strike out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full," wrote Gene Kessler, *Chicago Times*, he performed the outstanding diamond feat of the century."

Fifth in the parade of the century's sports hits also went to baseball with that mighty clout Babe Ruth made over the right field fence at Wrigley Field, Chicago, in the third game of the 1932 World Series. "The star-spangled 20th century," wrote John O'Donnell, *Davenport Democrat & Leader*, "had a wagon load of outstanding and thrilling sports events, but I believe the top moment came that afternoon in the World Series in Chicago in 1932 when Babe Ruth, turning around to the Cubs who were jockeying him, pointed to the right-center field fence and told them that he would knock the next pitch over it—and then did it! That was the biggest moment of confidence in sports history!"

No. 6 on the list the Sports Pollers compiled was that series of gallops by Red Grange for Illinois against Michigan at Urbana, Illinois, on October 18, 1924. Ellis Veech, *East St. Louis Journal*, recollected that: "Grange ran back the opening kickoff 95 yards for a touchdown without a hand being laid on him, and then the next three times he had his hands on the ball he made runs of 67, 56 and 45 yards for touchdowns—all in the first 12 minutes of the first quarter. Taken out then until the final period, he scored his fifth touchdown of the game on a 15-yard jaunt as Illinois swamped the champions of the previous year, 39 to 14, for the first defeat in the high school and college career of Herb Steger, Michigan's great captain."

Closely pressing for places in the first six were a couple of short and fierce fights. Jack Dempsey again figured in the voting by having his fight with Luis Angel Firpo placed well up in the list of runner-ups. This one was one of fistiana's most devastating and delirious presentations. This was the bout in which Dempsey was knocked out of the ring and down into typewriter row, but climbed back in to win sensationally. W. N. Cox, *Norfolk Virginia-Pilot*, said there was "nothing ever like it in heavyweight championship history."

Then there was Joe Louis' sudden-death knockout of Max Schmeling in the second fight between that pair. Previously knocked out in a 12-rounder with Schmeling, Louis didn't spar for

any opening on the return engagement. Louis' first punch turned Schmeling completely around. The second, to the kidneys, sent the Uhlan writhing and crying to the floor. Two years' stored-up slaughter went with those punches and Schmeling was a screaming victim after those two leather block-busters hit. Floyd Olds, *Omaha World-Herald*, commented that: "Louis' knockout of Schmeling in the first round avenged the only blemish on his record."

Jim Thorpe's trophies were taken away from him after his spectacular victories in both the Pentathlon and Decathlon in the Stockholm Olympic Games in 1912 because he had played professional baseball, but his noble feats have not been forgotten. Two years later came another unforgettable event—the spurt of the Boston Braves. J. G. Taylor Spink, editor of *The Sporting News*, which is publishing a special Overseas Edition for the soldiers, rated the 1914 World Series when George Stallings' sensational team which came from last place on the Fourth of July to win the pennant, went right on to sweep Connie Mack's Athletics with their "$100,000 infield" in four straight, for the first time this had happened in Series history.

Arthur Krock, chief of the Washington office of the *New York Times* and winner of the Pulitzer prize for Washington correspondence in 1935, was among those listing the Braves' 1914 drive from cellar to championship.

Baseball scored again with Johnny Vander Meer's unprecedented two successive no-hit games for the Cincinnati Reds in 1938. This was followed by the Chicago Bears' amazing 73-to-0 rout of the Washington Redskins in the pro football championship game of 1940. Bob Johnson, *Spokane Chronicle*, was one of many voting for: "Cornelius Warmerdam's vault in April, 1940, when he first cleared 15 feet, and since then has consistently shattered the 'human ceiling' for pole vaulting." Sec Taylor, *Des Moines Register*, was among those who thought Gertrude Ederle's channel swim should not be forgotten. Trudy, the first woman to make the crossing, did it in 14 hours and 31 minutes, which was the best time up to that date. There were many votes for Whirlaway's 8 lengths victory in the 1941 Kentucky Derby when he set the track record of 2:01 2/5. Bob Foote, *Pasadena Star-News*, voted with others for feats of Knute Rockne's Four Horsemen of Notre Dame, including their "defeat of Stanford in the Rose Bowl game of 1925. The Four Horsemen, 27; Ernie Nevers, 10."

Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item*, along with many others, thought there should have been at least sixty instead of six events chosen. Among his selections not already specified were: "Carl Hubbell fanning Ruth, Gehrig, Simmons, Cronin and Foxx in succession in the 1934 All-Star Game in New York; Greg Rice's victory over Tati Maki in world record time; Mel Ott's debut in the big leagues at 16; Willie Pep's feat of winning 62 fights in a row; Lou Gehrig's consecutive game streak of 2,130 games extending from June 1, 1925, to May 2, 1939; Boston College's last minute touchdown to beat Tennessee in the Sugar Bowl, and so on *ad infinitum*."

Barnet Hodes, Chicago's Corporation Counsel, wrote: "Dropkicking on the dead run from unbelievable distances, Pat O'Dea of Wisconsin is the closest thing American football has produced to Paul Bunyan. The ancient Greeks would have made Pat a demigod, booting the planets and comets about the sun in a titanic game."

Ty Cobb, whose own stupendous diamond feats were cited by many voters, correctly enough included Lindberg's flight to Paris as one of the big sporting events of the century.

Tee Casper, WISH, Indianapolis, pointed with pride to the University of Texas vs. Texas Christian grid game of 1933 when Charley Casper of TCU returned the opening kickoff 105 yards to start the ball rolling toward a 30-to-0 victory for his team over the favored Texas team. "My older brother," wrote Casper, "was the man who returned that kickoff. To me, this was by far the greatest thing I ever saw happen."

Ed Scannell, *Worcester Gazette*, in voting for the Jack Dempsey-Jess Willard fight, commented: "Dempsey exploded the myth of big men in boxing and started a sensational career with his victory at Toledo on July 4, 1919, when he knocked Willard down seven times in the first round and kept battering him until Willard's seconds tossed in the towel in the fourth." Kenneth Jones, *Peoria Journal-Transcript*, rated the Jack Johnson-Willard fight in Havana, April 15, 1915, when the latter won the title by knocking out the former in 26 rounds.

Tait Cummins, *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, went back to the time when "Christy Mathewson rang up three shutouts for the Giants in the 1905 World Series with the Athletics." Malcolm Street, WHMA, Anniston, Alabama, voted for Joe DiMaggio's 56-game

hitting streak in 1941. Henry A. Sullivan, Salem, Massachusetts, *Evening News*, counted in Lou Gehrig's four home runs in one game on June 3, 1932. Many including Jada Davis, Odessa, Texas, *American*, selected Lou Gehrig's farewell to baseball, "because," Davis said, "any person lucky enough to hear Gehrig make his farewell speech will remember it all his life—and tell his grandchildren about it." Bob Harlow, sports editor Press Association, New York, appropriately thought we should not forget "Captain Eddie Grant of the Giants who was killed in action in World War I." Vic Diehm, WAZL, Hazelton, Pennsylvania, went for Walter Johnson's big moment in winning the deciding game of the 1924 World Series for the Senators over the Giants after being beaten twice previously in the series. Norman M. Paulson, WDAN, Danville, Illinois, liked the record of 18 strikeouts Bob Feller at the age of 17 rang up on the Detroit Tigers for Cleveland on October 2, 1938. Nolan Skiff, Pendleton, Oregon, *East Oregonian*, ranked the "near perfect" game of May 2, 1917, in which "Fred Toney of the Reds and Jim Vaughn of the Cubs both pitched no-hit hall for nine innings, Toney running his string through the tenth to win, 1 to 0." Charles Young, *The Knickerbocker News*, Albany, listed the longest game in major league history, the 26-inning 1-to-1 game between Brooklyn and Boston on May 1, 1920. Dick Freeman, *Houston Chronicle*, nominated: "Dizzy and Daffy Dean's win for the Cards over Detroit in the 1934 World Series." Sam Balter, KMPC, Beverly Hills, California, remembered the "rampage of Pepper Martin, rookie, in the 1931 World Series when the Cardinals upset the Athletics."

Larry Grill, *Phoenix Gazette*, brought up:

> The spine-tingling drama of the last inning of the 1921 World Series between the Giants and Yanks at the Polo Grounds. The Giants, behind the fine pitching of their great southpaw, Art Nehf (whose son served in Captain Joe Foss' squadron and has three Jap planes to his credit in Guadalcanal fighting) had a 1-to-0 lead when the Yanks came to bat in the ninth. First man up was Babe Ruth. He grounded out to Kelly at first. Then, after a terrific argument, Aaron Ward drew a base on balls. The stands were tense as Frank (Home Run) Baker, who had made his reputation as a home run hitter in this same park ten years before, strode to the plate. He worked the count to 3 and 2; then fouled several pitches as the fans screamed for a homer that would win the game for the Yanks. He slashed a line drive between first and second that looked

like a certain hit, but Johnny Rawlings made a sensational dive, rolled head over heels, came up with the ball and threw him out. Kelly whipped the ball to Frisch at third, nailing Ward, who made a desperate slide that knocked the Fordham Flash out of the infield—but not before the umpire had thumbed Ward out. That breath-taking double-play ended the series.

Stubby Currence, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Daily Telegraph*, spoke for Joe College, and "Tommy Harmon's record-breaking field day in his final game against Ohio State, November 23, 1940, as Michigan won, 40 to 0." L. D. Gasser, Owensboro, Kentucky, *Messenger*, included "Centre College's 6-to-0 upset of Harvard in football back in 1921, with 'Bo' McMillin starring." Robert S. Kunkel, Associate Editor of *The Sporting Goods Dealer*, included on his list the Rose Bowl game of 1929 when Georgia Tech nipped California 8 to 7 as a consequence of Roy Riegel's wrong run.

Sidney S. Lenz, the bridge star, included the "defeat of the invincible 27-year chess champion, Dr. Emanuel Lasker by Jose R. Capablanca in 1921." Ira Seebacher, *New York Morning Telegraph*, included the Sanford Memorial, August 13, 1919, when Upset beat Man O'War. Abe Krash, *Wyoming Eagle*, Cheyenne, reasonably enough thought that Wyoming's National basketball champions of 1943 should not be overlooked. Earle D. Wilson, WNBH, New Bedford, Massachusetts, rated the "1933 Boston Marathon, won by Les Pawson." Ed Wray, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, brought up memories of: "M. C. McLoughlin's victory over Norman Brookes in the Davis Cup series of 1914 when one set went 32 games." W. Russell Voigt, Albert Lea, Minnesota, *Tribune*, rated: "Francis Ouimet's victory over Harry Vardon and Ed Ray, in the National Open in 1913."

Joe Boland, WSBT, South Bend, Indiana, voted for "Henry Armstrong's winning of three titles." Houston Cox, Jr., WBRC, Birmington, was among those going for the Seabiscuit-War Admiral match race. Harry Keck, *Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph*, rated Notre Dame's 18 to 13 victory over Ohio State in 1935.

In all, more than 250 different sporting events were proposed by the voters as the greatest of the century. Apparently the moment was propitious for such a review. Sergeant John Derr, Physical Training Director, 89th Fighter Squadron, Greensboro, North Carolina, and former sports editor of the *Greensboro Daily News*,

wrote: "As one of the boys in service, I find myself being called on to settle a lot of sports arguments over the years as my buddies start 'remembering'. And on a lot of cold, dark nights, there is nothing so warming as to remember about better days."

Fritz Crisler, Michigan's football coach, reported that: "An Army Captain just back from Guadalcanal pleaded with me to do all we could to have more sports events broadcast to the men overseas. He said he has known of men walking five miles to listen to some sporting events."

Participants in the poll were sports writers, radio announcers, the public, and the men at Camp Polk, Louisiana, home of the Third Army Corps commanded by Major General Willis D. Crittenberger. It is our largest Armored Force Camp.

The Army-Navy 1926 Football Game

by HERB GRAFFIS and RALPH CANNON

September, 1943

MEMORIES of mock wars on gridirons pass in review as football fans present in this month's Esquire Sports Poll their selections of the greatest performers and performances the game has displayed.

It's fitting that an Army-Navy game, the 21-to-21 affair at Soldier Field, Chicago, in 1926, was chosen by the majority of voters as the greatest football game they ever saw. Among the stars of the set-to were Commander Tom Hamilton of the Navy, who has been responsible for the highly successful Naval Pre-flight physical training program, and Colonel Harry Wilson of the Army, who has been training bombers in the art of masthead bombing for General MacArthur. In that football game, in addition to other starring duties, Hamilton and Wilson each made the three vital points after touchdown, failure in any one of which would have meant defeat for their side.

Trailing the Army-Navy game at Chicago, were the following games:

1935—Notre Dame, 18; Ohio State, 13.
1931—Southern California, 16; Notre Dame, 14.
1924—Illinois, 39; Michigan, 14.
1942—Michigan, 32; Notre Dame, 20.
1939—Iowa, 13; Minnesota, 9.
1931—Yale, 33; Dartmouth, 33.
1926—Alabama, 20; Washington, 19 (Rose Bowl)
1938—Duke, 7; Pittsburgh, 0.
1939—Southern California, 7; Duke, 3 (Rose Bowl)
1935—Southern Methodist, 20; Texas Christian, 14.
1934—Minnesota, 13; Pittsburgh, 7.

Fritz Crisler, Michigan coach, named the 1922 Princeton-Chicago game in Chicago, in which he served as a member of the bench as A. A. Stagg's assistant. In this game, after John Thomas had won All-American rating by tearing the Tiger line to shreds, the

Easterners struck back in the second half to win, 21 to 18. E. H. Burnham, Purdue coach, picked the 20-20 Indiana-Purdue tie game of 1936. John J. Peri, *Stockton Record*, was among a number going back to another 20-20 game, the Stanford-California game of 1924 when "Stanford under Pop Warner scored two touchdowns in the last few minutes of play to tie the tiring Bears under Andy Smith." Lieutenant Commander Carl G. Olson, Chicago, was among the host voting for the Chicago Army-Navy game. Braven Dyer, *Los Angeles Times*, took the "1931 Notre Dame-Southern California game when Johnny Baker's field goal in the final 20 seconds gave sc the game, 16-14, breaking Notre Dame's winning streak of 25 straight." Dr. Edward Baker, Carnegie Tech coach, picked the 1935 Notre Dame-Ohio State game which the Irish won, 18 to 13 in the final seconds on a long pass from Bill Shakespeare to Wayne Milner in the end zone. Roy E. Tillotson, coach at Franklin College, Franklin, Indiana, rated Michigan's 32-to-20 victory over Notre Dame in 1942. "It had fine offensive play," he wrote, "as well as good defensive play. All types of play were used: straight bucks, fake bucks, spinner bucks, spinner and run, spinner and pass, forward passes from tricky set-ups; touchdowns from several types of plays; excellent punting, place kicking, etc. Individual play also was extra fine."

A. W. Wells, Gainesville, Texas, *Register*, named the 1935 Southern Methodist-Texas Christian game which sent "SMU to the Rose Bowl and TCU to the Sugar Bowl. With the score tied at 14-14 in the fourth period, Bob Finley threw a long pass to Bobby Wilson to win the game, 20-14. That pass was worth $80,000 to SMU."

Three teams stood out far ahead of the others in the question on the greatest team. They were the Chicago Bears of 1941, Notre Dame's Four Horsemen team of 1924, and the Minnesota team of 1934 led by Pug Lund. The Southern California team of 1931 impressed many, as did Duke's team of 1938 which was unscored on in nine games before being upset by Southern California 7 to 3 in the Rose Bowl; Tennessee's '39 team; Texas' team of '41; Southern Methodist's team of '35 which lost in the Rose Bowl game; Alabama's '25 team which won in the Bowl with Pooley Hubert and Johnny Mack Brown starring, and Alabama's '34 team, which won in the Bowl on Dixie Howell's passes to Don Hutson.

Lou Little, Columbia; Andy Kerr, Colgate; and Harry Keck,

Pittsburgh Sun Telegraph, were agreed on the Pittsburgh team of 1916, coached by Pop Warner. William Newton, North Carolina State, said: "Tennessee, 1931. McEver, Feathers, Brackett and Kohase, backs; line: Rayburn and Derryberry, ends; Saunders and Aitken, tackles; Hickman and Frank, guards; Mayer, center." R. W. Finch, Central Michigan College, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan, chose the Michigan team of 1925. E. L. Romney, Utah State, said the University of Southern California eleven of 1928. Vernard B. Hickey, California Aggies, Davis, California, named the California team of 1922. Ray Hahn, Lindsborg, Kansas, took for his greatest eleven the Nebraska team of 1922, which was "undefeated and whipped Notre Dame, 14 to 0."

Just as three football teams pulled away from the field, there were four football players who stood out by themselves—Red Grange, Bronko Nagurski, Jim Thorpe, and Tom Harmon. Sammy Baugh, Ernie Nevers and Don Hutson ranked in another distinct bracket, followed by George Gipp, Ace Parker, Cliff Battles, Dutch Clark, John Kimbrough, Jay Berwanger, George McAfee, Bruce Smith, Whizzer White and Frank Sinkwich.

Grange fans included: Tom Conley, John Carroll University, Cleveland; Paul Stagg, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Thomas C. Hayden, McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas; Carl Voyles, William and Mary; Ben Greenstein, Wilmington *Journal-Every Evening;* Ward Burris, San Antonio *Express & News* and many others. Among those voting for Nagurski were: L. B. Allison, University of California; A. J. Robertson, Bradley Polytechnic Institute; John Magnabosco, Indiana State Teachers College; Jim Lookabaugh, Oklahoma A. & M.; and Dale Stafford, Detroit *Free Press.* Thorpe supporters included: Dr. Clarence W. Spears, University of Maryland; Charlie Bachman, Michigan State; Henry Frnka, University of Tulsa; and G. E. Gauthier, Ohio Wesleyan. Harmon was the choice of: E. H. Sherman, The Citadel; E. W. Midgett, Tennessee State; and Walter Hargesheimer, Massauchusetts State, among others.

Jerry Nason, *Boston Globe*, said Cliff Battles, West Virginia Wesleyan and Washington Redskins. Joe Goss, San Pedro *News-Pilot*, cited Commander Tom Hamilton of the Navy in 1926. Tait Cummins, *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, rated Nile Kinnick of Iowa in 1939. Steele McClanahan, KGBS, Harlington, Texas, nominated Wesley Fesler, Ohio State end in 1928. Ken Mercer, University of

Dubuque, voted for Duke Slater, Iowa's Negro tackle of 1922. Roscoe D. Bennett, *Grand Rapids Press*, took Earl Martineau, Minnesota, '23. "He did everything," he wrote, "punt, pass, run, and a giant on defense." Irvin L. Nelson, Huron, South Dakota, spoke for: "John Levi, Haskell, who could do anything and everything with a football. Great runner and passer as well as one of the best kickers who ever put on a uniform." Ralph Bryan, KVCV, Redding, California, voted for Harold Pogue of Illinois, who as a sophomore in 1913 ran through every team he faced. "To see him walking along the street at Urbana," he wrote, "you'd think he was a weak-backed grocery clerk. But football did something to him. He was a marvel when in uniform."

H. W. Hughes, Colorado State, said of Dutch Clark: "He made a weak team look good at Colorado College, and made a great record in professional ball." A. E. Choate, Alabama State Teachers College at Troy, said Jarin' Jawn Kimbrough of Texas A.&M., who is now a lieutenant in the Army. A. T. Hubert, V.M.I. coach and himself a star of the Alabama Rose Bowl victors of '25, selected Joe Muha of his own team of last fall. Zipp Newman, *Birmingham News*, and Frank Howard, Clemson, voted for John (Hurry) Cain, Alabama's great punter, blocker and bruising running back of '32. Henry A. Sullivan, Salem, Massachusetts, *News*, chose Eddie Mahan, Havard's All-American fullback of '13, '14 and '15. Stuart Holcomb, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, and former Ohio State star, listed Jack Manders of Minnesota. Emmett Lowery, Lafayette, Indiana, picked Duane Purvis, Purdue halfback. Ted Petoskey, former Michigan end who coaches at Spartanburg, South Carolina, picked another great Wolverine end, Benny Oosterbaan, All-American in '25, '26 and '27. Allyn McKeen, Mississippi State, and Ab Kirwan, Kentucky, were agreed on Dixie Howell of Alabama's '34 team.

Lew Byrer, *Columbus Citizen*, wrote of another of the game's immortals:

> Chic Harley never received the national credit he deserved because of the fact that he played at Ohio State in 1916, 1917 and 1919—before Western Conference and Ohio State football was receiving adequate recognition in the east. Chic weighed only 164 pounds. He was a 50-yards or better punter, a superb drop-kicker and field goal kicker, a fine forward passer and an amazingly deceptive runner. I rate him ahead of Grange because of his versatility. Grange might have been a bit better

runner, but he couldn't be compared with Harley in the other departments.

Roland Hughes, Roanoke, Virginia, *World-News* figured: "Bill Dudley of Virginia, and his greatest performance against North Carolina on Thanksgiving, 1941, when he scored three touchdowns, passed for another and kicked four extra points." R. H. Burbank, WBRK, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, named: "A full-blooded Sioux Indian, Steve Deloria, St. Stephens College—three years All-American small college fullback. Frank J. Stout, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, *Sentinel*, named: "Wilmeth Sidat-Singh, negro-Hindu of Syracuse who threw three touchdown passes to nip Cornell, 19-17 in 1938. Not long ago Singh was lost in a plane crash over Lake Huron." P. A. Lightner, *Wichita Eagle*, counted in: "Mayes McClain, then with Haskell, later with Iowa, making eight touchdowns, in one afternoon against Fairmont College. Have seen Grange and other greats but they never looked like the Indian."

Dewey "Snorter" Luster, University of Oklahoma coach, came up with one of the fabulous characters of the past. "Claude Reeds, Oklahoma's fullback of 1910--3. He was a superlative blocker, who got two or three men on each run, and a fine passer, line-plunger, defensive player, and a kicker who once booted 107 yards against Texas in 1910—from his goal to the Texas 3-yard line (field was 110 long then). Besides, it took 40 freshmen to tie him down in a class fight."

Corporal R. C. Crayne, Camp Crowder, Missouri, former Iowa star, named Ace Parker of Duke. Crayne himself had many adherents. One of his great feats came in the Indiana-Iowa game of 1934 when he kicked from behind his own goal line and the ball crossed Indiana's goal line, giving him credit for a 102-yard punt. Max Kase, New York, *Journal-American*, was among those voting for Ernie Nevers. L. B. Icely, Chicago, was one of the George Gipp fans.

Jeff Cravath, Southern California, came up with: "Ray George, an unsung tackle for Southern California in 1936-38. He was rugged, and had great football sense, and I consider him one of the greatest linemen of all time."

In the question on the greatest single plays, the plays most mentioned were:

1. Red Grange's 95-yard runback of the opening kickoff for touchdown in the Illinois-Michigan game of 1924.
2. Andy Uram's 70-yard run-back on a lateral after a punt in the final minute to win the Minnesota-Nebraska game of 1936, 7 to 0.
3. Nile Kinnick's long pass to Bill Green that won the Iowa-Minnesota game, 13 to 9 in 1939.
4. Bill Shakespeare's long pass to Wayne Milner to win the Notre Dame-Ohio State game in 1935, 18 to 13.
5. Doyle Nave's final pass to Al Krueger of Southern California that beat Duke in the Rose Bowl game of 1939, 7 to 3.
6. Johnny Butler's 54-yard punt return for touchdown for Tennessee against Alabama, 1939.
7. Whizzer White's 93-yard run-back of punt for touchdown in 1937 Utah-Colorado game.
8. Eric Tipton's punt to 2-yard line in snow that turned Duke-Pittsburgh game of 1938.
9. Long Arnold Herber to Don Hutson pass for Green Bay that beat Chicago Bears, 7 to 0 in 1935.
10. Brick Muller's 70-yard pass to H. W. Stephens for California against Ohio State in 1921 Rose Bowl game.

V. J. "Vee" Green, athletic director at Drake, gave some particulars on the play that was mentioned most frequently:

> The Michigan player kicking off said to the Illinois center: "Where is this guy Grange? We want to kick to him." The Illinois center replied: "He's right back by the goal posts. Go ahead." Michigan did, and Grange returned it 95 yards for a touchdown. Before it was over Grange made four more long runs of 67, 56, 44 and 15 yards for touchdowns as Illinois won, 39 to 14.

O. G. Willoughby, Iron Mountain, Michigan, *News*, told of the: "Arnold Herber to Don Hutson 60-yard pass on the first play of the Packers-Bears season-opening game in 1935 at Green Bay. After catching the pass, Hutson ran 27 more yards for the touchdown that gave the Packers the game, 7 to 0."

Dick Cullum, *Minneapolis Times*, gave the following beautiful description of Andy Uram's famous run:

> There were 68 seconds left to play in the Nebraska-Minnesota game at Minneapolis on October 10, 1936. Nebraska had the ball on its 43-yard line. During the series of plays leading up to the punt, Fullback Sam Francis, Nebraska's best punter, had been removed in favor of Sopho-

more Ron Douglas. He punted a high, short one to Bud Wilkinson on Minnesota's 28-yard line. It was an easy one to cover and several Nebraska men were converging on Wilkinson when he caught the ball near the sideline to his left. Wilkinson took the first step or two in a fading run to the inside and backward, drawing all the tacklers toward him. It was not until one of them had him by one leg and was hauling him down that he let the ball go. Uram caught it on the 23-yard line. It was unquestionably one of football's finest plays from there on. Bernie Bierman has called it the most perfectly executed spur-of-the-moment play ever to come to his attention. He insists that every man used the maximum of good judgment in every one of the many maneuvers involved in clearing the way for Uram who, himself, used perfect judgment in setting his pace and choosing his course. "It was," said Bierman, "the only play I've seen which arose spontaneously and reflected perfection in every detail." It has often been said, in enthusing over a great run carried along by great blocking that "every opposing player was on his back" as the runner crossed the goal line. In this play, however, this statement is literally true. A careful check of the movies shows that, at one stage of the play, every Nebraska player was, in dead truth, flat on his back. The fact that this phenomenal and brilliant play decided a tough ball game, 7 to 0 in the final minute has helped make it stick.

Tom Lieb, Florida, named the "Pass by Chris Cagle in the Army-Notre Dame game in 1929, which was intercepted by Jack Elder of Notre Dame and brought back 98 yards to give Notre Dame the game, 7 to 0 and a National championship." O. E. "Babe" Hollingberry, Washington State, took Brick Muller's 70-yard pass to Stephens, end, for touchdown in the 1921 Rose Bowl game with Ohio State." Fred Digby, *New Orleans Item*, rated: "Jack Cannon blocking out three Georgia Tech men for Notre Dame on a punt in the 1929 game in Atlanta."

Leo R. Meyer, Texas Christian coach, settled for: "A trap play used by David O'Brien, who after getting through the line, lateralled to Sparks in the TCU-Rice game of 1938." Robert E. Hooey, *Ohio State Journal*, Columbus, Ohio, picked: "Chic Harley's run in deep mud and his kick following for extra point against Illinois at Champaign in 1916 to defeat the Illini, 7-6." John O'Donnell, Davenport *Democrat and Leader*, took the late Nile Kinnick's great moment in the 1939 Minnesota game. "With two minutes to go and trailing, 9 to 7," he wrote, "Nile Kinnick of Iowa shot a 35-yard pass to Bill Green, a play on which they had practiced

all week, and Bill caught the ball in the end zone for the winning touchdown."

Clark Shaughnessy, University of Pittsburgh, chose Kmetovic's run back of a punt in the 1941 Rose Bowl game with Nebraska, which ended the scoring at 21-13.

Curiously enough, Glenn Presnell, Nebraska coach, also rated Kmetovic's run in the Bowl as the greatest play he had ever seen.

Harry Stuhldreher, Wisconsin coach, liked best: "The winning play in the Wisconsin-Purdue game in 1941. A pass from Halfback John Tennant to End Ray Kreick with 6 seconds to go won the game 14-13. The extra point was converted by Bob Ray, after the gun." Dick Loughrin, KYSM, Mankato, Minnesota, rated "Jay Berwanger's 80-yard run through Ohio State in 1935." Joe Gembis, former Michigan star who coaches at Wayne University, told of: "William 'Flop' Flora's catching the shortest punt on record. It was in the Michigan Navy game at Ann Arbor in 1925. Navy kicked from behind her goal line and Flora, Michigan end, caught the ball about one foot from the kicker's toe. He had rushed in; got the ball in the breadbasket; hung on to it and scored a touchdown, as Michigan won 54-0."

"One of the most spectacular plays I have ever seen," wrote Frank Leahy, Notre Dame coach, "was by Charlie O'Rourke of the 1940 Boston College team in the Georgetown game. With one and a half minutes left to play B.C. was leading by 3 points, with the ball 90 yards from a touchdown. B.C. decided to take an intentional safety. O'Rourke went into long punt formation, took the ball from center in the end zone, and raced back and forth from sideline to sideline, in the end zone, for all of 20 seconds before he was finally tackled."

A. Paul Menton, *Baltimore Evening Sun*, was among many who spoke for the deciding play of the 1939 Rose Bowl game, in which "Al Kruger caught Doyle Nave's forward pass for the winning touchdown in the final 30 seconds as U.S.C. beat Duke, 7 to 3. I happened to be the umpire."

E. W. Midgett, coach at Tennessee State College, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, described a great Tom Harmon play in the 1940 Michigan-Ohio State game, which Michigan won, 40 to 0, as follows:

> The formation was unbalanced line to left. Westfall had been receiving the ball from center and giving it to Harmon on reverses or else keeping

the ball himself and spinning through the line for nice gains. Ohio State was terribly over-shifted to stop Harmon on these reverses; so on this play Harmon, after receiving the ball from Westfall, turned and circled deep and around his own right end, eluding the defensive end by his own skill in the open field, and then picked up a line of blockers, I think five, from his own left side of the line, who convoyed him over the goal-line. You could hear those blocks in the second tier of seats.

Mill Marsh, *Ann Arbor News*, told of: "Harmon running 20 yards across the field, 20 yards back and then 80 yards ahead for a touchdown against Penn in 1940." Crisler concurred in this as the greatest play he ever saw.

J. H. Samuel, *Augusta Herald*, rated this one:

In the 1921 Georgia-Virginia game at Athens, Puss Whelchel, Georgia guard and one of the best in the game, ripped through the line, smeared backs and knocked an attempted pass some 15 yards down the field. Never slowing up, he caught the ball and ran on for a touchdown.

C. Kenneth Van Sickle, *Ithaca Journal*, favored: "Paul Governali's desperation pass in the final minute to Halfback Otto Apel for a 67-yard scoring play which beat Cornell, 14-13 in 1942 at Baker Field, New York." Dwight Marvin, Troy, *Observer-Budget*, recalled: "Arthur Poe's goal from field in the Princeton-Yale game of 1899, which won the game 11 to 10 just 26 seconds before time was called." Harvey L. Southward, *Lynn Item*, was there the day: "Charlie Brickley drop-kicked five field goals for Harvard against Yale in 1913.

Stubby Currence, Bluefield, West Virginia, *Daily Telegraph*, was among those citing Eric ("Red") Tipton's punting against Pitt in the snow at Durham. He picked his "punt out of bounds in the coffin corner on the 2-yard line to pave the way for the blocked punt which gave Duke the victory."

H. E. Collbran, Denver, told of the most famous Whizzer White run, as follows:

Byron (Whizzer) White, caught the kick-off at the opening of the third quarter (when the score was 7-0 in favor of Utah over Colorado at Salt Lake City in 1937) at the center of the 15-yard line, ran to the right slightly in the wrong direction; was almost trapped on the 5-yard line in the corner of the field; then headed directly for Utah's goal through the whole Utah team, for 93 yards. Final Score: Colo-

rado University, 17; Utah University, 7. This inaugurated White's subsequent reputation and was primarily responsible for Colorado that year winning the Rocky Mountain Conference.

E. F. Caraway, Lehigh coach and former Purdue end, told of a play:

> In the Harvard-Purdue game in 1927 when Welch passed to Hutton for a 60-yard touchdown. The play was a great play to me because: Welch, a halfback, was running wild that day. This was his first college game and Harvard didn't know anything about the Purdue team. Toward the end of the game the defense of Harvard was watching Welch very closely, as he faked a sweeping end run to his right, the whole Harvard secondary defense rushed to stop him. It seemed that he waited just long enough to draw them in, stopped and threw to Hutton, the left end, who had streaked down the side-line unnoticed.

Lieutenant A. J. Yunevich of the Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, New Jersey, told of another great play by Welch:

> In 1931 at Bloomington, Indiana in the Purdue-Indiana game Ralph ("Pest") Welch, now coach of the University of Washington, ran down the side line for 40 yards and without any blocking from his Purdue team-mates bowled over three men in making this run. The three men were lying some 8 yards apart unable to get up.

Captain John E. Whelchel, coach at Annapolis, specified the Great Lakes touchdown against the Navy in 1918 when a player ran out from the bench to try to tackle the ball-carrier.

E. E. Mylin, Lafayette coach, recalled the play in which "Zirinsky of Lafayette intercepted a pass one-handed over his head with his back turned, then reversed and went 60 yards through West Point to score and win the game in 1940." Floyd Olds, *Omaha World-Herald*, spoke of:

> A Nebraska punt by All-American Ed Weir against Notre Dame on Thanksgiving Day, 1925. On the first play after the opening kickoff, Weir kicked 66 yards to the Irish 4-yard line. It so jolted the team which had lost only to Army, that Nebraska made two quick scores and won the game, 17 to 0.

Royal Brougham, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, brought up "The Gil Dobie 'Bunk Play' thirty years ago, when Quarterback Wee

Coyle scored for Washington by hiding the ball on his hip so effectively that not even the officials knew where it was." Another favorite old-time hidden ball play was recalled by Robert E. Harlow, Sports Editor Press Association, New York, who mentioned the time "when the Indian, Mt. Pleasant, tucked the ball under his jersey and ran for a touchdown against Harvard."

Bob Wilson, *Knoxville News-Sentinel*, went for:

> The sensational 54-yard run by Johnny Butler, Tennessee halfback, for a touchdown against Alabama, October 21, 1939, to start Tennessee off to a 21-0 victory. The game attracted such football authorities as Grantland Rice, Francis Wallace, Henry McLemore, Joe Williams, Clarence Budington Kelland and others, and they all agreed that Butler's run was one of the most spectacular they had ever witnessed.

Participants in this poll were the public, the sports editors, the sportscasters, the football coaches, and the men at Brooks Field, Texas, and Enid Army Flying School, Enid, Oklahoma.

Go When the Going Is Good

by JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

July, 1942

In the summertime, most outings are planned about the nucleus of angling. Approximately one out of every four people in the United States is a fisherman of one sort or another. That being the case, and with fishing trips at a premium, intelligent planning is important. "Fisherman's luck" has always been notoriously bad. Why depend on luck to bring you good fishing if you don't have to?

For a pleasant and successful trip, favorable weather is important. There are so many reliable sources of information that you don't have to guess about the weather these days. The various almanacs come pretty close to being right about long-range forecasts. Monthly weather charts, issued by private organizations for a modest subscription fee, are remarkably accurate. Governmental reports and weather maps are available in every community. There is one California company that does an outstanding job of forecasting the weather. This company is subsidized largely by power companies and large corporations. If you have access to the data they furnish their customers, uncertainty about the weather from one month to the next is a thing of the past.

But long-range forecasting is satisfactory only up to a point so far as the fishing is concerned. Extended dry spells with low water and protracted wet spells with high water each make for bad fishing. Your weather forecasts will spot these for you far enough in advance to give plenty of time for making plans. But fish are swayed by the merest whims of weather, so that day-to-day and hour-to-hour information is often helpful.

The effect upon the fishing of fluctuations in atmospheric pressure is now a scientifically established fact. Generally, a "high glass" will bring good fishing with it, while a "low glass" means poor fishing. But that is not an infallible rule by any means. Far

more important is the *trend* of the glass. If atmospheric pressure is increasing so that the "glass is rising," then you are pretty sure to have good fishing weather. If the "glass is falling," it's a good idea to forget about fishing. An alteration of as little as one or two hundredths of an inch in the level of the barometer often will have a decided effect upon the feeding habits of fish. Decrease in atmospheric pressure is nature's warning to wild life that storms are in the offing and they stop feeding to find safe cover.

Lacking a barometer, there are many "signs" that people who are closely associated with the outdoors depend upon for their daily and hourly weather indicators. A red sunset means clear, hot weather, while a red dawn points to rain. Mare's-tails—long, wispy clouds across the sky—indicate high winds. A mackerel sky is a sign of rain to come soon and we are all familiar with the "thunderheads" that give us advance warning of thunder storms on summer days.

Wind direction is a good weather indicator. In various parts of the country, wind directions have different meaning. For instance, an east wind along the Atlantic seaboard is a forecast of rain, while on the west coast it means just the reverse. It is a good idea to consult local residents about this before banking too much on wind directions. Usually, a change in wind direction, indicating a change in the weather, will ruin the fishing for a while at least.

Dew and fog are used as "signs" by many. A heavy dew on the grass in the evening means a clear day tomorrow. A foggy evening is regarded by some as a good sign for the next day.

Perhaps the most deceptive form of weather is what the farmers and sailors call a "weather breeder." By that is meant a bright, sunny day with a cloudless sky and just enough breeze to be pleasant. The wind direction may be favorable and all outward indications point to perfect weather for fishing yet the fishing will be abominable. It is easy to spot a weather breeder if you have a barometer, as the glass will drop gradually all day, long before the wind or the cloud formations will give you any warning. Lacking a barometer, there are several ways to identify the falling glass, typical of such a day.

The *character* of the wind is an indicator to show what the barometer is doing. If the wind is high in the trees so that the leaves on the trees stay right side up when they flutter in the breeze, then you can be quite sure that the barometer is steady or rising.

On the other hand, if the wind sweeps along the ground, picking up the dust and dry leaves and turning the leaves on the trees upside down, then you may as well put away your tackle and go home.

If there is no wind and the day is calm, listen to the song of the birds. Bluejays will be abnormally active and noisy when the glass is falling. The "rain song" of a robin will tell you the story. If there is *no* bird song and the woods are quiet, then you are fairly safe in assuming that the barometer is dropping. Sea gulls are good weather prophets and when you see them flying inland you know storms are due, even though the sun shines brightly and the sky is cloudless. Even the clarity of the atmosphere will identify a weather breeder for you. If you can see great distances clearly and with no obstruction by hazy atmosphere, the chances are that it will rain soon. At night, your ears and your nose will tell you the trend of the glass. Sounds will travel long distances and remain unusually distinct if the glass is falling: odors are keener and more perceptible.

But there are other elements that enter into the elimination of "fisherman's luck" from your plans. If you know in advance what the fish are apt to be doing, where they will be and on what they will be feeding, then you have a much better chance of finding good fishing.

All fishermen are conversant with the seasons and the laws governing the taking of fish. A letter to the Bureau of Fisheries at Washington or to the Conservation Department at the capital of the state in which you want to fish will bring you such data as you will need. If there are questions in your mind about the best fishing locations, most of the outdoor magazines maintain Where-to-Go Departments. A postcard inquiry will bring you a list of the good fishing locations and places to stay by the day, week or month. But there is more to it than that.

Nearly all fish participate in annual migrations or changes in habitat. For instance, let us consider the trout in the famous streams of the Catskills. During the winter, these fish are concentrated in the "winter holes" of the larger streams and rivers. As soon as the ice goes out in the spring there is a partial redistribution of the trout as they move, usually upstream, to take up their summer residences. A secondary migration takes place a little later on when the trout move up out of the big rivers. They travel in

large schools, making their leisurely way up the Beaverkill, the Willowemock, and the Neversink.

This migration begins early in April and continues for several weeks, sometimes lasting as long as the latter part of May. As the schools move up from pool to pool, individuals drop out of the procession and the schools become smaller. To be specific, in the early season the lower Beaverkill or "Big Beaverkill" is bountifully supplied with trout. By May 15th, the lower river has lost its migrating schools and all that remains is the annual supply of individual fish that have dropped out to take up their summer homes in the lower pools and runs. Because it flows through a colder valley, the migration dates are later in the Neversink. One season I followed the progress of a large school of big trout in the Neversink. In the course of a week they moved upstream about six miles.

Late in the season, when the lower waters of the streams have grown warm and the spawning season approaches, there is still a third migration, usually of schools of large fish. They migrate slowly, moving only at night and feeding mostly at night; consequently, they are difficult to locate. However, if you are lucky enough to find a school of these big fellows, you have a treat in store for you. There seems to be no set time for these migrations and they evidently are governed by water temperature and flow.

Movements of bass are just as well regulated as those of trout. In the winter they are in deep water, either in hibernation or semi-hibernation, sometimes burying themselves in the mud. With the spring, they move into the shallows where they spawn, generally in water temperatures approximating 67° Fahrenheit. When the bass season opens, a large percentage of them are usually living in the shallows. At this point, the habits of small-mouth bass and large-mouth bass deviate. Large-mouth do not object to high temperatures and they will be found in the shallows, around the weed beds, stumps and logs, all summer long. But the small-mouth like temperatures in the high sixties. Thus, they will move to deeper water with the advent of summer, only coming to the shallows during the feeding periods.

We all know that the best fishing for lake trout or togue is when the ice first goes out of our lakes in the spring and, again, with the arrival of the frosty nights of early fall. Atlantic salmon, the sea trout of New Brunswick, Quebec, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the school fish off the Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf coasts

all have their migration periods. Local inquiry will tell you what you need to know.

Another item of importance in planning a fishing trip is to have some knowledge of the probable dates of the various insect hatches in the fishing waters under contemplation. The emergence dates of insect hatches remain fairly constant. The famous "shad fly" hatch of the Beaverkill takes place about May 12th of each year. The "coffin fly" or large May-fly drake has its emergence from May 28th to June 7th in the trout streams of the Catskills, Poconos and central Pennsylvania. In these localities, the "Quill Gordon" hatch takes place on or about April 22nd and while this hatch is drifting you will often find the finest dry-fly fishing of the year. The "fish fly" (May-fly drake) hatch of Michigan comes in early July closely followed by the Caddis hatch, during which the Michigan night fishermen come into their own. About this time comes the helgramite hatch in the streams of Yellowstone Park when the trout run wild in a feeding orgy that lasts all day.

There is evidence that the moon has a lot to do with fishing. Discarding all of the superstitions about the moon and its effects, there are some cold, hard facts to consider.

For generations, the belief has been common among fishermen that fish feed more actively during the dark of the moon (new moon) and the first quarter. Let us see just how this idea works out in actual practice. From time to time, reports of record catches of fish are sent to me—huge catches, such as 200 brook trout in three hours, 101 small-mouth bass in four hours, and so on. (I hasten to add that all but a few of these two catches were returned to the water unharmed.)

I suppose that in the last seven years I have looked over the details of two hundred such catches. With only *three* exceptions, each and every one of the phenomenal catches that have come to my attention was made during the dark of the moon and between the hours of eleven in the morning and four in the afternoon; right during the hot, midday hours of June, July and August, when most anglers knock off for a nap in the shade. In the dark of the moon, the moon is directly overhead in the middle of the day and directly underfoot at midnight. "South moon under" is what the Georgia and Florida market hunters used to call it and that was when they made their big monthly kills of fish and game.

Early morning and late evening are always good times to fish

in fresh-water streams and lakes. Yet, strangely enough, almost *no* record catches are taken at dawn and dusk when the great majority of fresh-water fishing is done.

Another belief, having to do with the moon, is that fish feed more actively when the moon is closest to the earth—"in perigee" is the astronomical name for it. Conversely, it is believed that the fish are least active when the moon is farthest away from the earth—"in apogee." This belief also has an underlying basis of scientific fact. While the effect is not as pronounced as that of the dark of the moon, it is there, none the less.

There is more, much more, that we have to learn of the weather and of the habits of fish. Even so, we have enough accurate information to enable us to plan our trips intelligently.

Suppose you are planning to spend a week in northern Vermont. Being a fresh-water fisherman, you probably will want to get some trout and bass fishing.

The almanac shows that a stormy period is scheduled for the Eastern states from June 24th to 27th. In Vermont, most of your fishing will be done in lakes so you won't need to worry about high water. Usually a spell of stormy weather does more harm to lake fishing *before* it arrives than when it is present. The almanac shows that a spell of fair weather immediately follows this stormy period, probably giving you a week of pretty fair fishing weather in all.

There having been no hot spells in June (at least, none are scheduled in the almanac) the trout fishing should still be reasonably good. The trout, and the bass, will move out of the shallows as soon as hot weather arrives but the water in the northern Vermont lakes warms slowly in the spring.

Experience has shown that the annual hatch of May-fly drakes should emerge during the last week in June. Both the trout and the bass feed actively to that hatch of insects and the hatch lasts for about a week as a rule. So much for the food question.

As to the moon, the dark of the moon is scheduled for the 13th and the first quarter for the 21st. But the moon is in apogee on the 13th—farthest away from the earth. In addition, the almanac predicts unsettled weather with thunderstorms for the entire period. On the other hand, the moon is in perigee on the 28th and full moon is set for the same day. The sun and moon being about in line during full moon, you should get good fishing around midday. The

chances seem best for the week beginning Saturday, June 27th, and ending Sunday, July 5th.

Thus, for northern Vermont you can apply the rules of weather, moon and the habits of fish. "Fishermen's luck" has been eliminated, at least in part. Your day-to-day rules will see you through during your week at camp. You can apply the same formula to any section of the country.

Of course, there is no such thing as a sure-fire guide to good fishing.

Too many factors enter into the problem to allow any guarantees for a full creel every time you go. But, of this much you can be sure. If you follow the rules and plan your fishing trips intelligently, you are almost certain to find the best sport that each day, week or month of the fishing season has to offer you. In other words, go when the going is good.

Football's Fifth Column

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

March, 1941

EVERY now and again one of those made-to-order fiction dramas becomes a reality. The understudy does get a chance to play Juliet, and promptly sets the critics so a-raving that managers bid frantically against one another for her contract; or the scrub who has been growing a set of bench callouses for three football years, and who is sent in by a desperate coach during the final minutes of play when all seems lost save honor, actually wins the game for Dear Old Siwash.

That is what happened on November 6, 1937, in Tulane Stadium at New Orleans. Contenders were those ancient pelagic rivals, Tulane's Green Wave and Alabama's Crimson Tide. In spite of the fact that both had thus far come through the season unbeaten, Alabama was a top-heavy favorite, being coached by the veteran Frank Thomas and having rolled over its other opponents with apparent ease, while Tulane, where young Lowell "Red" Dawson was still a yearling as head coach, had once or twice barely scratched through to victory.

But the underdogs put up a superb battle. In fact, Tulane was the first to score. Alabama did not push over her only touchdown until the third period. Neither team converted for the extra point, and in the gathering dusk two battered elevens pounded wearily away at one another to break that surprising 6-6 tie. Alabama, whose chances for a bowl bid depended on an "unbeaten and untied" record, was approaching a condition which it would be a bald understatement to describe as frantic.

The ball was in 'Bama's possession near the west boundary on Tulane's 24-yard line when Thomas, snatching at a desperate remedy for a desperate situation, sent into the game Haywood "Sandy" Sanford, a substitute end. Only three minutes of playing time

remained. The one wild chance of breaking the deadlock was to try for a field goal. Prospects were undeniably not bright. Leader of a forlorn hope, the kicker would have to stand on the 32-yard line, and the angle of approach still further reduced the chances of success.

The ball sailed back from center. Tulane's defense surged forward, but blockers held back that charge long enough for Sanford, the unconsidered sub, to kick himself into football fame and Alabama into a bowl invitation. The game ended a few moments later with the score: Alabama 9, Tulane 6.

Among all the thousands who witnessed the dramatic dénouement, only a handful noticed that the play was illegally executed. Coaches, spectators, officials and players failed to see a detail on the basis of which the score should have been voided and the ball sent back to Alabama with a 5-yard penalty to boot. The only observers who did not miss this detail were the "scouts" from other colleges and universities whose teams would be called upon to meet Alabama or Tulane later in the season.

From their point of vantage high in the stands that group of lynx-eyed watchers saw at once that the decisive play was being carried through with only six men in the line of scrimmage instead of the required seven. That left four men in the backfield to protect the kicker instead of only three to block the opposition's charge, which measurably increased the kicker's chances of success.

Vernon Sharpe, scouting Alabama's play for Vanderbilt, started the gossip after the game by cheerfully telling newspapermen and representatives of both coaching staffs about the illegality of the crucial play. Motion pictures of the game were checked the following day, and it was found Sharpe and his fellow scouts were right to the fifth decimal place.

Apparently what happened was this: Sanford, an end, was called to the backfield to kick. One of the halfbacks was supposed to move up into the line of scrimmage in his stead, to comply with the seven-man regulation. In the tense excitement of the moment this halfback stepped only a pace or two forward, turned half right, and crouched, ready to block from that position. The situation obtained for certainly not more than a second before the ball was snapped. But in that second, the almost photographic power of observation by which football scouts earn their eagle feathers, had

unerringly registered what players, officials, and all others had missed.

Of course, nothing could be done about it. The game still stands as an Alabama victory and a Tulane heartbreak. The incident is here cited not to open old wounds, but to illustrate the uncanny power of instant observation which the good scout has trained himself to develop. The unsung blocking back, clearing a path for the sensational brilliance of the runner who gets all the glory, has long been made a sympathetic figure of romance. But what of the scout, who paves the way for the coach's loudly acclaimed strategy, who makes offense and defense preparation possible, and whose name is rarely heard in connection with the paeans which hail a victorious season?

Usually the scout is an assistant coach or a former letter man. Although by present and past connection he is heart and soul concerned with the football destinies of Dear Old Siwash, he rarely gets a chance to see his team play because, come Saturday, he's out watching River Falls Normal, Stanford, Ohio State, Navy or Slippery Rock Teachers, or whatever other team Siwash will have to face next week or the week after that.

Football scouting has become something of a reasonably exact science. Like any other science, it rests upon a foundation of the accuracy of human observation. Major universities recognize it today as a legitimate feature of football competition. They have developed statistical brochures, complete with questionnaires and blank diagrams, known as scout books, in which the scouts make exhaustive reports on the team they have under observation. They reserve places in their stadia for scouts from other universities and render them every proper facility to aid them in their work. Indeed, they frequently reserve two seats for this or the other scout. Henry Frnka, for example, assistant coach and chief scout for Temple University, dictates to Mrs. Frnka a running fire of comment as he watches a game, and later makes up his scout report from her notes.

It was not always thus. In the "old" days, which means anything more than four college generations in the past, scouting was classed as espionage. Scouts parked themselves with binoculars on hilltops or in trees overlooking the practice fields, or in the upper windows or on the rooftops of advantageously situated apartment buildings. Students organized vigilante squads to ferret out and

punish the work of such fifth columnists when discovered and within reach, scouts were at times subjected to a barrage of overripe market produce and other forms of rough handling. Since little or nothing could be done in urban centers about window or roof-top watchers, it was not uncommon in those days for a team to take the field on Saturday without ever having executed any of its real plays anywhere but on the wooden floor of a closely guarded gymnasium.

There used to be a good story which was printed, played or screened in one form or another through all the years from Merriwell to MGM. That was the tale of the black-hearted dastard who, in order to win his wagers, stole Harvard's signals and slipped them to the Yale coach. He was so inevitably foiled that one wonders he never grew discouraged; for though fiction records no single instance in which his skullduggery succeeded, the unprincipled but obviously wacky blackguard went blandly on, year after year, hopefully stealing the signals of the opposing team for the fall issues of the thrill magazines.

Any one who tried to hand a football coach the opposition's signals today would be run off the lot so fast he'd scorch his heels. Ethical considerations aside—and football coaches are fully as scrupulous in this regard as any other class of human beings—any coach who tried to base his team's play on a full knowledge of the other team's signals, would be entitled to a barbed-wire dunce cap.

A football team uses approximately thirty-five plays, each distinguished by its signal. Experience has shown that this is about the maximum cargo an average player can safely retain through the stresses of a competition based on violent bodily contact which inevitably brings in its train a marked ascendancy of emotion over logic. In fact, even with no more than thirty-five plays to remember, it is probable that not half a dozen games have been played in the entire history of football during which at least one man on at least one team has not muffed the signal for at least one play.

Now: Double this portable maximum of thirty-five plays by adding to it the thirty-five signals and plays of the opposition team, giving the already fully burdened home boys only a week to take on the additional load. The result would be an upswing in the

strait-jacket industry which would make the radio boom of 1924 look like the panic of 1873.

That's one point. Here's another: Let's grant that a team of superminds mastered and retained for use in one game all the signals for both sides. On the first play—a rather tricky reverse, let us say—the opposition coach would see eleven men sweep unanimously not toward their regular assignments, but to the one focal point where his ball carrier will theoretically cross the line of scrimmage. Under those circumstances, even the bronze bust of the Founder before the ivied portals of Sirloin Hall would realize at once that something was un-good in Denmark. Thenceforth his players would first whisper the true signal in the guarded sanctity of the huddle; another signal, just loud enough for the opposition to overhear, would follow; the defenders would thereafter converge on the wrong point, and the road to the Promised Land would be as invitingly wide open as a Prohibition speakeasy. In other words, the team of superminds would have gone to a great deal of trouble to saddle upon themselves still another big handicap.

So the acquisition of signals from the other side is out, and forms no part of the scout's task. By mutual agreement, the taking of slow-motion pictures, which could be run off over and over again, enabling a coach to study in the most minute detail the offensive and defensive tactics of the opposition, is also barred. But whatever a scout can observe from the public stands on game day, whatever he can learn from just what you or I or any one else paying the requisite admission fee (plus tax) would see of the team's play, is his and welcome. As already pointed out, he doesn't even have to pay for his tickets. Theoretically, he sees no more than we do. Actually, he sees a great deal more. Otherwise he could not begin to fill in with replies the amazing questionnaire embodied in his scout book.

Here, as an instance, are specimen questions from such a form:

"What is the stance of the feet (which forward and which backward) of each individual lineman on offense and defense? Do they change such stance *occasionally* to execute particular plays? Do they as a rule step first with the rear foot, or take a short step first with the forward foot? (Particularly on defense, but get on offense also if possible. Particularly note which foot the center has forward on his *offensive* stance.)"

As trivial and ordinarily unconsidered a detail as these once

launched a three-year All-American career. This was in 1929, the year that first brought home to Eastern sports writers the realization that a pretty fair brand of football was being played south of the Mason-Dixon line. That was when the University of Georgia beat Yale. Two weeks later a flock of the Eastern scribes came marching down to Georgia for a week-end of football. Two games were scheduled: Tulane against the Yale-conquering team of the University of Georgia, and Notre Dame against Georgia Tech. In order to make it possible for all hands to see both games, the Tulane-Georgia joint debate was set for Friday afternoon at Columbus; the Notre Dame-Tech soirée for Saturday at Athens.

In the minds of most Eastern writers, Tulane would be little more than a pushover for the team that had vanquished Yale. But Tulane had been sending out Lester Lautenschlaeger to look the Bulldogs over. A former Tulane captain, and generally rated one of the best scouts in America to this day, Lautenschlaeger had observed one detail of the Georgia play which probably not a dozen other spectators caught.

Georgia used a single wing-back formation on offense. On ordinary line plays, when the ball carrier was to head for the long side of the line, the fullback and halfback stood even with each other; but when the play was a reverse, the fullback stood six or eight inches farther back than his team mate, since this made the cross-over easier. Nowadays most fullbacks always stand in this position, regardless of how the play is going, largely because of what happened in Columbus on Friday, November 1, 1929.

Having checked this detail in three games, Lautenschlaeger made his report. The net result was that Jerry Dalrymple, Tulane's greatest right end, then a sophomore playing his first year of varsity competition, spent most of the afternoon in the Georgia backfield. If the play was headed toward Dalrymple's end, he stayed where he belonged. But if the Georgia quarterback, discouraged by the reception, sent the play toward the other end, there Dalrymple was again, clear on the other side of the defensive line, backing his team mate, Jack Holland, and making the Georgia runners very unhappy. Tulane won by a score of 21 to 14, coming from behind twice to achieve the victory.

The Eastern scribes were loud in their praise of Dalrymple's uncanny play diagnosis, evidenced by his unorthodox work as what they called a "roving end." Yet there was nothing uncanny about

it. He merely looked to see where the Georgia fullback was standing. This alone would not have been enough to make him an All-American, of course. He had to be a great athlete in addition; and he was. But the incident did serve to focus upon him the attention of Eastern sports writers for the balance of his three years of play, and he was an All-American selection in all three years, whereas otherwise he might have gone unnoticed, as has been the case with many another brilliant player in the less publicized football sections of the land.

Incidentally, on top of Georgia's defeat by Tulane, Tech lost the next day's game to Notre Dame, in good part because Rockne could and did wear down the Tech squad with his apparently endless supply of reserves. As a result, there was more desolation in Georgia that week-end than there had been since Sherman called it a day at Savannah, most of it due to the fact that a football scout had noticed an eight-inch difference in the placing of a fullback's feet on one particular play.

Few laymen realize that a great deal of effective scouting is done before the game, during the few minutes of practice that precede the actual contest, or that during the game most of the scout's attention is centered on the defensive setup of the team he has under observation. The reason is simple enough. If he's worth beans as a scout he already knows the general offensive formation of the team he's to watch. He and the other coaches likewise know just about what offense tactics to expect from, let us say, a Notre Dame attack. Besides, no coach is as much interested in the opponent's offense as in their defense. The tightest defense in the world will score no points for the defenders. A team must attack to win. How to attack to best advantage depends on the other side's defensive measures; not on their offense.

Moreover, the character of any team's attack depends too much on the particular game being played, while the character of their general defense formations does not. A scout who is looking Dartmouth over on the afternoon of the Princeton game, knows he'll see Dartmouth with all the chips on the table; but the Princeton game comes so late in the Dartmouth season that only the one or two teams still on the schedule can take advantage of the situation. On the other hand, early in the season, the good scout who is preparing to watch the Big Green in action against Lawrence or Hampdon-Sydney, knows perfectly well he will not see much Dart-

mouth offensive stuff. In fact, he's not likely to see many of the Dartmouth first stringers in action. But he will see the entire team, first stringers and all, during practice just before the game starts.

In addition to this, some teams are extremely difficult to scout accurately during the game itself because of the so-called razzle-dazzle from which they achieve their ultimate attack formations. Outstanding in this respect have been the Southern Cal boys of Howard Jones. They would trot around in a circle—the famous Jones "squirrel cage"—while calling signals, and then go into a preliminary huddle from which they shift once, sometimes twice, and occasionally three separate times before putting a ball into play. This goes on in a stadium within which it would almost be possible for Monaco to defend its territorial integrity. Trying at those distances to sort out numbers, players and stances from such dizzy evolutions is just as easy as following the individual movements of a formation of eleven black bass in the upper reaches of the Niagara Rapids.

Most experienced scouts make it a point to get to College Town the day before the game. Frequently the newly arrived visitor spends some time in one of the newspaper offices, going through press accounts and photographs of the team's previous games that season. This will familiarize him with the general style of their play, and with the names and positions of those outstanding players who most need careful watching. Then he buckles down to the job of memorizing the names and numbers of every man on the squad. Next afternoon, if he happens to notice something about the play of Number 42 which might be important, he won't have time to consult the list for Number 42's identity. Moreover, knowing the numbers, he'll be able to concentrate on the outstanding players without wasting time on some big scrub whose size and demeanor in practice are impressive, but whose chances of getting into a tight game are somewhat less than submarginal.

And he talks with people; with chance-met acquaintances at the hotel cigar stand, with knots of students, with elevator operators, with any one who'll enter a conversation. No telling what bit of knowledge may thus be gleaned about the prospective ineligibility of a star back, or a pulled tendon that is being kept very secret, or even about bad feeling between coach and players. Indeed, on one occasion, a taxi-driver's casual remark to a scout practically decided the outcome of a major game the following week. Little

dreaming of the import of his words, this driver chattily confided, en route to the stadium, that a famous All-American tackle had been breaking training all season. After all, why not? Opposing teams stayed away from his section of the line so much that he could practically loaf through a game without special effort. For nearly three years scout reports about this player had been virtually unanimous, reading approximately:

"Doe, John. No. 73. Weight 245, 6′ 3″, rugged, fast, tough to handle defensively, leads plays well, difficult for any two ordinary men to take out, one of the greatest tackles in the country today."

Offensive strategy by opposition teams therefore had adopted what amounted practically to a cardinal rule, which was: "Keep the Attack Away from Doe." This is no exaggeration. There are such players in every year.

The taxi-driver's gossipy remark was brought back by the scout to his coach, who promptly built an attack directed primarily right at Doe's position. The following Saturday afternoon, play after play was sent at the big fellow from the opening whistle on. It took only about ten minutes of that sort of hammering to wear him out, due to his lack of conditioning. The greatest player in the world can't take sixty minutes of steady pounding in one afternoon when he's been hitting the night spots two or three times a week all season. And after Doe was sent to the side lines, tuckered and panting, the home team had a field day, for Doe's brethren were not organized to cover weaknesses on Doe's side of the line. Thus a chance bit of gossip turned what had previously been at best a doubtful contest into a rather one-sided victory.

With all the information he can accumulate from newspaper files, program notes and gossip, the scout goes early to the stadium the next afternoon and takes his seat as high as he can, preferably near one of the end zones. You couldn't hire an experienced scout to occupy one of the coveted "near the field on the fifty yard line" seats. In the nature of things, he has to be where he can really see what's going on. Frequently, when there are end-zone stands, he sits there by preference for at least part of the game, for it is easier to analyze plays that are coming toward the observer than plays that are running past him. Particularly is this true when it comes to the task of spotting the exact positions occupied by each player on defense, and the angles at which he charges.

And now the scout goes to work in earnest. As already indicated, the ten or fifteen minutes of practice before the game make up a fertile field of observation. Here he first checks every member of the team for size, conformation, speed, passing and kicking ability as a matter of course, filling in the proper places in his questionnaire, or contenting himself with fragmentary notes to be elaborated, later.

Sometimes, in addition, he checks every detail of individual physical appearance, down to the way the uniform is worn or the ankles are taped. This is because some coaches try to put a physical counterpart of the opposition team into the field as practice opponents during the week preceding a game. Where the next team to be encountered has a big man, a big scrub will be placed; where it has a guard whose right ankle and calf are heavily taped, a scrub will be taped in identically the same fashion; where a backfield man wears a nose-protecting wire mask, a scrub will be given such a mask. All week before the game with Exhaust Normal, Siwash will thus practice against Exhaust Normal's offense, defense and counterpart, so that by Saturday afternoon they will be on familiar ground when meeting the Exhaust Normal regulars. Indeed, some coaches go so far as to give scrubs or freshmen the names of the Exhaust Normal players they represent, using those names on the field all week.

The scout then turns his attention to the boys who are kicking and passing. He notes the yardage of each practice punt by each man. On the basis of those notes, if they should reveal that Exhaust has only one really dangerous punter, Siwash will be able to take a lot more chances with her safety man as a linebacker when that one Exhaust man is out of the game. How many steps does each man take before he kicks? That will determine whether the Siwash forwards shall try to harry, and possibly block the kicker, or whether their bet would be to let him kick while they concentrate on providing adequate blocking for a substantial punt return. Does he rock back before stepping forward to kick? Watch out! He's a potential quick-kicker.

Similar observations are made of the boys who are throwing forward passes in pre-game practice. How many of them are accurate to a menacing degree? Naturally, if the boy doesn't come within hailing distance of his receiver in practice, he's not much to be feared in actual competition, and the pass defense can be reor-

ganized accordingly during the game, depending upon what Exhaust Normal players are in the line-up at the moment. In other words, secondaries can be moved closer as line-pluggers when a poor pass-thrower is handling the job for the other side, making possible, in turn, a much tighter defense against power plays.

Finally, the referee's whistle starts the game itself. How does Exhaust Normal kick off? How many men to the right of the kicker, how many to the left? Do they block man for man, and could Siwash cross them up by having its own linesmen cross over on the kick-off? Are tacklers blocked at once or do interferers drop back and then block? Do they use cross blocking? A wedge? Do the halfbacks receiving the ball run straight up the sidelines or converge toward center?

Once the ball is in play, a host of other questions await an accurate answer. At what angles do the guards charge? Above all, is it a sliding line on defense?—that is, do the defensive linesmen move sidewise in mid-charge with the apparent direction of the attacking play, or do they charge straight through? If so, will it be possible to counter with a "mouse trap," in which a dangerous linesman is deliberately allowed to go through, only to be cut down by a backfield blocker from the side, or by a guard who has been pulled out of the opposite section of the line for that purpose. Have any of the ends a tendency to drift? If so, sooner or later, the drifter may be found so far to one side that the theoretical "cup of defense" that is built to halt an attack will develop a weak opening at that point through which a well-directed attack can stream into open territory.

Are there any unusual offensive plays? This is left for the last because it is of much the least importance. A really unusual play is like a magician's illusion. It loses its effectiveness the moment it has once been exposed. A few cabalistic lines, curves, wiggles, crosses and series of dots added to a prepared diagram of standard offense formations will serve to fix the details of almost any play in a scout's memory. Ordinarily he needs to watch only about four men on such a play. Knowing what they did, he likewise pretty well knows what every other man on the squad must have been doing while all that was going on.

As an occasional last step in winding up his task, the scout may ask permission to talk to some of the boys who have been playing against the team he has been watching, though this rarely brings

to light any valuable contribution to the store of information already in his possession.

Most scouts are fond of telling on themselves the story of how they went into the dressing room of the little college team that has just taken a dreadful shellacking from a big university squad in one of the early season "warm-up" games of the schedule.

"Can you tell me anything about So-and-so's play that would help our boys when we go up against him?" he asks an end who has just been knocked all around the lot by the big blocking back concerning whom information is sought.

"Why that big lug hasn't got a thing in this world," indignantly replies the boy whom So-and-so has been taking neatly out of play all afternoon. "He couldn't block a sick butterfly out of a flower patch."

With all the source material thus in hand, the scout report is written up in detail that same night, and is in the hands of the Siwash coach by Sunday, whenever possible. Monday night, judicious excerpts from the report are read to the entire Siwash team, to an accompaniment of chalk-talk diagrams. If the Siwash coach happens to be a literalist, a squad of scrubs or freshmen is then disguised as the Exhaust Normal team, and is thus used to scrimmage against the Siwash regulars for the rest of the week.

The final quarterback session is held Friday night. Such private conferences have been in progress all week, to acquaint the Siwash field generals with information which, for one reason or another, is regarded as confidential. For instance, if Exhaust Normal has one of those invincible All-Americans in her line, it wouldn't do to let the Siwash linesmen who will play opposite him hear a coach tell his quarterbacks not to run any plays against So-and-so because he's "too tough for our boys to handle." That would be a bit too discouraging. Such special details of the plan of attack are therefore confided only to the quarterbacks, who run the team all week in practice along the lines thus laid down.

The Friday night session winds it up. By that time, the scout is already out of town on his next assignment, so that he'll not even see the laboratory test which demonstrates whether or not his job has been well done. Not that such a demonstration necessarily furnishes conclusive evidence.

Take in 1931, which was Bierman's first year at Minnesota. The Gophers weren't expected to perform too many miracles in

that initial season, but it was hoped they'd make at least a creditable showing, particularly against Wisconsin. Red Dawson, Bierman's backfield coach, himself only one year out of college, was assigned the job of scouting Wisconsin. He didn't find many weaknesses, but he reported that "they have a tendency to over-shift when there is a flanker out against them."

A flanker is usually a halfback, who is sent far out to one side, beyond the end, on certain special offense formations. Naturally, the defensive end drifts toward the flanker, as does the rest of his line, and perhaps a secondary, to be prepared for eventualities. This drift was what, in Dawson's opinion, the Badgers were overdoing.

Bierman pondered the possibilities and came up for air with a play that might be good for a touchdown if all went well. Instead of sending out a halfback as flanker, he sent out one of his ends, hoping the other team might not notice that, in spite of the flanker, there were still four men in the Minnesota backfield. The ensuing play was a feint toward the strong side, with a reverse which sent the runner, with full interference, toward the weak side, left unguarded by the Badger over-shift.

The score was tied when Minnesota's quarterback called his play. One touchdown for the Gophers, under the circumstances, might well mean victory. In any event, it would almost guarantee no worse than a tie. Everything worked out to the proverbial gnat's eyebrow. Not noticing that the Minnesota flanker was a linesman Wisconsin over-shifted. Minnesota's right half, Bill Proffitt, already in motion when the ball finally reached him on reverse, bored through to the left, as his blockers cleared the too thinly guarded path, and shook into the clear without another menace between him and Wisconsin's goal. Then he slipped on the treacherous going and fell. Wisconsin finally pushed over a score and Minnesota thus lost the game by a single touchdown.

Naturally, no such illustration is needed to point the moral that scouting alone cannot win football games. In the last analysis, that's done on the gridiron turf by the players. Nevertheless, given two teams of approximately equal training and ability, the one which has the services of the best scout will normally win. That's about as far as it goes. But considering the fact that the scout gets none of the acclaim, that's far enough.

Dorais the Mighty Mite

by DALE STAFFORD

October, 1943

FOR THREE weary years Fred L. Mandel, Jr., the president and chief stockholder (total investment $400,000) of the Detroit Lions, wasn't a lion at all.

Rather, he was a human bird dog attempting to flush Charles E. (Gus) Dorais from the University of Detroit campus to the head coaching job of his team. Having succeeded, congratulations were being accepted by Mandel from fellow owners and the coaches of the other National Football League clubs.

"Just think of the publicity Dorais will get," enthused Jimmy Conzelman, the sporting world's one-man circus and a fellow who can grasp the content of a 60-point headline at 60 paces. "Dorais threw passes to Rockne, didn't he? And in football that's comparable to making touchdown pegs to St. Peter."

So Gus Dorais, the 145-pound Notre Dame quarterback whose overhand forward pass changed football from a pushing and tugging mass game to the present open style, is rejoining the professionals after eighteen years at the University of Detroit.

Dorais had six years of professional football experience as a player before and immediately after World War I. The career was terminated under circumstances that were abrupt, if not pleasant.

Massillon, Ohio, was playing Canton in one of the blood-and-thunder games of the early professional era and Gus accidentally tripped Jim Thorpe when the big Indian was racing for a punt. Jim skidded along on his nose for some yards and when he finally stopped said, "Ugh!"

A few minutes later Dorais was arising from a pileup of players when something hit him. The next day the Massillon team physican told him it was Thorpe, and not a derailed express train. Also that a kidney had been injured and his football playing days were ended.

"I shudder every time I see that guy," remarks Dorais who encounters Thorpe frequently now that big Jim is a Detroiter.

In retrospect the Dorais football career is a glorious thing but it certainly didn't start that way back in September, 1910, when he arrived at South Bend, Indiana, from his home at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. At the gymnasium the late Frank C. (Shorty) Longman, former Michigan star who was then Notre Dame's coach, made a sarcastic remark about Gus's stature—or lack of it.

Undaunted Dorais went to the room assigned him and there found the boy who was to be his roommate throughout college—Knute Rockne. After confiding to each other that they were without funds, the boys shook hands and agreed to proceed from scratch as a two-man team. From this handshake the whole game of football was revolutionized.

A source of income wasn't long in arriving and by opening the window Dorais and Rockne let opportunity in—and out, too. Their dormitory room was the only one in the building located in the basement and there was a convenient window adjacent to the ground. Fellow students were told of and conveniently permitted to use the opening as an after-hours exit and entrance at the rate of twenty-five cents a head.

Dorais received no more attention in the early stages of football drill than he did on the first visit to the gymnasium. In fact the uniform Notre Dame furnished one of its football immortals was so large that Gus finally sent home and got the outfit he wore in high school.

At the time, forward passing was frowned on and teams employed aerials only when they were hopelessly behind in the score. Standard practice was to throw the ball either underhand, or end over end.

Now Dorais was a winning baseball pitcher and had adapted the overhand throw of the diamond to football. The introduction of this type of pass by Dorais drew ridicule. Coach Longman asserted Gus' passes were next to worthless because they would fail on a rainy day when the football was thoroughly soaked.

To prove the point, Longman placed a ball in a bucket of water for an hour and then presented it to Dorais. Gus continued to throw the ball with accuracy, Longman's neck became fiery red and a few weeks later Dorais was the regular quarterback of a team that was to lose only one game that season and none in the

next three years. The Dorais passing method was the same one used today by Sammy Baugh, of the Washington Redskins, who, Dorais says, is the greatest forward passer of all time.

During the first three years of the Dorais-Rockne era, the forward pass was an integral part of the Notre Dame attack and to quote Gus it was "like shooting fish in a barrel." Opponents seemingly had no adequate defense for the aerial game used by Notre Dame despite the fact that one man (Dorais) was doing all the throwing to a single receiver (Rockne).

"The usual thing was for the opposition to put a tall lineman in the backfield in an effort to stop our passes," Dorais recalls "As soon as this happened we would include plunges through the place the lineman had vacated and it was seldom that they failed."

Some of the finer details of modern day passing attacks were born in this era. A few years back the "buttonhook pass" became a darling of the football world. This bit of strategy consists of having the receiver run up to or past the defender and then turn around and start back, catching the ball while the opponent is trying to reverse his course.

"Shucks, 'Rock' developed that one by accident," says Dorais. "One day he fell down just as he got to the halfback, and then got up and caught the ball which I had thrown short when I saw him on the ground. Rockne said he thought the accident could be converted into a play, and as it turned out it was a most successful one. In advance Rockne used to tell me which way he was going to cut, and I would throw the ball to the spot. And these methods are the basis of the system used so well today by Cecil Isbell and Don Hutson of the Green Bay Packers, the greatest passing combination in football."

Until 1913 the Notre Dame passing weapon was displayed only in the Middle West.

But that Fall Army scheduled Notre Dame for one of the first intersectional games in history on the plains of West Point. So little known was Notre Dame at the time that one New York newspaper announced the first of one of the greatest series of football games by stating that "Notre Dame College of South Bend, Illinois, will play the Army in football at West Point today."

Now Dorais and Rockne had spent the summer together working at the summer resort at Cedar Point, Ohio, and had developed

their passing efficiency to a peak. But let Dorais tell about this game:

"Army had a big, strong team and received. Taking advantage of weight Army rolled to a touchdown. In those days it was considered the smart thing to kick off but I knew that if we were going to win we would have to get possession of the ball. So I elected to receive. Then we started our passing, getting in the vicinity of the Army 30-yard line. Rockne used to feign injury and by hobbling on a couple of plays, he would lull the defensive halfback into a feeling of security. 'Rock' did this a couple of times. Then he limped up to the Army halfback, turned on his speed and sprinted toward the goal line. He caught the pass just as he went over. The result was almost complete demoralization of the Army team, Notre Dame winning 35 to 13 by using the forward pass, not as a mere threat, but as a real offensive scoring weapon."

The modest Dorais didn't mention it but in one part of this historic game, he completed 12 consecutive passes, setting what is probably still the record for completed consecutive aerials.

Dorais began his coaching career in the Fall of 1914 at a small Iowa college then known as Dubuque. Later, it was called Columbia and still later Loras. During 28 games played from 1914 to 1917, he won 17, tied 2 and lost 9. One of the stars of his 1914 team was a 39-year-old railway engineer who was partaking of higher education during a year's absence from his job. When he left to return to the throttle, he expressed his gratitude for a year of pleasure to Dorais by announcing that the people at Dubuque were the most "hostile" he had ever encountered.

When World War I engulfed the United States, Dorais joined the Army and was detailed to Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, where he served as director of sports.

In 1919 Dorais returned to the shadow of the Golden Dome of Notre Dame, this time as Rockne's backfield coach. It was George Gipp's freshman year, and Dorais spent a great deal of time coaching him. In addition he coached the Notre Dame basketball team.

Before the succeeding football season, Gonzaga University named Dorais its director of athletics and coach of football, basketball and baseball. He stayed at Spokane, Washington, until March of 1925, bringing Gonzaga out of the football wilderness and presenting it with a Northwestern Conference championship

in 1922. Of 36 games played under Dorais, Gonzaga won 20, lost 13 and tied 3.

Dorais remembers his Gonzaga days for several unusual reasons.

His fourth string quarterback in football and regular shortstop in baseball was a slight youth who entertained by singing in the dressing rooms. The boy's name was "Bing" Crosby, and the bond of friendship between Dorais and the King of the Crooners remains strong right up to the present.

Crosby seldom had the fortune to be selected to make the football trips—but he usually went along as a stowaway concealing his thin frame under seats until watchful conductors had counted heads and received the railroad tickets from Dorais.

Another Dorais memory of Gonzaga concerns the most unusual game any of his teams ever played.

The opponent was the University of Idaho, a traditional foe for Gonzaga then coached by J. Lee Mathews, a member of the 1910 team at Notre Dame. Incidentally, Dorais is usually referred to as the oldest Notre Dame graduate in football coaching but this honor belongs to Mathews who is now stationed at Portland University, Portland, Oregon.

Getting back to this game, Idaho scored in the first half, but failed to convert the point. Late in the final quarter Gonzaga drove to the Idaho one-yard line. On the next play a Gonzaga back plunged toward the goal line, but fumbled, an Idaho man recovering the ball in the end zone. But during the play the referee was knocked down, the umpire pulled a leg muscle and the head linesman was screened from the action.

Dorais was of the opinion his ball carrier had crossed the goal line before fumbling, in which case it was a Gonzaga touchdown. Mathews argued that the Gonzaga ball carrier had never advanced to the goal line, making the play a touchback. The officials couldn't reach a decision, so Dorais offered to accept the ball at the point where the play had started. Mathews rejected the proposal. Finally it was agreed to toss a coin. Dorais won, Gonzaga converted and scored a 7-to-6 victory.

Dorais settled down in Detroit in Spring of 1925 and his first two seasons were unsuccessful at the school then in its football infancy. After that he piled up an enviable record. In the early part of the 1927 season his team lost to Army and Notre Dame—

then won 19 consecutive games, the string being broken by a tie with Marquette in the latter part of the 1929 season.

In 1937 he was selected to coach the College All-Stars, and by defeating the Green Bay Packers his team handed the professionals their first loss in the series.

For years the name of Dorais was linked with almost every major coaching vacancy to occur. Finally Dorais issued a blanket denial of all rumors, connecting his name with another coaching job.

"I hereby empower all newspapermen to write the denials without consulting me," Dorais wrote. "They can have free rein and I'll back them all up by staying at the University of Detroit at least until January 1, 1939."

Dorais graduated from Notre Dame with a law degree and later got his master's at Columbia, but never found time to practice law. However, he did enter politics.

As athletic director at the University, Dorais was always urging City Council members to allot more money to playgrounds. Having three sons and two daughters, Dorais appreciates the need for recreational facilities.

His tired friends on the Council suggested he speak for himself, Gus. He did, was elected, and is now serving his second term.

After noting that sports fame had elected Dorais, Billy Rogel, Detroit Tiger shortstop decided he wanted a place on the Council. Billy campaigned on a platform of baseball for youngsters and was duly elected, and baseball and football are represented on the nine man Detroit council.

As a politician, Dorais has done well, crowning his share of queens and making the numerous appearances that are part and parcel of the great game of vote-getting.

Recently, Dorais went to Alpena to crown the ice queen in an outdoor ceremony. Later at a dance Dorais had difficulty in getting into the swing with the pretty young queen as a partner.

"I guess I am not as good at dancing as I used to be," he apologized.

"Mr. Dorais," remarked the queen, "perhaps you would get along better if you took off your overshoes."

All football coaches are subject to similar absent-mindedness but occasionally the shoe belongs on the other foot.

One night Dorais kept a date to speak before a booster banquet sponsored by the service clubs of Ferndale, a Detroit suburb.

Dorais arrived at the Methodist Church, met a dignitary and explained that he had been asked to speak. He was escorted to the rostrum where he was flanked by seven ministers.

After calling on several other speakers, the toastmaster turned to Dorais and said:

"We have another distinguished visitor, I do not know why he is here, for I know he was not invited. Perhaps God has sent him to us, but we will be very pleased to hear an explanation and a few words from Charles E. Dorais, Coach of the University of Detroit."

Dorais rose, red-faced. This wasn't a booster banquet? No, it was a victory dinner celebrating the paying off of the church mortgage. Later Dorais learned that the booster dinner had been postponed for one night, but that no one had bothered to tell him about it.

One of the headaches confronting Dorais at Detroit and unquestionably one of the reasons for his departure was the problem of schedule. Every year Gus turned out well drilled, capable teams likely to surprise any foe. As a result the coaches of the big college teams weren't anxious to play him because victory over the U. of D. was meaningless and defeat really hurt in the eyes of the alumni.

Professional football's schedule-making is automatic and now the 53-year-old Dorais has first class opposition, and for sure. The Chicago Bears, Green Bay Packers and other behemoths of professional football are happy to accommodate him with games year in and year out.

But no coach ever had a better opportunity, because the Lions can't do anything but improve after losing all of their eleven games last season. Give Dorais a championship team, and he'll probably run for mayor—and in sports-minded Detroit he'd get elected.

Ten Million Keglers Can't Be Wrong

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

February, 1937

In these days of high-pressure ballyhoo we have come to measure the importance of athletic pastimes in terms of "the gate." Fifty to seventy thousand spectators at a big baseball or football game is common; championship fights, horse races, varsity crews draw equal crowds and even the polite handclappers of the tennis world have grown accustomed to stadia.

That's why it is surprising to realize that one of the most extensively played games in the country is a sport with little ballyhoo, few spectators, no champion, no professionals in the accepted sense; a sport whose big event of the season collects seven times as much money in contestants' entry fees as it does from spectators' admissions!

That unique pastime is bowling; our national indoor game. It earns the title not only because there are from eight to ten million regular bowlers in the country but also from the fact that it is one of our greatest participating sports. The bowling "world's series," for example, is the annual meeting of the American Bowling Congress. Last year this was held in Indianapolis with 15,000 contestants from 387 cities and towns—all paying their own railroad fares, their own hotel bills, their own entrance fees.

When you stop to figure that there aren't half that many participants in the Olympic Games, you begin to realize what a sport this is!

Twenty-five years ago, perhaps, it smelled somewhat too strongly of cigar smoke and beer to be listed among the politer pastimes. But today the lusty art of "kegling" has come into its own. In our more exclusive suburbs, even in the laggard East, you will find chauffeur-driven, 12-cylinder cars waiting for their ladies outside the recreation parlors—you will find over-crowded alleys in girls' schools like Vassar—in hundreds of churches throughout the land

from the ultra-modern Riverside Baptist down to some of the smallest—in such top-flight country clubs as Chevy Chase, Wykagyl, L'Hirondelle, the Congressional Sherwood Forest, the Merion Cricket Club, etc. The fact that alleys aren't in the swank clubs just for display is emphasized by the report that Wykagyl paid for the complete installation and subsequent enlargements in one season while the Pelham Country Club took in $1200 during the first month's operation. That means 4,800 games rolled at a quarter a game!

In Hollywood the picture people have become so enthusiastic that alleys have been installed on the lots by most of the larger producers while numerous stars have had private "courts" built in their homes. In short, the whole social complexion of the game has changed in the widespread revival of the past five years, bringing to the recreation parlors a new element bearing the approved stamp of the élite.

That does not alter the fact, however, that for 200 years American Ten Pins has been a swell game with an appeal for all ages, all stations, all degrees of general athletic skill. Side by side with thousands of unknown John Doe's and Joe Zilch's you'll find names like Percy and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., E. H. Harriman, Governor McNutt, of Indiana, W. H. Knudson, Arthur Brisbane, and scores of other prominent men who have bowled more or less regularly for years.

But the scope of the game goes far beyond extremes in bank balances or social ratings. You will find in the ranks of regular bowlers such star athletes as Jack Elder, former Notre Dame halfback, Lefty Grove, and Jimmy Dykes, of baseball fame. Yet for every bowler of outstanding athletic prowess you will find a hundred others whose physical equipment runs the gamut from spindly-legged high school freshmen to soft-muscled old ladies in the sixties and seventies. Indeed, in Buffalo they boast of a woman who bowls regularly once a week although she'll never see her 80th birthday again!

You get the real tip-off on the popularity of the game from these very contrasts in social and physical ratings. Bowling is inexpensive, averaging from 20c to 25c a game, hence anybody can participate: it is likewise a game in which brawn is unimportant, so the field is wide open for any normal individual who can stand up. Nothing could demonstrate that more dramatically than a

match staged last January in which five boys from the New York Guild for the Jewish Blind competed against a team of sighted lads and lost only by the close margin of 16 pins: 654 to 670. The high man for the blind rolled a neat 143.

The only physical assistance accorded the sightless was a special hand rail on the left side of the alley which each bowler used as a guide on the approach. Any pins left remaining after the first ball were called out by number by the pin boy, and the bowler would direct his ball accordingly.

Even if you are not a bowler, you may deduce from this that those elusive yet simple elements, timing, rhythm and control, are the basis of skill on the alleys. One of our crack men bowlers weighs 124 pounds, indicating that brute strength is inconsequential: indeed, without the three fundamentals it is a definite impediment to high scores. The knack of toppling the pins is best expressed by the very word "toppling:" you want to shove them over rather than explode them off the alley bed with a cannon ball delivery.

Of course, it requires a certain amount of strength to be able to roll a regulation 16-pound ball with any velocity, and in that respect the heavyweight has the edge over the bantamweight. However, scores are figured in the number of pins down rather than in the speed of the ball. And the fact that a 17-year-old high school boy in Flushing, L. I., recently rolled a perfect game—*i.e.*, a 300 score—is the very best proof that anybody can aspire to be a good bowler regardless of age, physical perfection or athletic experience.

This is obviously the explanation of the universal interest women are now taking in the game, even in the East. The sectional distinction is in order because the Middle West is the center of the bowling world in both masculine and feminine ranks. The last New York State Women's Tournament, for instance, had 90 teams entered for the entire Empire State, whereas a recent women's tournament in St. Louis saw 130 teams competing from that single city!

New York women are catching on, though, as indicated by an attendance of nearly 5,000 at a free course of instruction offered by a local newspaper. Yet in comparison Chicago, capital of the bowling world, had no less than 7,200 competitors in its eighth annual feminine tournament in 1935—and they were experienced

performers, not beginners, taking lessons. So experienced, indeed, that one of their number—the 14-year-old Mary Jane Hubert (who five years ago was completely paralyzed!) shot a 209 in her opening game! As a matter of fact, the Telephone Company in Chicago has more women bowlers than men: an unusual situation even for a concern with such an extensive feminine payroll.

Close behind Chicago, which has the largest bowling population and the greatest number of alleys of any city, come Detroit, Milwaukee and Cleveland. And although the pastime is of more recent vogue in the Far West, it has spread so speedily there that in many cities it has become a year-round game. In Texas and southern California especially the air conditioning of recreation halls has brought even the golfers inside on the alleys when the blistering sun is too punishing on the links!

New York, where the 1937 ABC Tourney will be held next April in the 212th Regiment Armory, is an active bowling center with its larger establishments open twenty-four hours a day in true Manhattan style. Not only do the stray nighthawks patronize the all night places, but one established bowling league starts its weekly matches at midnight and rolls far into the early morning hours.

Conservative estimates indicate that there are at least 200,000 regular weekly bowlers on Gotham's 2,300 alleys. And while this is impressive in total, it is not nearly as great a *pro rata* bowling population as exists in scores of Western cities. Indeed, the largest bowling establishment in the East is not in New York, as one might expect, but in Philadelphia where 105 alleys are housed under one roof. Even the distinction of operating the largest one-floor plant goes to Washington, D. C., with an outfit of 50 alleys side by side. Pekin, Illinois, is probably the world's greatest bowling town. With a population of 16,000, it boasts of 120 men's teams and 50 women's teams, or a team for every 95 inhabitants.

Expressive as such figures may be, the most illuminating evidence of Mid-western supremacy in bowling is afforded by the famous Brothers' Tournament which has been conducted annually by Fred Tuerk, Sports Editor of the *Peoria Star*, for the past fourteen years. With only blood brothers eligible—and with a population of only 105,000 on which to draw—this Illinois city last year had no less than 1,702 entries in this meet!

So far, to be sure, we have considered only the big pin game

which is usually implied by the term "bowling." On the same alleys, however, there are a dozen small pin games which have sprung from the parent sport: duck pins (Babe Ruth's pet game), candle pins and variations on these known as "cocked hat," "quintet," "the battle game," "nine up and nine down," "four back," etc. These games receive nothing but scorn from regular bowlers. Yet it is interesting to note that Boston, our oldest bowling city which once boasted of more alleys than existed in all the rest of the country, has long since deteriorated into a candle pin town to the utter disgust of the 16-pound ballers. Candle pins are tall, skinny pins for which a 6-inch ball is used: duck pins—a small, squatty variety of the regulation pin—also calls for a small ball without finger holes and is very popular down East outside of Boston and along the Atlantic seaboard from Baltimore south.

The whole Eastern territory, however, is subject to much more variation in taste than prevails to the West. Brockton, Massachusetts, for example, in the heart of the candle and duck pin area, is one of the most rabid Ten Pin cities in the country. And Pittsburgh, flanked on all sides by the regulation game, is quite goofy about rubber-band duck pins.

But out West where men and babies teeth on 15-inch pins, the small ball games aren't tolerated and bowling only means one thing: American Ten Pins. This is our own development of the game of Nine Pins which Elmer H. Baumgarten has traced back prior to 1200 A.D.: a logical offspring of the older game of "Lawne Bowles" and originally played on a 12-inch alley outdoors but eventually brought inside because keglers would rather play than issue rain checks. This is the game which Sir Francis Drake refused to leave until completed despite the courier's message that the Spanish Armada had arrived in the English Channel. And this is the game which the early Dutch and English settlers brought to the Colonies, to be played so generally that the austere Puritans promptly barred it by law around the middle of the 17th century.

While that prohibition killed the game in the Northeast, it also spawned the form of pastime which we now know. Some enthusiast, noting that the injunction forbade Nine Pins, blandly added a *tenth* pin to the setup and neatly circumvented the law!

With all its centuries of popularity, however, it wasn't until 1895 that bowling rules and specifications were standardized with the organization of the American Bowling Congress—now boast-

ing over 300,000 members—and under the jurisdiction of this progressive body the game has gone a long, long way from the days of clay alley beds and stone "balls." Modern alleys, expertly fashioned of edge-grained, virgin white rock maple and Georgia pine, cost around $3,000 a pair. After the finest quality of wood is cut, it takes two years to properly treat the pine and three years before the maple is in condition for laying. And with forty-one one-inch boards for each alley, it takes two experienced men about twenty days to put down a bed.

Pins, too, are considerably more than just bottle-shaped chunks of timber. Good pins, guaranteed to last 1,000 games, are made of the finest grade of maple. With only a half-ounce tolerance allowed among the three-pound pins in any set, uniformity is quite important. And with a high resistance to wear equally essential, it is obvious that much skill goes into the manufacture of this equipment. The old adage says that "it takes 150 years to make a bowling pin" since only the butt cut can be used. If the stock is not straight grained, it won't last two games—and even if it meets all the rigid requirements of quality, the wood has to be "cured" for at least eighteen months before it can be turned. In view of all that, $10.50 seems cheap enough for a set of pins that will hold together after being knocked down 20,000 times.

Balls, once wooden but now almost exclusively manufactured of composition materials, cost in the neighborhood of $15 to $17. And since every honest-to-God bowler owns his own ball, one of the most expressive barometers of the sudden rise of bowling is the fact that numerous credit jewelry houses have lately added bowling balls to their merchandise lists. One such concern in Detroit sold no less than $22,000 worth of balls last season!

These shreds of economics are interesting in more ways than one because they add up in a manner quite alien to most athletic pastimes in these high-pressure days. The 32 alleys which were laid expressly for the forty-fourth ABC Tournament in Indianapolis represented an investment of approximately $50,000—an investment, however, which was liquidated at the end of the five weeks' play by the ready resale of the alleys to various recreation establishments.

Quarters large enough to house this tournament (in which only men compete, by the way) cost around $1,000 a week in rent. Yet the interesting thing about it is that this expansive space is not

required for spectators but for participants. Indeed, while paid admissions amounted to some $18,000—a laughable "gate" for any other championship contest—the entry fees of the bowlers themselves aggregated $150,000.

Something like $95,000 of this sum was posted as prize money, won, naturally, by a relatively small proportion of the entrants. All of which boils down to the fact that bowling has such a grip on its enthusiasts that fifteen thousand of them travel hundreds of miles at their own expense for the privilege of rolling against 60% of their own cash!

Prize *money?* Yes, bowling has always been a practical sport without any hallucinations about amateurism. Trophies and medals are awarded for outstanding achievements, but cash awards have always been offered under ABC jurisdiction. Thus, while bowling has never been admitted to the secred circles of the Olympiad—and can never be considered on the same immaculate scale as tennis, whose "amateurs" travel on the fat of the land—it is still an amateur game in the honest sense of the term because its participants are competing mainly for fun. There are no bowlers who earn a living on the alleys, or, indeed, earn a living in some sporting goods store on the strength of their reputations. So the game is strictly in a class by itself.

Among the medals awarded by the American Bowling Congress every year are those coveted emblems presented to any bowler who rolls a perfect game under conditions accepted by the governing body. A perfect or 300 game, of course, is a strike (every pin down) on every ball rolled. And in order to put more of a premium on accuracy and control than on the knack of finding the "groove" in some antiquated alley-bed, the ABC requires that in order to gain recognition, a bowler must roll his perfect game on *two* standard alleys, alternating from one to the other each two-ball frame.

Something like par on the golf course, bowling's 300 score is the dream of every kegler. In actual practice, however, a par game of golf is not necessarily a perfect game—scores of pros and good amateurs break par with fair regularity—whereas a 300 score on the alleys is absolutely the best that anybody can do. The fact that the country's 10,000,000 bowlers never roll more than 500 perfect games a season is, perhaps, the ultimate appraisal of this feat.

An average of 200 perfect score medals are awarded each year (the other 300 games being rolled in practice or special matches not sanctioned), and the greatest number held by any individual bowler is eight. This string of decorations belongs to Harry (Hank) Marino, of Milwaukee, who has unquestionably bowled as many more perfect games in practice as he has in regular competition.

Reverting to some previous comments upon the physical requirements for a good bowler, it is interesting here to make a comparison between the outstanding men's star and the foremost women bowler. Hank Marino's record has been hung up over a twenty-five year period of bowling. In little over half that time a matronly, white-haired woman of Pueblo, Colorado—Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon—has rolled *ten* perfect games.

While this emphasizes the contention that bowling is an ideal game for women, it doesn't by any means imply that many women shoot 300—or that the goal is easy to attain. None of the 15,000 male competitors at Indianapolis last year succeeded in doing it—only one of the 12,000 entrants at Syracuse the year before managed to come through, and that was the first time it had been done at the meet since the 1913 Tournament at Toledo! All of which seems to add further glory to the achievement of Frank Caruana, of Buffalo, who, in a sanctioned, four-game match in 1924, started off by rolling *two* 300 scores in succession and wound up the evening with a 247 and a 268! Bowling on two alleys alternately, remember, not just one.

A bowler's skill is not measured by high scores, however, but by his average score. Top-flight performers average around 190 (150 is considered excellent for a woman's average), yet the constant imminence of a perfect game for any Tom, Dick or Harriet on the alleys is evidenced by the fact that more 300 score medals are awarded bowlers with averages *under* 160 rather than over. In short, bowling offers the reasonably good performer a far better chance than does golf to crash the charmed circle of the elect.

Interesting as a passing observation, this is by no means the sole explanation of bowling's age-old popularity or of its recent sweep into the favor of new circles. Millions of people have frequented the alleys for years for the simple reason that bowling is a swell game. It is good, lusty exercise; it is an ideal vehicle for complete mental relaxation; it is a friendly, neighborly game. Skill is involved, to be sure, but not the exacting skill of golf, the lack

of which converts a sport into an embarrassing misery for the novice. For the truth is that bowling can be thoroughly enjoyed with less proficiency than almost any other game you can mention. And the best way to prove that is to watch some newly formed club of women, most of whom never had any athletic training before, having the time of their lives on the alleys despite the fact that three balls out of every four rolled land in the gutter long before they reach the pin!

Then, too, there is enough competition in bowling to make it exciting, yet that competition is not acute in the sense that it is directly physical or even greatly dependent upon physical strength. Two players of widely different muscular development and athletic education can bowl against each other with complete satisfaction. At the annual tournament the contestants' ages range from 18 to 65 and in many sections of the country father and son tournaments are even more popular on the alleys than on the links and husband and wife can bowl together with infinitely less risk of divorce than they are exposed to at golf!

Being all-inclusive, bowling is easily the most sociable of all games and therein lies its strength. The backbone of the sport in this country are the teams and leagues from offices, factories and mills which have bowled two or three evenings a week for years. Anybody from the boss to the office boy is eligible on equal grounds, and for that simple reason practically every leading concern in the country has fostered bowling as the ideal breeder of improved industrial relations.

The great majority merely stimulate the formation of teams and utilize local public alleys on certain regular evenings. Two nights weekly, for instance, the Bell Laboratories in New York take over 24 alleys in one establishment; in Detroit, employees of the Ternstadt Manufacturing Company take 66 alleys in one establishment for six hours each week. In Newark, New Jersey, the Prudential Insurance Company has 4,000 bowlers among its employees; in various cities the Chrysler Corporation estimates 5,000, and so on.

Something over 150 different corporations have installed alleys in their own properties which run the scale from the U. S. Steel Corporation, to a Wisconsin fox farm with 100 employees. General Electric has 12 alleys in Schenectady alone, 12 more in Fort Wayne, 8 in Cleveland, etc.; in Flint, Michigan, the Industrial

Mutual Association, composed chiefly of automotive workers, has 32 alleys in its club house; the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company has at least 18 alleys in five different mines, and so it goes. Starting twenty years ago in a small woolen mill in an isolated city in Michigan, the idea of installing bowling alleys on the plant property has spread until today the largest corporations in the country have joined the ranks.

Already mentioned as an active bowler, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has had no small part in spreading the acceptance of the game for its value in better understanding between employer and employee. One of the first things he did in Pueblo after the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company's notorious labor difficulties some years back was to introduce bowling. And in all Rockefeller interests today—including the Riverside Church with its six alleys!—the game rates ace high.

And why shouldn't it? It's that kind of game and, unless you're deaf, dumb and blind, you don't need a broad-minded philanthropist to tell you so. If you like a sport that will test your mettle without breaking your back, try bowling. If you've never bowled before, stop in some alley and watch the old hands perform: they pick up a ball by its finger holes, balance it a moment, swing it behind them in an arm-length arc, and walk smartly up to the foul line with a final genuflection as the ball swings forward. How sweetly it hugs the boards as it hums down the 60-foot stretch—how soul-satisfying the crash of "timber" as the missile shoots into the "1-3 pocket" and thirty pounds of polished lumber are swept helter-skelter into the pit!

Team-mates yowl in unrestrained delight; rivals admonish their man in even louder voices to go and do likewise—and before you know it—you want to peel off your coat and bowl yourself.

When you first try it you may find that the 16-pound ball is too heavy for comfort. So use a light-weight ball: you'll find all weights in the rack. You will also discover that laying the ball down on the boards isn't quite so simple as it looked: usually you heave it and bounce it so awkwardly at first that it wobbles off into the gutter and accomplishes nothing. Unless you are amazingly inept, however, several of your first half-dozen balls will miraculously remain on the alley all the way down to the end. And once you've seen a couple of sturdy pins clonk against each other

and then topple off out of sight, you've gotten the taste of blood that will never be completely satiated.

The smart thing to do, of course, is to ask one of the attendants at the alleys to give you some tips—provided you don't personally know some kegler who will be delighted to do that for you. Neither of them will charge you anything (bowlers are like that!) and one or the other will be able to show you how to keep a larger percentage of your balls on the alley bed. They'll emphasize the necessity of the straight arm; the importance of a three or four step approach rather than the flat-footed stance; the advantage of keeping your feet wide apart; the necessity of bending at the hips; the reason for rolling the ball rather than throwing or bouncing it. As you progress they will demonstrate the difference between the "straight cross" and the "hook" delivery; the reason for seeking the "1-3 pocket" rather than aiming flush for the head pin; when to bowl from the left-hand side of the alley rather than the right; how to "shave" a pin when shooting the spare ball on a "railroad," and other things to improve your game.

Even at the start, strikes will come frequently enough to strain your vest buttons, for this is a game peculiarly kind to the novice. As you improve your eye and develop that elusive trinity, timing, rhythm and control, you will find yourself steeped in a pastime which lures you on and on.

Like golf, too, bowling is not physically violent. You'll sleep like a top after three or four games, all right, but there's no danger of overdoing it for one very simple reason: your thumb will get sore from the friction of the finger-grip before you can bowl too long for your own good!

This is one reason why experienced physical directors are placing so much emphasis on bowling in hundreds of high schools throughout the country as well as in an increasing number of girls' schools. It is good exercise—principally because it gives the abdominal muscles a much needed workout—yet it carries its own curb to excess. The famous Bishop Shiel, mainspring of the Chicago C.Y.O.. took over no less than 48 bowling alleys for the use of his youngsters. And in Louisville, Kentucky, where a high school league was started last winter with 200 boys, Dr. M. C. Isaac, physical director of the Du Pont Manual Training High School, says, "I think bowling is a wonderful recreational activity, not only for the high school boy but for everyone in general." Now even the faculty

members are getting out on the alleys with their pupils, and the obvious virtue of it is that they are all enjoying a game which takes the lot of them off the spectators' benches and puts them on the playing floor. Instead of cheering five, nine or eleven selected fortunates, they are participating themselves, thus meeting the criticism some observer once aimed at athletics in general: "the athlete competes and grows stronger; the weakling looks on and grows weaker."

One reason, of course, is that bowling is a participating rather than a spectator sport—and one which the youth can and will pursue beyond middle age. And the reason why he sticks to it, apart from its adaptability to physique, is the fact that it is a sociable game which carries an easy outlet for pent-up emotions in this age of growing inhibitions.

The average man or woman who bowls may not appreciate the psychological value of the game, but intelligent psychiatrists do and recommend it as a mental relaxation. The former Governor Adams, of Colorado, used to explain his frequent trips to the bowling alleys on the grounds that it was the only readily accessible game which tired his body and rested his mind in a short time. And if one attempted to get at the root of the recent popularity of bowling among the "upper crust," he would inevitably arrive at that conclusion as the explanation.

For entirely beyond the appeal of the game as a game, the critical analyst will see in it something which we, who live under increasing pressure, have been mutely crying for. In college we got it easily in gang formation by smashing up the town after the big game—and in adult life many still achieve it by attending conventions, getting marvelously tight and throwing the furniture out of the hotel windows.

In short, the savage in us still rebels at the damnable orderliness of conventional civilization. Individually, we are afraid to flaunt public opinion: in a sympathetic group we are delighted to blow things helter-skelter. Hence the popularity of bowling.

For the essence of bowling is that it permits the most straight-laced citizen to unbend long enough to blast into utter confusion a regimented array of ten neatly arranged objects. A monkey-like pin boy puts them there, row upon row in tantalizing perfection, and for the small price of a quarter you can crash that orderliness

into a shambles with a sixteen-pound missile, and win the cheers of your compatriots too!

Verily, bowling is a swell game. And while those who know their business recommend it as a breeder of better industrial relations—and others advocate it as a healthy form of exercise for the immature and the aged—and still others favor it because it is an ideal conditioner for the sedentary—I like it because bowling is the civilized man's last chance to make a hell of a racket without apologizing to a soul!

So Take It Easy

by SANDERSON SMITH

September, 1936

ALL RIGHT, come on; I see you there. You're not really reading that great big shiny magazine; about a tenth of you is reading. The other nine-tenths is out somewhere lying around in a pair of swimming trunks. One of these days the nine-tenths will get control; you'll gallop off and spend a day, or maybe a week or two, at the beach or the river or the lake. Why?

For your health? No; heaven forfend! Swimming is the all-around healthiest exercise there is. It makes you waggle practically every muscle you own without violently pulling any single one. It mends your posture, and it's good for your gizzard and other organs. It takes off fat where you're bunchy, and it puts on flesh where you're scrawny. It makes you husky but not muscle-bound, lean but not skinny. Water and sunshine fix you up outside and in, softening, toughening and clearing up your skin, and of course plastering on the old coat of tan; soothing those frazzled nerves and filling you full of Vitamin D. True, but a dull reason for going to the beach.

For a change and a rest? That's your story, and you almost believe it.

Really, you're going for the purpose of having a good time, and you might better face the fact.

A lot of people go off to have a good time around the water . . . and don't have it. If you take the trouble to look at them you can see with half an eye what's holding them back.

Superstitions. Inhibitions, and that sort of thing.

Take the case of Mr. B, a typical Athletic Compulsion subject. You'll have to watch him closely to notice anything odd in his behavior; it's only when he takes his daily swim that his quirk is evident. Here he goes now. That's him over there on the beach. He takes a deep breath. His jaw sets. He's off!

Down the beach and headlong into the water. A flat racing dive. He's up, now; he's swimming. Zam, zam, zam, his flailing arms pummel the water. His churning feet leave a wake of spreading foam. Zam, zam, zam; he's half way to the float. On he goes; unfaltering. He's almost there. Zam, zam, zam; he reaches the float, snatches himself out of the water, sinks down on his stomach, lies there. Now it's his heart that's going zam, zam, zam; and his lungs are going wheeze. Return to your bridge game for half an hour, then take another look at the float. Aha! B is on his feet again. Again the chest expansion, the facial expression of purpose. The racing dive, and here he comes, zam, zam, zam, zam. When he gets ashore now, and throws himself down panting on his blanket, we can forget him. He's through for the day. Poor Mr. B.

Poor Mr. B. There's nothing that man would rather do than swim; yet once a day is all he can take. Naturally, at the hideous pace he sets himself. Why doesn't he take it easy? Athletic Compulsion.

B is a reader of magazines, a goer to moving pictures, a liver, in other words, of an average life. He reads articles on swimming, he notices advertisements of bathing wear, he sees swimmers in news reels and sports shorts, and in meets and exhibitions now and then. Wherever he notices people swimming, it seems to him, they're swimming fast. It's crept into his subconscious; he's built up, quite without realizing it, the belief—the superstition—that somehow it isn't sporting to swim unless you swim like the dickens all the time. He can't go slow. Athletic Compulsion.

Mr. McL's condition is more obvious than Mr. B's. You can spot Mr. McL any time except when he's in bed, and often then. He's a victim of the Ironman Delusion. Watch him as he arrives from the city, at five twenty-five the afternoon of the first day of his vacation. By five forty-seven he has dumped his bags in his cottage, hung up his dinner jacket to unwrinkle for an evening of dancing, got into his shorts and bathrobe, and trotted half way to the cove. By five fifty-three he has arrived, still trotting, at the cove, doffed his robe, and trotted on into the water. His is no sprinting style, but rather the long and powerful stroke of the marathoner. Darkness, fortunately or unfortunately, forces him to leave the water after only eleven round trips to the float. He trots back to the cottage, takes a shower, puts on his dinner jacket, and steps out.

Ah, Mr. McL—how fortunate you thought to prepare your tux for this evening! You don't know it, but this is your last evening of dancing *this* vacation.

Nine o'clock tomorrow morning will find you on the beach, stripped to the sun, starting your first water marathon (there'll be another around noon, two more only slightly shorter during the afternoon). Ten thirty will see you taking a brisk run on the beach. Between swims in the afternoon you'll have an hour of volley ball, an hour in a row boat, and a couple of twenty minute stretches of calisthenics. You'll go home and fall asleep in the bath tub, and move from there to bed about twelve-thirty.

The next day you'll feel not unbearably crisp and crinkly on your back and shoulders, though you'll be quite red; yes, really *quite* red. You won't discover the blisters until after your three o'clock mile; you won't get out of the sun, of course, until the sun goes down. But you won't feel hungry, somehow, for dinner; "too tired," you'll tell yourself. You won't sleep worth a hoot. And, what with fever, the weakness and the pain, you won't get out of bed in the morning. But don't worry; it's only a matter of time before someone will discover you and call in a doctor, who will doubtless be gifted enough to cure those burns so you can get out of bed by the end of your vacation.

Don't feel too sorry for Mr. McL; if sunburn hadn't got him, some other result of his idiocy would have. He was doomed from the moment he forgot that it's impossible to enjoy vacations just taking it easy—from the moment he became a prey of the Ironman Delusion.

No ironman is Mr. W; no athlete either, and he knows it. Mr. W is a Danger Deviser. Mr. W's mind has two parts, a department of storage and filing where he keeps all the accidents and mishaps he has ever heard of, together with original ones he has invented, and a department of inspiration and creation where he is able to fashion at a moment's notice from four to seven accidents to fit any given situation. Mr. W sits in the shade of a large umbrella throughout the day, wearing a visor and smoked glasses and quivering periodically with apprehension. Why he ever bothered to take off his clothes and come down near the water is a problem you must solve for yourself if you want it solved.

Now then:

Who are you?

Mr. B, Mr. McL, or Mr. W? Well, you're all of them to some extent; everybody is. Each of them, as you've seen, has been unable to cut loose and have a thoroughly good time. And you're all three!

Look yourself straight in the eye, and say to yourself in a rich baritone, "I realize fully that I am Mr. B, Mr. McL, and Mr. W." By doing that you've cleared half your hurdles.

More specifically, about your Athletic Compulsion: You don't want to look like a dub in the water; everybody is a good swimmer nowadays, and you're not going to lag behind. So you swim harder than there's any need to. (An Athletic Compulsion may be present in any pastime, as a matter of fact; but right now we're talking about water and swimming.)

Just how critical are you of other people when they swim? Critical . . . why, you seldom even notice other swimmers. And other swimmers seldom even notice you. So skip the selfconsciousness; forget it; slow down and have a good time. Take it easy.

Your Ironman Delusion is a little less simple. The McL in you is no show-off; as his initials might indicate, he's Scotch, and thrifty. He's come down here to have a good time, and he's going to make certain he's having one every moment. Fine; perfectly natural; but he doesn't think very clearly, and he certainly lacks imagination. He can't seem to remember that he's no athlete, that he's not even in especially good shape for a non-athlete. And on the other hand he can't invent ways of amusing himself which aren't unnecessarily strenuous.

An old codger who used to spend two weeks every summer at a little beach in California had the right idea. He may have been a McL to begin with, but years had cured him of his Ironman Delusion without robbing him of his love of long swims. He got himself a plank about four feet long, eighteen inches wide, and two or three inches thick. He rounded off the corners and nailed some old rubber hose all around the edge for a buffer. He used to be out for hours cruising around the bay on that thing, swimming and pushing it, lying on it and paddling and kicking, often just lying on it and drifting. He got his time's worth out of every moment of his two weeks, and he didn't kill himself off either. If I hadn't had such a bad case of Athletic Compulsion at the time you bet I would have had a little plank too, and gone out and dawdled around rising and falling on the waves and watching the

little people on the beach and dodging the seagulls and giving my ears a rest from chatter.

How is the water where you swim? Clear? If it's not absolutely murky, you ought to be able to find more interesting things under the water than on top of it. It's rather difficult to observe things beneath the water, though. You can't see down from the surface very well, because ripples distort your vision. And if you dive or swim underwater you still can't see clearly; the lenses of the human eye are set to receive light coming through air, and when your eyes are in contact with the denser medium of water your vision, though it's undistorted, is blurred.

To look down from the surface, you need to smooth the ripples somehow. The best tool is what's variously called a waterscope, an aquascope, or a waterglass; simply a bucket with a glass bottom. Cut the bottom out of a pail or a large tin can, seal on—with putty, liquid solder, even candle wax or adhesive tape—a piece of flat glass. Set the waterscope on the water, press it down so the glass end is clear in, and look into the open end. You can see just as if there weren't any water. If that's too much bother, simply stick a three-foot length of four to six inch pipe endwise into the water and look through it. There's no positive smoothing of the surface, like that accomplished by the waterscope, but the pipe acts as a windbreak and does away with most of the ripples.

For seeing clearly while you yourself are underwater, the most satisfactory thing is a pair of water goggles; they're used chiefly by pearl, sponge and abalone fishermen, but you can buy them at most sporting goods stores around the water. Adjust them so they fit good and tight. And have a few drops of water inside each lens when you put them on; then you'll have something to rinse the glass with if it fogs up.

You can get an unblurred look underwater, not badly ripple distorted, just by trapping bubbles of air against your eye. Put a hand on each side of your face, like a horse's blinder, with the thumb toward your ear and the base joint of the forefinger against the outer end of your eye socket. So long as your face is pointed straight down you can hold air in front of your eyes; if it leaks out, bubble some more in from your mouth.

Long swims with a plank to rest on, easy-going underwater explorations—those are just two of the possible ways of getting a kick out of the water without giving all you've got all the time.

Is there a surf? Try riding it on a board; or without a board, just floating on your face or your back. Is there a beach? Lie down on it and relax. Delusion or no delusion, you are no ironman, and you better realize it before you spoil your vacation altogether. Take it easy.

Take it easy in the sun, too. Naturally you'd like to get tan as soon as you can. All right, do it—but don't try to get tan *sooner* than you can. On your first day, give yourself an hour in the early morning sun. Then stay in the shade till late afternoon. See how you look; if you look OK, take another hour. Give yourself an hour and a half next morning, if you aren't too burned. And so on. If you use a little judgment and have plenty of pigment in your skin you can tan yourself nicely in a week. Cook yourself thoroughly the first day and you'll not only have a miserable time but lose your opportunity for a tan besides.

Beware of misty days, by the way. Infra-red rays will come right through water vapor and burn you, but ultra-violet rays are stopped, so your burn never does turn into a tan.

Now for the Danger Deviser, the Mr. W in you. A lot of your fears are exaggerated; a lot more of them are totally unfounded.

Lurking behind all the other fears is that of drowning, a grotesque and shapeless sort of fear—and in itself a very foolish one. Nobody ever just drowned; invariably something happens first, to lead to the drowning. If you don't believe that, go on in the water and try to drown yourself. Just try. So cross drowning, as such, off your list.

You've heard a lot about undertows. They exist, all right; but you've got the wrong idea of what they are. You think, or at least most people do, that an undertow is a downward swirl which seizes you in its icy grasp, pulls you to the very bottom, and sits on your chest, sneering. Fiddle. An undertow is no more than a current, underwater, which moves in the direction opposite to the current on the surface. Where water is coming in in waves on the surface, it's usually going out again, beneath. If you stand up in the surf, perhaps the undertow will sweep your feet from under you. But if you can swim—and all this is on the assumption that you can—what do you care? Suppose it's a very devil of a current, close to the surface and too strong to swim against? Drift along the beach fifty or a hundred yards and you'll find you can come in all right.

Another thing you're constantly expecting to be grabbed by is

weeds. Weeds don't grab people; they're not meat eaters. If the weeds are underwater, lie close to the surface and you won't even know they're there. If they're spread out on the surface, you can see them and swim around them. As a matter of fact, you can, if you're willing to take your time and go slow, swim right through any clump of weeds in the Western Hemisphere. Or Eastern.

If somebody throws you right in the middle of a marine thicket, lie level on the water, take small, conservative strokes, and you'll have no trouble swimming out.

You're afraid of cramps, and certainly people do get them in the water now and then. There is one cramp which is dangerous, cramp of the stomach or diaphragm; cases of stomach cramp are very rare. A cramp anywhere else can be broken by forcibly stretching out the affected muscle. Cramp in your foot? Pull your toes up toward you with your hand, and straighten your knee; it will hurt a little, but it will break the cramp. Cramp in the calf of your leg? Cramp in the back of your thigh? Same treatment. Cramp in the front of your thigh? Get hold of your foot and pull it up till the sole is against your buttock; then hold it there and swing your knee down and back under you. Cramp in the shoulder muscles back of your neck? Force your head forward till your chin is on your chest, and roll it from side to side.

You can break cramps in the water, or you can swim ashore and then break them. But whichever you do stay out of the water for a little while, and give the muscle a rubdown to help circulation.

Learn to float in some position, on your back or with your feet hanging below you, so that you can keep your nose and mouth above the water without moving a muscle.

If you can do that, Mr. W, the chances against your drowning are a million to one.

Don't swim within two hours after eating.

Digestion usually takes that long, and though nobody knows what causes stomach cramps, swimming while you're digesting food seems to have something to do with it.

Don't swim when you're feeling off form, or when you're very tired or very hot. Or When You're Plastered.

You aren't normal under those circumstances. Your judgment is bad, as well as your physical condition and endurance.

Don't swim absolutely alone; always try to keep within sight and hollering distance of somebody or other.

And all of you—B, McL, and W—for safety, for health, for enjoyment: take it easy.

One Second to Make Up Your Mind

By GEORGE HALAS

November, 1937

JIM THORPE, Bronko Nagurski and Red Grange sat together on a bench in the dressing room of our Chicago Bears early this year out in California. Looking at them, I thought, "There's an entire backfield, even without a quarter." If Ernie Nevers, George Gipp, Dutch Clark and Paddy Driscoll had been present, my all-time, all-star set of backs would have been complete. That is based on personal experience with or against all of them on the field of play.

For example, the only really top-heavy defeat our Chicago Bears ever suffered, a score of 40 to 7, was administered by Ernie Nevers' team and Ernie personally scored each of the forty points.

All of them—Nevers, Thorpe, Gipp, Clark, Nagurski, Grange, and Driscoll—had hair-trigger football minds. No one of them went into action on any play with a question mark in his brain.

Now, one second is a mighty short space of time—a mere wave of the hand. If you had to make up your mind to change jobs, buy a house, get married or unmarried—all in one second—to say that you wouldn't like it probably sets a new high in understatement. But in the football game you watch this week-end, the issue may be decided by a right or wrong decision, arrived at in the twinkling of an eye.

This decision will be made while twenty-two men are in motion and the movements of eleven of those men are cunningly contrived to deceive one or two key men on the defensive team. We are in an era of deception in football and presently we'll cite examples of how tough it is to make one of those one-second decisions, with very little evidence on which to base judgment.

I don't refer to decisions made as a result of a tip-off of the coming play, resulting from reading the intention of the attacking team by its formation and the placing of key men. Such tip-offs are not uncommon in football, a result of careful scouting.

For example, word has gotten around in coaching circles about the defensive methods which have often proved successful against the Notre Dame system of offense. Most coaches know about them, but they are far from public knowledge. For instance, the attacking direction of scores of high school and college teams which rigidly follow the basic Notre Dame style of play, can be forecast by the movement of the quarterback. If he goes to the left to block, the play will also go that way, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. If he blocks on the right side, the ball carrier will ultimately try to break through on that side.

Also, the defense of many teams against high school and college elevens using the orthodox Notre Dame style, is guided by the position of the fullback just before the ball is snapped. If he is in one spot, they can reliably forecast the point and method of attack. If he is in another spot, they know what to expect with considerable surety.

Lest Notre Dame followers think I am revealing secrets precious to Elmer Layden, Noble Kizer, Jim Crowley and others, I hasten to add that they would yawn if you told them you had just read how to stop Notre Dame. They would also probably add that the Notre Dame system is still doing all right.

For that matter, every top-flight coach is conscious of the probability that the opposition has discovered tip-offs in his attack. For three years the Chicago Bears led the National Football League in yardage gained. In 1936 we dropped to second place. Our operatives reported that the other teams were reading our offensive cards. Our offense has been markedly revamped for the current season. Tip-offs, as they are known to the trade, are carefully guarded by the coach who makes the discovery. The trouble is that the coach usually has two or three friends in the profession to whom he passes the word along. Eventually, therefore, some coach, after an involved ritual in which he pledges utmost secrecy, is given a tip-off which eighteen of his fellows have already bestowed upon him with the same hushed accents.

Right now, in a confidential aside, I am going to pass on to other coaches in the National League a tip on something we discovered about Ernie Pinckert, of Southern California, now with the Washington Redskins, formerly the Boston Club. Long ago we found out that when Pinckert assumed his offensive stance with one hand on the ground, his assignment was to block our end or tackle.

When he lined up with his elbows on his knees we knew he was going to carry the ball on a reverse.

And now, let's get on with the proposition of making a decision in one second. Inasmuch as most football shoptalk begins or ends with Jim Thorpe, the big Indian may well be used as our takeoff.

One day our Hammond professionals were playing the Canton Bulldogs who had Thorpe in the lineup. Our team included the famous Wyman-to-Baston forward passing combination from Minnesota and also Hauser of the Gophers; Shorty Des Jardien, Stagg's great center; Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern and others of like caliber.

Well, we worked the ball down to Canton's one yard line, fourth down and goal to make, with big Jim backing up the Bulldog's line. Our quarter called for a buck inside the opposing tackle by Gil Falcon, our 235-pound fullback, who had a terrific charge. As the ball was snapped, I got a good blocking angle on the Bulldog tackle moving him out while Hugh Blacklock, our own tackle, drove in Doctor Spears, the adjacent opposing guard. Seeing the vacancy thus created, Jim Thorpe threw his body into the hole without waiting for the play to develop. Wow! He crashed into Falcon about a yard on our side of the line of scrimmage and knocked the giant fullback back an additional three yards.

Taking over the ball on downs, Thorpe punted out of bounds on our nineteen yard line. One moment we had been knocking at the door to a touchdown; the next we were eighty-one yards away. It was very discouraging to a bruised, tired team.

This isn't a Jim Thorpe article but it is hard to get off the subject of the big fellow. I can testify that he had a double quota of the milk of human kindness; with all of his power he was never deliberately cruel. As evidence, I cite a game wherein he had the opportunity to crucify me, but didn't. That was when I caught a forward pass in Jim's defensive zone, fell, and tried to crawl forward an extra yard or two. Under the present rules, as you know, the ball is dead when any part of the ball carrier's body other than his feet, touches the ground.

Before the passage of that rule a runner who attempted to roll or crawl forward was, in football parlance, "asking for it." If he got a lot of knees in his back and his head torn off, he could not yelp a legitimate protest.

Hence, when I tried to crawl, Thorpe could have murdered me.

Instead, he simply threw one leg over me, bore me to the ground and said, "If Georgie wants to play horsie, Jim will ride him."

Let's have a look now at a situation in modern football requiring a decision which Bill Karr, our right end, must make in one second several times during the afternoon when we play the Detroit Lions.

That little problem is put up to Karr when Detroit starts one of its infamous sweeps around the weak, or short side, of our line after the shift to the right. To Karr it looks like the charge of the Light Brigade because the Lions' tackle and guard join the backs to run interference for that swift, ground-gaining fool, Ernie Caddell of Stanford. And those blockers run hard and hit hard, make no mistake about that!

During the second required to get that massive, but beautifully timed formation underway, Karr must choose between two courses of action. He may decide to try to keep his feet, fighting off the two backs who head the procession and drifting with the runner, until the marines arrive to help him. Or he can knife in, going under the entire interference at its inception in an attempt to upset the whole lot. I have seen him stack up the gang many times. He is not large, as league players go, but very able and adept at throwing his weight about.

Bill Karr is warlike only while the battle is on. When there is no action, he is quiet and almost shy. Hence, I was a little surprised when he flew into a rage at me, during a lull in a game between the Green Bay Packers and the Bears. We had taken the ball to the Green Bay two-yard line and there Bronko Nagurski was badly hurt. I got permission from the officials to go on the field and have a look at the Bronk. I stood beside Karr as the trainer worked on Nagurski. Karr had had a crack on the head on the preceding play, for he suddenly looked around in amazement and asked, "How in the world did we get clear down here?"

I guessed that he was out of his head so I asked him, "What do you do on 12-29, Bill?" The question angered him. He yanked off his headgear, threw it on the ground and I thought he was going to swing at me.

"It's a fine thing!" he said. "It's a fine thing when the coach doesn't even know his own signals. How can we beat a tough outfit like this when the coach doesn't know we haven't got any 12-29?"

It so happens that 12-29 is a forward pass play with Karr on the receiving end. So I said, "Come on, Bill, let's get away from all

these people and go for a quiet walk." The quiet walk was to the bench, where the fog enveloping Bill soon wore off.

That game brought out another example of one-second thinking by Lou Gordon, Green Bay tackle. It involved a punch which traveled about thirty yards. Now the contests between the Packers and Bears are played for keeps; both teams try to keep unnecessary roughness down to a minimum, but when big, muscular, young men are in continuous body contact it isn't any wonder that a fist flies occasionally. Joe Stydahar, our giant tackle, was enjoying a respite on the bench when he saw Beattie Feathers' head suddenly jerk backward from a well placed uppercut and Stydahar credited Lou Gordon of Green Bay with the punch. He was wrong, as it later developed, for Gordon was not the hitter.

Even so, Stydahar started his punch from the ground as he left the bench and he was still throwing it in one motion when he approached Gordon, who had been thirty yards away when the swing got under way. Someone yelled, "Look out, Lou!" and Gordon glanced up just in time. He didn't have a second to make a decision; in a flash he made up his mind—to duck! Stydahar's fist sailed past, pulling the big tackle after it and depositing him on the ground, face down.

After the game the boys were brought together and shook hands. But Gordon told Stydahar aggrievedly, "Say, if you had hit me I might have been hurt bad!" The Bears reassured him, telling him he would merely have been short one head!

Hurried thinking is the rule rather than the exception in major football competition, whether college or professional. Sometimes a forward passer has to make a lightning decision. One such instance comes to my mind, involving the great forward passing battery of the Green Bay Packers—namely, Arnold Herber throwing touchdown passes to Don Hutson, formerly of Alabama. Don Hutson, you may recall, was the hero of the Crimson Tide's victory over Stanford in the Rose Bowl two or three years ago.

Don is a great pass receiver. He is extraordinarily fast and frequently runs away from the man assigned to guard him. He cuts in and cuts back with the elusiveness of a great open field runner. But it is well to remember that in Arnold Herber he had a pitcher who throws nothing but strikes.

The incident I have led up to occurred in a game against the Bears. As Hutson sped down the field on a forward pass play, two

of our backs covered him, one ahead to his right, the other to his left. Herber saw the defenders closing in and knew that Hutson had little chance of taking a pass thrown ahead of him. The passer anticipated Hutson's next move and threw the ball short. His anticipation was perfect, for Hutson, without looking over his shoulder, suddenly stopped dead, whirled and came back, to find the ball floating to him. Had he not raised his hands and gathered it in, the ball would have struck his chest, so accurate was Herber's timing.

On all forward passes, of course, a secondary defense man is constantly confronted with the problem of instantaneous action, when a few steps in the wrong direction can lead to disaster. If you want to see this problem for yourself, watch the secondary defense men, instead of the forward passer, when it is obvious that a pass play is developing. At least one unlucky defender will have to make up his mind between two potential receivers, either of whom may be in line to take the throw.

One of the toughest quick decisions to make in football is required of the safety man when he must field a punt on his own 15- or 18-yard line with the opposing ends bearing down on him. Any decision he makes involves risk. If he signals for a fair catch, his team is placed in a bad spot. If he decides to catch the ball and try to run it back, he may fumble, the opponents may recover and the enemy is then within easy striking distance of a touchdown. If he decides to let the ball strike the ground and roll over the line for a touchback, there is always the strong possibility that the crazy thing may bounce backward or sideways, roll out of bounds on the one- or two-yard line or be recovered by an alert, fast end before it crosses the goal.

Along with practically all other football fanatics, I get a kick out of the safety man who doesn't hesitate to field the ball and run it back. The masters of punt returns, within my experience, were or are Keith Molesworth of Monmouth; Cliff Battles of West Virginia Wesleyan; Dutch Clark of Colorado; Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern; Bob Monett of Michigan State; Joe Laws of Iowa, and a fellow named Grange.

And while we're on the subject of punting I'll confide that there is a player on our Bears' squad who can punt sixty-five and seventy-five yards at will but is never permitted to boot the ball. The player is Jack Manders, who has place kicked 179 out of 182 attempts at

conversion after touchdowns. He has also won so many games for us by field goals that the sports writers call him "Automatic Jack."

Two years ago I unwisely decided to let Jack do the punting in our post-season exhibition games on the Pacific Coast. He punted in practice all week before the first game and kicked 65 and 75 yards regularly. In the game he also booted high, long and handsome. But he attempted three easy field goals and missed all three! That was when I decided he was through as a punter. A little research revealed the reason punting and place kicking do not mix.

A good kicker meets the ball with his instep arched high and his toes straight, possibly bent down a little. Moreover, he whips his foot across the ball to get a spiral. In place kicking, success depends upon meeting the ball squarely, with the toes slightly upturned, the arch down, with a straight follow-through. The entire procedure is exactly opposite that involved in punting.

You are asked to bear with me now, while I relate an example of spur-of-the-moment thinking by your tale teller. It is recited chiefly because it brings old Jim Thorpe back into the picture. Only a few people know that Jim chased me on the longest run in the history of football—140 yards; not, however, as the crow flies. You won't find the run in the record book, but Thorpe will verify it.

It happened in a professional football game. With the field as sticky as molasses and the ball as slippery as a watermelon seed, Jim fumbled on our four-yard line and Georgie Halas, who happened to be loitering in the neighborhood, picked up the ball and started to run, with Thorpe in hot pursuit and mad as a hornet. Although I had a good lead I knew that Jim would overtake me and like all great men in a crisis I had an inspiration. I knew Thorpe never made an orthodox tackle. He simply threw his body at the runner, or whipped a leg across him bringing him down boom!

I wasn't interested so much in the possible touchdown, as in avoiding being brought down boom—so when I judged that Thorpe was near enough to launch his body at me like one of Jehovah's thunderbolts, I zigged to the right. When he approached again, I zagged to the left. I kept zigging, then zagging until we reached the fifteen-yard line. There Jim threw himself at me, his hands slapping one of my heels. The slap upset me but I rolled over and onto my feet, reeling across the goal line. There I flopped on my back with no interest whatever in anything, especially football. Finally enough strength returned to enable me to rise up on my

elbow and look back at Thorpe. He was still lying on his back in the mud on the fifteen-yard line, spread eagled, and equally disinterested in current events. Later, we calculated that we had run 140 yards, in round figures, in what is usually called a "veritable quagmire."

The tackle is the boy who has to make some quick decisions and opposing teams and coaches do everything within their power to help him guess the wrong way. In major football, the attacking team asks only that it can successfully lure the defensive tackle one foot out of position.

As an illustration, I'll expose a cute little plot cooked up by the New York Giants against our Bear tackles. This may be the Giants' first notification that we were on to their crafty maneuver. I'll expose it here for it is not too technical.

Frequently the Giants' end would line up two yards away from his own tackle instead of the usual one yard. They hoped our tackle's innermost thoughts would be something like this: "Oh ho! That end has moved out so he can hit me from the side and box me in, with the play going outside me. I'll fix their little game. I'll move out wide also."

That was what the Giants wanted. If the tackle moved out, they'd cross him by sending the ball carrier inside him. An alternative hope was that when the tackle moved out wider than normally the entire Bear line would overshift, paving the way for a reverse to the other flank.

One of the features of our own offense, the man-in-motion, is designed to give the opposing end and secondary men food for lightning, and we hope, confused, thought.

When the Bears come out of the huddle and go into battle formation, we often send one of the halfbacks galloping far to the left or right. Let's assume it is to the right. When he gets out there, any one of several things may happen. He may be used merely as a decoy, to pull one of the secondary defense men out of position, leaving a vacancy into which a forward pass may be thrown.

Again, a lateral pass may be thrown to the man on the outpost. He may then run with the ball if he isn't properly covered or he may relay the ball to an eligible receiver ranging downfield.

On the other hand, he may come charging back, moving momentarily toward his own goal, as the ball is snapped, to comply with the rules, then swerving in to get a sideswipe at the opposing end.

The end must not only be prepared for this contingency, but he also must look out for blockers from the opposite direction.

Yes, football is a lovely game, with offenses growing more complicated each year, as coaches strive for deception, deception, deception. That is all right with me. The game now places a premium on both physical and mental speed, on the part of the players, with decreasing emphasis on aimless, brute strength. That is why you will find big fellows sitting on many a bench while smaller, more agile and faster-thinking men carry on. But when you have a big powerful fellow who thinks fast and moves fast, then you have something. If you know any of that type give me a ring.

Modern Sporting Rifles

by MONROE H. GOODE

December, 1940

THE TRUE gun fan is a queer duck. He loves his shooting irons more than some men love their wives, and he may lavish upon them more affection. Possibly you will grasp the seriousness of his malady when we tell you it is even more deeply-rooted than that of the butterfly collector, the fly-fisherman, or the stamp collector. Now that we have the species identified, we shall hurry on.

This spasm on sporting firearms, which might be tagged a powwow on "fall rifle creations" or "advice to frustrated sportsmen," was conceived for the real "gun-nut" and not for the genus homo who, the minute he barges into a gun shop, comes down with an acute attack of buy-ology.

We have learned a lot about sporting arms in the last few years and more about military arms in the last few weeks, and when "finis" is written on the current blood-bath in Europe, you will witness a deluge of fresh-hatched sporting arms.

One hundred years ago a rifle was practically a social outcast unless it could sport a barrel of 48 inches or thereabouts—nearly as long as a fishing rod. Shotgun barrels were almost as bad. Custom and other factors made for long barrels. Long barrels were necessary to give time for the complete combustion of the full charge of slow-burning black powder, to increase the sighting radius, (as accuracy of aim is in proportion to the distance between the two iron sights), to afford ample weight for steady holding, and to neutralize recoil, and muzzle blast, and finally to "make her look like a sure 'nuf gun." But the rifleman paid a stiff price for these real or fancied assets. Long and heavy rifle barrels are unwieldy, cumbersome, and slow-pointing, and these qualities quite offset the advantages in the other direction. New powders have altered the whole rifle-shooting setup.

Many high-intensity rifle cartridges developed with special

powders have their own characteristics as to rate of burning, and they are very sensitive to changes in barrel lengths. Barrel lengths of 24 inches are standard for velocity tests of sporting arms; and for barrels a few inches shorter or a few inches longer the velocity of high-power rifles varies from 20 to 40 foot-seconds per inch; in barrels under 20 inches the ratio increases greatly.

Usage has decreed these lengths:

Small-bore (.22 caliber) rifles for hunting and tin-can shooting, 20 to 27 inches, with 24 inches as the best compromise.

Small-bore target rifles, 28 inches.

Standard rifles for medium and big game shooting, 24 inches. If the rifle is to be carried largely in a saddle scabbard, 20 to 22 inches is best.

Extra-long-range hunting rifles such as the new .300 Winchester Magnum, 26 inches.

Big-bore (.30 caliber) target rifles such as the Winchester Bull gun in the .300 Magnum, 30 inches.

* * *

Rifle weights have undergone just as radical changes as barrel lengths. When the West was young and crude, the sturdy pioneer saddled himself with a ponderous arm weighing 16 to 25 pounds, and in his iron grasp it may have been as wieldy as a baton—not so with his puny offspring.

If perchance our hero happens to be a big game hunter with a yen for snooping around over stilted mountains after bucks that seem to be on transcontinental tours, and dotes on inhaling his fresh air on the hoof, he will need a lot of courage even to think of juggling an anchor-like arm in the high stretches where the air is thin and the grades are steep. Mountain scaling is a sport for youth—well, at any rate not for the Nimrod who has passed mile Number 40, or who happens to be a bottle-scarred veteran with little regard for girth control. In those rarified vacuums that seem constantly to pursue you in the high country, a heavy rifle wears you down to a nubbin.

Light equipment with more miles and more fun, and less fatigue is immeasurably preferable to heavy stuff with less miles, less fun and more fatigue. So, choose a lightweight, portable rifle, with medium-length barrel, even if it cannot be held as steady as a heavy one and even at the cost of increased muzzle blast and recoil and decreased velocity.

Weights of hunting and plinking .22 caliber rifles should vary from five to eight pounds, depending upon the strength of the shooter and the type of shooting; special chuck or prairie-dog rifles, 9 to 12 pounds; informal .22 caliber-target rifles, 8 to 10 pounds; special match-target rifles, 10 to 12½ pounds, depending upon the brawn of the shooter.

Standard big-game rifles: 7¼ to 8¼ pounds; if to be carried in saddle boot, 6 to 7¼ pounds.

Extra-long-range, scope-sighted rifles, for special types of hunting, mainly sheep and goat rifles, 8½ to 9 pounds. This is not the rifle for the ordinary hunter but for the expert Nimrod who knows what it's all about.

.22 caliber arms

More changes are taking place in the various lines of .22 caliber rim-fire rifles than in any other. Here are a few of our observations:

Slide-action rifles have lost their grip. Their accuracy is of a low order as a rule, and there have been practically no improvements since they were first introduced nearly forty years ago. A scope cannot be used to advantage on those with top ejection, and this has proved a serious handicap. Speed of fire is about their only excuse for existence.

Bolt-action repeaters and automatics have revolutionized .22 rim-fire rifles. They put the bee on the slide-actions.

Bolt-action repeaters are being made with fuller butt plates, larger grips, fuller forearms, better safeties, longer and heavier barrels made of better steel, and with a speed-action, one that won't spatter oil all over your cheaters. Action of the bolt rifles is superb —far superior to anything in the slide-action line.

Rifles with tubular magazines predominate because they hold more hulls but they are not so safe as rifles with box magazines. Shooters don't like to be reloading all the time. The trend in all .22's is toward better sights, with aperture (peep) sights predominating —some of them with micrometer adjustments for elevation and windage.

Bolt handles and actions are so constructed that scopes may be mounted in low position, which is a decided break for the rifleman, as well as for the scope manufacturer.

Most of the better-grade rifles and some of the cheap ones are

equipped with detachable sling swivels, and in many cases, slings are furnished. Flush take-down screws in the forearms make a big hit with the man who carries his rifle balanced in one hand, and who doesn't most of the time?

Some splendid low-priced .22 automatic rifles have recently been placed on the market, but one or two pack a lot of static.

Two keen, medium-priced target rifles have made their appearance in recent months. They feature superb accuracy, unusually well-designed target stocks, good target sights, and fast ignition.

HIGH-POWER RIFLES

In the high-power field, we see tremendous advancement and pleasing refinements. The big game rifles feature stocks of advance design, of finer quality, and artistically ornamented, fuller forearms, neatly checkered; more carefully bored barrels; actions affording smooth, fast ignition; actions and bolts designed to facilitate the use of scopes; iron sights are of sturdier construction, most of them of the aperture (peep) variety, many with micrometer adjustments for windage and elevation. These sights can be locked so as to prevent unintentional change.

Especially sturdy actions designed to handle high intensity cartridges are a major improvement of the newer high-power arms.

Front sight ramps add neatness as well as efficiency to the de luxe hunting rifles.

Cheek-rests have been featured on the better quality of arms.

Quick-detachable sling swivels and neat one-inch sporting-type leather slings have been added to the finest grade of rifles—a great help in carrying the rifle as well as in tying down the rifleman's wildest gyrations, as the hunter who has to trek over much rough terrain will observe, if he is a very observing party.

CALIBERS FOR ALL SPECIES OF GAME

Our advice to the big game hunter is to get riveted to a rifle that will hand the quarry a terrific jolt and set him back on his haunches. What is needed is a rifle with a margin of power—excess foot-pounds—for the animal hunted. No genuine sportsman wants to use an arm that he knows is too light to give quick, clean kills with the minimum suffering. "Clean kills and no cripples" call for

an arm that packs a wallop. Better to have too much than too little power. Here are some specific recommendations:

For squirrels, crows, hawks, (depending upon regulations) and the lighter varieties of vermin, the .22 caliber long rifle, solid or hollow-point bullets, standard or high-speed. Cartridges with standard velocities are the most accurate, but the high-speed variety are the best killers.

For jack rabbits at short range, and some of the larger varieties of vermin, the .22 Winchester Rim Fire (.22 Remington Special) and the .25 Stevens Rim Fire. These calibers are a little shy of killing power for real tough varmints.

For general jack rabbit shooting, prairie dogs, woodchucks, buzzards, badgers, wildcats, and foxes, the .218 Winchester Bee, Winchester .219 Zipper, .22 Hornet, and .25-20.

For coyotes and lobos, the .220 Winchester Swift, .22 Savage Hi-Power, .25-35, .250-3000 Savage, .257 Roberts, .270 Winchester, and 7 mm.

For deer, sheep and antelope, .250-3000 Savage, .257 Roberts, .270 Winchester, 7 mm., .30-40 Krag, .300 Savage, .30-30, .30-06, and .300 Magnum.

For black bear, goat, caribou, and elk, the .270 Winchester, 7 mm., .300 Savage, .30-40 Krag, .300 Magnum, and .348 Winchester.

For moose, grizzly and Kodiac bear, and African and Indian soft skin game, the .30-06, .300 Winchester Magnum, .348 Winchester, (Short-range) and .375 Winchester Magnum.

For dangerous African and Indian game, the .470 double barrel Nitro Express rifle.

* * *

We now propose to unscramble a few of the better firearms by naming names and by giving you the dope on them. Let's start with the .22's. The first rifle we want to tell you about was spawned by Winchester—the Winchester Model 52 Sporting rifle—the pièce de résistance of all sporting rifles. It's a diamond in a field of chipped-glass—the rifle for the connoisseur. Built on a splendid new bolt action, it features a stock that fits the average man like a glove, and makes him wonder if it wasn't hand-tailored to his measure. With a nicely tapered, racy barrel, as pleasing to the eye as it is accurate and equipped with sights that are simple, sturdy, and dependable, the rifle is as eye-filling as a trim ankle. No doubt about it, when

you spot that pip of a rifle in which are blended beauty and utility your heart will turn flip-flops. But ninety dollars is a tidy sum even for the sweetest little rifle that ever saw the light of day.

If the bank account can't stand the pressure of the de luxe Winchester 52 Sporting rifle, perhaps you would like to consider the new Winchester 75 Sporting rifle, built on the same chassis as the crack Winchester 75 Target rifle. The engineer who designed this neat little package must have kept in the back of his mind's eye the hunter with the ever transparent pocketbook, of which there seem to be skads here and there and around and about nowadays. A man can occasionally hold out 30 bucks on the little woman, but to loot the family till to the tune of 90 smackers might be disastrous. For the fan who wants something substantially better than the run-of-the-mill rifles, the Winchester 75 Sporting rifle should tickle him pink. It is a bolt-action rifle, with a darb of a stock which is checkered and it is fitted with steel butt plate; 24-inch tapered barrel, 1-inch sling swivels, and can be had in two standard sight combinations. Designers stressed utility more than refinements—refinements contribute eye-appeal, but little utility. Just the gun if you're low on chips. Better sneak a peek.

Remington Model 513-S "Sporter" is one of the latest rifles to take a bow. It's strictly a man-sized arm with neat appearance and good weight. It is a smart, streamlined sporting rifle with excellent pistol grip stock, a good action, and pleasing lines. That rifle is going places, and it isn't going to be long about it either. Savage 23-AA is one of the older rifles but it has proved its mettle.

In the medium-priced target rifles there are two newcomers that rate special mention. One is the Winchester Model 75 Target rifle which has the same speed action as the 75 Sporting rifle but is fitted with a target stock, with adjustable sling swivels, a 28-inch barrel, drilled and tapped for target scope blocks, and is furnished with a Winchester extension rear peep sight, similar to Lyman 52 sight. Both front and rear sights are quickly detachable, and leave the rifle clean for scope. Weight about 8 pounds with sling; 7½ pounds without. This is a keen target rifle of its class and is going great.

Remington "Matchmaker" Model 513-T is a little brother to the superb Remington Model 37 "Rangemaster," except that it is a popular-priced arm, with lighter barrel and slightly smaller stock. The barrel is of the semi-floating match type, 27 inches long, and

the weight of the arm with the leather sling, which is furnished, is 9 pounds. Fitted with a splendid medium-priced stock, with adjustable sling swivels, and Redfield globe front sight. The rifle is equipped with speed ignition, trigger pull is smooth and crisp with anti-backlash trigger stop. In the Remington 513-T Target rifle, we have a keen arm upon which any manufacturer should be proud to hang his monogram, and further, it's going to give shooters a sensation and competitors a headache. Unless we are a locoed prophet, this new target rifle is going to bring down showers of manna from heaven in the form of cash orders. The new Remington has basked little in the limelight to date, but it is a comer as sure as shooting.

Savage Model 19 and Stevens Model 416-2 bolt-action rifles continue to give a good account of themselves in the medium-priced target rifle class. They are too well known to require description here.

There is this to be said about commercial small-bore .22 caliber target rifles for match shooting: You couldn't run fast enough to hand a veteran "belly-shooter" anything but one of the two standbys, the Winchester Model 52 with either heavy barrel or extra heavy barrel (Bull Gun) with Marksman stock—a rifle to hang your eyes on—the choice of champs for years—the rifle of 10,000 X's—or the revamped Remington Model 37 "Rangemaster" (1940 version) with new Remington-Randle target stock, and the Reminton-Sweany speed-trigger with anti-backlash stop—a rifle that will make your heart skip a coupla beats unless the old pump is petrified. If you are going out for blood in this small-bore festival, you might just as well make up your mind to jar loose from enough turnips to get yourself one of these whizz-dingers, as nothing else is just as good or even nearly as good, although some of the custom jobs on these two actions have plenty on the ball. The stocks of these two rifles are the acme of perfection for the average shooter, and if necessary they can be worked over to fit the Hunchback of Notre Dame. The barrels of these two commercial rifles will groove 'em as well as the best custom-tailored barrels, or better on the average, and they cost a lot less.

In the commercial high-power, bolt-action field, Winchester Model 70 and Remington Model 720, stand head and shoulders above all competitors. The Winchester is made in two grades—Standard and Super Grade, and in three types: Sporting rifle, short

rifle and target. Barrel lengths of Winchester sporting rifles, 20, 24, 25, and 26 inches. The Remington is made in one grade only. Barrel lengths, 20, 22, and 24 inches.

Lever-action fans have a larger assortment from which to choose. In the medium-power field, there are the crack Models 64 (made in two grades: Standard and Deer rifle and in two barrel lengths, 20 and 24 inches) and the Winchester Model 65.

In the high-power line, there are three lever-action rifles of unusual merit, the Winchester Models 64 and 71, and the Savage Model 99 series with solid frames.

* * *

The secret of skill in shooting at game in motion with rifle or shotgun is a little matter of timing, which is rated as one of the fine arts; but the technique of shooting with the two types of arms is entirely different. Keep the rifle stationary when firing at moving game instead of "following through" as does the shotgun shooter. Simply align your sights just ahead of the fleeing animal and then when he gets to the right place, according to your calculations, squeeze her off in the approved fashion. Running game, like birds in flight, do not stop to wait for your bullet—you must shoot ahead of the moving target—lead, as we say in the vernacular, to make up for the speed of the animal, for the time necessary to squeeze off your shot, and for the time it takes the bullet to reach the moving target. If you want to fail completely just try to hold it on 'em and "follow through" with the rifle as is the custom with the shotgun. That's the right way to make the wrong start and to go forward in reverse.

There is a right and wrong way to shoot, but the natural inclination is to do it the wrong way. Keep both eyes open when shooting, provided your aiming eye is also your master eye. Nature did not provide you with two eyes without cause. Why cut down your vision over 50 per cent when you can use two eyes for the price of one? Your eyes are range finders, employing the same principles but not to the same degree as the range-finders on a battleship and with two eyes you possess the faculty of seeing stereoptically.

With two-eyed vision you are more likely to detect the presence in line of fire of a companion or a domestic animal, and it is considered very bad taste in polite society to plug your host, or his pedigreed bull. In rare instances, a hunter may find that he can do better shooting by partly closing the non-aiming eye instead of

keeping it wide open. Try both methods thoroughly before settling to one, but if your master eye is also your aiming eye, it's almost a cinch that you can do better shooting with both eyes open.

Well, so long for this time and "May your trigger finger never lose its magic!"

Is Basketball a Killer?

by MARSHALL DIEBOLD

April, 1942

THE DAY after the Homecoming football game at Carleton in 1930, when I had just begun preparing for my first season as a basketball coach, six of our students were stricken by poliomyelitis—the dread infantile paralysis. Dr. Edward Rosenow of the Mayo Clinic rushed to Northfield from Rochester, sixty miles away. Nevertheless, two of the victims died.

Among those who recovered was Dick Arney, my first All-American basketball star. Arney, then a sophomore, received half a dozen spinal injections. But the crisis passed, and he was able to play in the December games against Illinois and Northwestern.

Two and a half years later when his ability and unlimited confidence had brought him All-American recognition, it was unknown to the public that for three seasons he had played with his back strapped. Arney had used basketball as a road to recovery—which is significant, I think, at the present time when there is agitation against basketball as a man-killer. "The exercise I got out of the game," declares Arney, who is now Midwestern Sales Manager for the Hormel Company of Austin, Minnesota, "did more to keep me from suffering permanent ill effects than anything else."

There has been much loose talk about the new speed game, sans the conventional center tip-off. Complaints have been registered that the play is too hard on the players—that it burns them out, causing a health hazard.

As secretary-treasurer of the National Association of Basketball Coaches, it is my duty to keep in touch with the leaders of the game. In view of the controversy that has gathered as a result of the abolition of the center-jump, I took it upon myself to question the leading coaches on the subject of whether they believed the new game really is dangerous to the men. I found that none of them believed there was any reason for alarm.

There is no question about the new game being popular. The fast character of the game at present is the big reason for its sudden growth of popularity the last few years. Suspense, see-sawing leads, uncertainty of form, are a part of it. There are no lags now. The game *moves*. What put this "modern" touch in basketball was the junking of the center-jump in 1937, and the addition of the 10-second rule.

The absence of the interruption of the center-jump makes for a continuous flow of speed, surging and ebbing back and forth up and down the floor. The climaxes of a close game build up like a well-organized plot. There is pace, which quickly steams up the spectators into a high pitch of excitement.

In spite of the fact that admittedly such a type of continuous game might over-tax a player in the moments of a tense drive, the coaches who are closer to the competitors than anyone else, all claim that they have noticed no signs of strain on their men. Nels Norgren of Chicago, president of N. A. B. C., stated: "Assuming that the player has a sound body, that the consent of the school's medical authority for him to compete has been given, and that his physical condition has been gradually exercised for competitive play, I do not think basketball is a health hazard."

For many years Ward Lambert of Purdue has been teaching a fast-break game very similar to the conditions prevailing under the new center-jumpless game, and he says: "The boys I coached as far back as 1910 are all healthy and I know of no harm that has come to any of my players because of basketball. If there is anything wrong with the game, thousands of school superintendents are on the wrong track, for there are more boys playing basketball than any other sport."

John Bunn, Dean of Men at Stanford and former coach who developed Hank Luisetti, has made a scientific study of the subject. "From some of my own studies on fatigue," he reports, "I find that there are numerous other activities which require a longer recovery period than present-day basketball." And Sam Barry of Southern California maintains: "It has been proved by scientific research that it is not as hard on a basketball player in the present game to play forty minutes as it is for a quarter-miler to run 440 yards in a tough race."

Good conditioning obviously is essential for basketball, and all coaches make use of all the recognized safeguards, foremost among

which are weekly physical checkups, frequent substitutions and sanely spaced schedules. Doug Mills, Illinois coach, gives one good reason why basketball players maintain safe physical condition. "Basketball is one game," he says, "that the players love to practice, and because they love the practice they get themselves into fine condition. This is often not true of some other forms of athletics in which the practice period is pure drudgery."

After making a survey of 186 coaches, the research committee of the N. A. B. C. concluded that "the harmfulness of the game (if it is harmful) is the result of varying degrees of physical fitness in the players and to outside factors such as improper training, heavier scholastic loads, and outside work."

Two Carleton forwards who followed in Dick Arney's All-American footsteps—Wayne Sparks and Oscar (Sonny) Olson, testify that there have been no ill effects of their play. The same goes for Paul (Skip) Crawford, who went from Carleton to Peru where he taught the South Americans how to play the game. And every time I see Dick Arney I am proud of the fact that basketball helped pull him through the physical crisis of his life.

Bet Against the Experts

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

September, 1942

If you played a game of chess with a master sitting behind you and directing your moves it is a moral certainty that you would beat any ordinary opposition. What kick you would get out of being a dummy for an expert is another question.

And if you sat down to bridge or contract with a top-flight expert coaching you in your bids and controlling your play it also is a moral certainty that you would have little trouble against anything except similarly expert opposition. Again it is debatable whether there would be any emotional or intellectual wallop in being stooge for an expert.

I never have been able to understand how anyone can get any pleasure from backing horses taken from a public selector on a racing sheet, scratch sheet or daily newspaper. But the analogy with the other games is far from exact. A chess or bridge expert would win for you, but no single horse selector in the country, and no group of selectors, ever will show you anything but loss on their choices if followed religiously over a period of time.

This is a fact well known among people who are something more than amateurs at the racing game; nevertheless each standard racing sheet continues to employ five or six selectors, each large city newspaper has a selector or two on the payroll, and the newsstands continue to display a load of scratch sheets and tip sheets that would take a wheelbarrow to cart away.

Of course, there is one very definite reason why no public selector ever does or ever can show a profit from following his choices with real money. These people guide the public, and the load of public money attracted to their choices in the mutuel machines depresses prices paid in the event of a win substantially below the point that would permit the attainable thirty to forty per cent winners to recoup losses from the inevitable sixty to sev-

enty per cent losers. Even if some single selector got very hot and began to pick a tremendous percentage of winners, no profit would result from following him in play. He would immediately attract a very large public following whose money in the machines would depress prices paid by his winners to a point that would throw the whole sequence of plays into a net loss.

Not only are the public selectors working against themselves and the public in that they attract price-slaughtering public money when they name a horse as winner. They also are chronic followers of present form in a horse. If an animal has won his last start they are much given to picking him to win today, even though he may be flagrantly inconsistent and even though today's field may be substantially better than the one he beat last out. All the selectors are abject slaves of this fallacy; nothing is more common than to see in a racing sheet after a selector's choice a note like "Last a beaut," "Won last out," "On edge now," or some equivalent expression indicating the selector's preoccupation with the horse's last race only. Since nearly all of them are present form handicappers, there usually is some agreement in their opinions on a race, unless it obviously is wide open and close between several animals, and this tendency to unanimity among selectors is another factor tending to overload with public money the horse that most of them like.

Early in 1940 I began to work out some rating figures on horses primarily based on the thought that it was a mistake to place great emphasis on apparent present form in an attempt to get winners. After I had the figures developed I began an accurate check to see how they would work out in comparison with selectors' choices. This check was begun August 22 and was continued through November 15th at Saratoga, Aqueduct, Belmont, Jamaica, Empire, Pimlico and Bowie. Obviously I could not check against all the hundreds of individual selectors in the country so as representative I determined to check against the top horse in the selectors' consensus of one of the standard racing sheets.

For reasons involving the character of my own figures I did not myself rate races for maidens, races for two-year-olds or races for horses entered at a claiming valuation of less than $1,500, nor would I play a race where a filly or mare rated best in my figures unless the race was programmed for females only. On all races not excluded by these few and simple rules I developed my

figures—which will be outlined later—and I compared the result of betting my horse straight, to win only, with the result of betting the racing sheet's consensus top horse in the same race.

Here are the results of $2 win play on the consensus horse in eligible races from August 22nd to November 15th at the tracks indicated above.

Number of plays—227
Number of winners—59
Per cent of bets that won—25.9.
Average price to $1 on winners—$1.76.
Net loss from all plays—$127.80.
Per cent of loss on money risked—28.1.

This analysis exactly supports the statements made above, that following selectors can lead only to loss and that the primary reason is the short prices paid by their winners.

In the same races, rated by my figures, I made no play where the horse that rated best with me also happened to be the consensus horse. There would have been no sense in including in my operation selectors' choices that I knew must lead to loss as a class. Playing only against the consensus, therefore, in eligible races where my figures put on top some horse other than that taken by the consensus, I achieved the following results.

Number of plays—126.
Number of winners—28.
Per cent of bets that won—22.2.
Average price to $1 on winners—$5.13.
Net profit from all plays—$91.40.
Per cent of profit on money risked—36.2.

A reader will observe, in comparing my results with those achieved by the consensus, that although my percentage of bets won was slightly inferior—22.2 to the consensus' 25.9—nevertheless the average price I realized on winners was greatly higher—$5.13 to $1 as against the consensus' $1.76 to $1. These figures epitomize the whole secret of smart play on horses. "To beat the races you must beat the prices," and you never can beat the prices on selectors' choices that attract public money.

Before outlining the simple rating figures that enabled me to realize the results indicated I should like to point out just what I had in mind before I attempted to develop the figures themselves.

(1) I planned to get figures that could be followed mechani-

cally, without any exercise of individual judgment or discretion, and yet beat the selectors.

(2) I planned to get figures that not only would show less loss than the selectors but also would show a net profit when applied in play.

(3) I planned to get figures that would beat the selectors and show a money profit and I proposed to set up horse-ratings of a type that could be applied by anyone who could read and add, even though he knew nothing about horses and never had seen a race, merely by referring to information available in the past performance records of a standard racing sheet that required absolutely no knowledge of racing and horses to apply.

In order to get clean away from the present form mania of the selectors and to permit my figures to reflect some approximately true picture of a horse's real quality, I determined to rate each animal on the basis of his actual performance in each of his last six starts.

A past performance line in a racing sheet representing a single race of a horse entered today always indicates the class of that race, whether a stake, a handicap, an allowance affair or a $4,000, $2,500, $1,500 or other valuation claiming event. The line also shows the finishing position of the horse, whether first, third, fourth or tenth, and gives the number of lengths he was off the leader if he did not win.

For winning a stake race or an important named handicap, such as the Brooklyn, Suburban, or Santa Anita, allow 100 points. For running second, 85 points; for running third, 65 points; for running within five lengths of the leader, whatever the finishing position, 45 points.

For winning any handicap, 90 points; for second, 75 points; for third, 55 points; for running within five lengths of winner, 35 points.

For winning any allowance race, 80 points; for second, 65 points; for third, 45 points; within five lengths, 25 points.

For winning a $5,000 claimer, 70 points; for second, 55 points; for third, 35 points; within five lengths, 15.

For winning a $4,000 claimer, 60 points; for second, 45 points; for third, 30 points; within five lengths, 10 points.

For winning a $3,000 claimer, 50 points; for second, 35 points; for third, 20 points; within five lengths, 5 points.

For winning a $2,500 claimer, 40 points; for second, 30 points; third, 15 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $2,000 claimer, 30 points; for second, 25 points; for third, 15 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $1,500 claimer, 20 points; for second, 15 points; for third, 10 points; within five lengths, no credit.

For winning a $1,000 claimer, 10 points; for second, 5 points; for third or within five lengths, no credit.

The credits earned by each horse in each of his last six starts are to be added, and the horse coming out at highest total is the best in these figures and a play to win unless he is on top in the consensus of selectors' opinions in the racing sheet used by the player, in which event the race is a pass and he is not to be wagered on.

A few more directions are necessary. These figures are not to be used to rate races for maidens, for two-year-olds or for horses valued at less than $1,500 at the claiming price. Pass all such contests. Also, if a filly or mare rates best do not play her against males in the same race however poorly they rate.

If a race was at a minor track, like all the Canadian courses and the American half and three-quarter milers, rate it as if two grades lower in the table above. Thus, a handicap at a minor track should be rated as a $5,000 claimer, an allowance race as a $4,000 claimer, a $2,500 claimer as one for $1,500.

Graded handicaps at major courses, A, B, C, D and E, should be rated as follows: A as a straight handicap, B as an allowance race, C as a $5,000 claimer, D as a $4,000 claimer and E as a $3,000 claimer.

If a horse ran in a claiming race at a valuation between two shown in the table, as $3,500, which is between $4,000 and $3,000, rate him as if he ran at the lower figure, $3,000.

If a horse ran in a maiden special weight event without claiming conditions, rate him as if the race had been a claimer of the highest valuation where he ever has run in the money. If he never has run in the money in a claimer, rate his performance in the maiden special weight event as if he had been a $2,000 claimer.

That is the rating method. In the period of check analyzed at the beginning of this article I had one horse—Brodea, in the sixth Bowie on November 16th—that won at a mutuel of $64.50 for $2. Another winner dug up by these figures paid $27.90 for $2—

John's Star in the sixth Pimlico on November 7th. The average price on winners was $5.13 to $1, equivalent to a mutuel of $12.26.

In the sixth Aqueduct on September 14th, Histrionic was ignored by nearly all the selectors because he had not won lately or even run close up. Nevertheless his record in his last six starts was such that he outrated the field in my figures and was a play because he was not on top in the selectors' consensus of the sheet I use. He won at a mutuel of $18.90. His next start, in the sixth Aqueduct on September 21st, he was on top in the consensus on account of his previous win, but was beaten by Trysak, which outrated him in my figures.

In the fifth Saratoga, On August 26th, Get Off was my figure horse. Ignored by the selectors because he had not won or run close by lately he nevertheless won and paid a mutuel of $11.70 His next start, in the seventh Saratoga on August 31st, Get Off was made odds on by selector opinion favoring him because he had won in his last attempt, and he did beat Up the Creek, rating better in my figures. Then, in the fifth Belmont on September 24th, Up the Creek, still rating best in my figures, paid a mutuel of $16.10 in beating Get Off. The latter was at a short price because favored by the selectors as coming up off a previous win.

This rating method tosses deliberately into the ashcan nearly all of the most cherished notions of amateur and professional handicappers. It relies strictly on basic horse-quality as evidenced by racing performance, and on nothing else. It ignores the matter of distance of races; an animal which has raced only in sprints can be figured for a route-race off his last six sprint performances. It ignores the matter of track conditions; an animal which has run only "on the dry" can be figured off his last six performances for a race in the mud. It ignores the matter of times of workout gallops; a horse which rates best is still a play even though he has been outworked in the morning by everything else in the field. It ignores the matter of post-position; the rating horse is a play whether he is to start first, third, eighth or twelfth off the rail. The figures ignore the matter of jockeys; the horse rating best is not to be rejected just because he will not be ridden by a fashionable boy. The figures absolutely ignore the matter of weight; presumptively the horse would not have been entered if grossly over-burdened. They ignore a handicapper's entire bag of tricks except plain ordinary horse-quality as manifested in actual racing over a

substantial period. And that is just why they work, because it is horse-quality that wins races.

A player who applies every possible test to a horse in an effort to confine his wagers to sure things definitely is on the wrong track. He probably will get a higher percentage of winners than these figures will show. But his average price on winners will be too low because the selectors and the educated part of the racing public will have applied the same tests, reached the same conclusions and horses, and ruined the prices. The proviso of this rating method of mine that the best horse be played only against a consensus practically insures against getting on short-priced entrants, and there is enough intrinsic handicapping merit in the figures themselves to yield a percentage of winners adequate to show a profit at average prices experienced.

Like any method of figuring fields of horses this figure method of mine will sometimes lead a player into losing streaks. I experienced one run of seventeen bets lost in a line. That would have ruined any operation based on short-priced horses, but it did not prevent this method's showing in excess of thirty per cent profit from flat play—same amount on each horse—to win only.

Cock Doom Makes Everybody Equal

by E. JEROME VOGELER

March, 1939

SHADES of Alexander the Great and Julius Caesar, who fought the gallus bankivus with the thought of inspiring their soldiers with courage—which neither their nor any other human fighters could hope to rival. Shades of George Washington who line-bred a fair-to-middling strain of Irish greys and of Stonewall Jackson, whose black Tormentors could hold their own in any company. But, shades of shades of Michael Kearney and Peter Horrocks, old-timers of a few generations ago—who entertained the fond delusion that cock fighting is a poor man's sport!

If either of the last mentioned could have attended the Nineteenth International Cocking Tournament, held somewhere in Dixie during the last week of January, 1938, he would have seen this myth shattered before his eyes. For, if modern cocking is a poor man's sport—then, yachting is a pauper's pastime.

Poor man's sport! Among the sixteen entrants to this, doubtless the greatest cocking carnival of all time, more than half could have written checks in six figures without causing a frown upon a single map of their bank's boards of directors. The cost of assembling over a thousand fighting cocks from a dozen states of the Union and two provinces of Canada, by express, fast truck and airplane an aggregate of some twenty thousand miles—alone would have discouraged any logical person on relief from too fond hope of divorcing the big jack from their dough.

Poor man's sport!

To be sure, the champion cock fighter of the north, a professional who does nothing else but and a gent whose strain of muff, whitehackle and grey crosses, consistently massacres all opposition in localities where icicles instead of oranges grow, did cart in burlap bags some fifty-odd chicken roosters some fifteen hundred miles to the site of the International Tournament, doubtless with every

expectation of bringing back a substantial slice of the ten thousand dollars in prize money. But—as fast as he brought his champions into the pit the shuffling furies of the moneyed cockidealists, to whom the prize dough meant nothing and the glory of showing the gamest and most deadly strain of fighting cocks on earth meant everything, knocked them down.

Long before the solid week of fighting was over, the northern champion was frozen to the rail with the tip off his cue and his posterior virtually exposed to the chill, damp breeze that blew in from the sea. With eight straight losses chalked up against him on the huge blackboard which announced to several thousand assembled cock fighters and fans, the day by day progress of the tournament, he could be seen mumbling to himself in a modulated, if somewhat mournful tone of voice and philosophizing upon the wisdom of Newton who observed that apples always fall on the biggest pile.

Poor man's sport!

The Nineteenth International Cocking Tournament was staged in an open-air arena, surrounded by palms, tropical plants and shrubs. Near by were twenty-five cock houses, each supplied with a training table, two cots for the trainers and fifty separate stalls for the feathered gladiators. Months before the date set, the world's finest game cocks from remote states, from Canada, Hawaii, Mexico and South America—were shipped to the locale to be acclimatized. To be farm-walked and coop-walked and fed a balanced ration to bring them to their physical peak. From two to four weeks before the designated date, the trainers for the various entries journeyed south to gather in their fowl, to feed them an even stricter diet consisting largely of lean beef, eggs, oysters and selected grains and to put them through a series of exercises designed to convert the last fractional ounce of chicken fat into hard muscle.

On January 25th, the day before the opening of the tournament, an appetizer in the form of a main between a cocker from Atlanta, Georgia, reputed to be worth six million and another from Ontario, Canada, said to be worth sixty million, was served to the impatient crowd already assembled. Each principal showed fifteen cocks, the winner of the first eight battles to take the main. The stake was a mere thousand dollars, with two hundred additional dollars on each fight, but this didn't detract from the international

flavor of the event or the intense rivalry of the principals. And the winnah, ladies, was the gent with the reputed sixty grand grand, who insisted upon tying the two-and-a-half inch steel gaffs upon his own chicken roosters.

The following morning, at nine o'clock, the tournament began, but hours before this uniformed police were at hand to direct traffic and to keep out law-abiding citizens. The crowd gathered early, hungry for stable dope, eager to hear the music of crowing and cackling roosters—for not only was this from the point of attendance and prominence of contestants the most important cocking event ever held anywhere, but also, it was in many ways unique.

From the start, conjecture was kept at white heat by two questions. Would the single stroke northern fowl, bred as they were to conduct their death battles with inch-and-a-quarter spurs, be able to compete on an equal footing with the furiously shuffling, rough and tumble Carolina Blues, Nigger Roundheads and Clarets of the south at an event in which any length of gaff was permissible—provided they were round from socket to point? And, if so, could the northern cockers, several of whom conditioned at home where the mercury hovered around zero, maintain in their fowl the essential dash, punch and endurance in a clime that was seventy degrees warmer? And throughout the entire week of feathered warfare, the ebb and flow of battle gave answer—yes and no.

"A good game cock can fight in any length heel," a southern cocker proclaimed, a statement that seemed flatly contradicted by the pathetic showing of the northern champion, whose birds flew high, flapped their wings and struck the air—only to fall to earth and be fricasseed by fowl which grabbed the first available billhold and worked their feet like pistons until something gave way.

"Northern cocks are no good under these conditions," A Midwestern enthusiast stated with authority. And, as if to prove that he, too, was all wet, the neighbor of the northern champ, a man who had brought down his entry by express two days before the opening of the tournament, giving them just enough time to rest before their death battles, went on to win his first six fights. Stable dope suddenly attacked the senses. Reason went with the wind and what should have been a paradise proved a veritable hell for the gamblers.

"What's up next? Number Four and Number Five. Number Four win two good fights and Number Five ain't win a fight yet.

Hundred to eighty on Number Four! Hundred to seventy-five oncet!"

But the birds care nothing for the odds for or against them. They meet in mid-air, three feet from the ground. This time, Number Five shows an ace. He tops the other bird and in the first pitting, Number Four loses a wing. Again, they are pitted and now, Number Four, unbalanced by its broken wing, falls to its side to be shuffled to death the following instant by the dark horse Number Five.

"How you doing?" a disconsolate gambler asks a fellow adventurer.

"Me? I'm so badly bent, if I ever get straightened out I'll curl right up again. This time, I lay the odds and for the three fights before I take 'em—and I ain't been right yet. Houdini couldn't get out of the jam I'm in!"

From nine in the morning until six at night this went on at the International Tournament. Fortunes changed hands daily. While one pair of cocks was fighting in the main pit, another pair was getting ready. Nor was even this fast enough action for the gambling mad crowd. If the fight in the central arena endured more than twenty minutes, if both cocks were disabled and neither was able to deliver the *coup de grâce*—they were taken to the "drag pit," where they might peck and claw at each other until one was finally counted out.

Many people believe cock fights invariably result in the death of one of the combatants. This isn't the case. Game cocks have been known to lose their first fight, recover from their wounds and win the next half-dozen.

The strictest of rules prevailed at the International Tournament. If one cock was on the offensive and the other showed no resistance, the handler of the aggressive rooster could call for a count. The referee then counted ten and allowed a fifteen-second interval for both pitters to nurse their birds. The chickens were again pitted and if the groggy fowl again failed to peck or strike, another count was chalked against him. Three such counts of ten and one of twenty and the fight was over. If both cocks were dying and neither was entitled to the count, the fighter that lived the longer was declared the winner. If either turned tail, no matter what the condition of its adversary, the runaway lost. There were no drawn battles.

The referee was a quiet-spoken gentleman, of impartiality and fearlessness, but a reputation throughout the south of being very unpleasant when aroused. If any handler thought his cock was entitled to the count and the referee deemed otherwise, it was useless for the handler to dispute the point.

On the whole, amazing order prevailed. There were ladies present—and profanity was not allowed. Nothing stronger than beer and no other form of gambling save betting on the roosters were permitted on the grounds. Thousands upon thousands of dollars were wagered, without a dollar being put up, without a word of misunderstanding. But almost every year, some little incident not on the program adds zest to the International Tournament, and 1938 was no exception. The setting for such an occurrence is just about perfect. With perhaps a million dollars in cash in the pockets of the spectators, with huge wagers being made and paid after every fight, with scores of rabid roosters murdering each other day after day, the nerves of the mob are stretched to the breaking point long before the last day of the meeting and the atmosphere is charged with enough electricity to drag a fair-sized freight train upgrade.

Last year, the added feature was provided by a stick-up man who crashed the gates, poked a thing that was cold and hard into the ribs of an elderly gentleman and walked off with five thousand dollars. The management of the International Tournament was much distressed. With so many strangers attending their shows, they found it almost impossible to guarantee that all were aristocrats. But, this year, when the same elderly gentleman returned, he brought with him a cute little toy with a pearl handle and a determination to protect his roll at any cost.

"I haven't so long to live anyway," he explained, "so the young fellow who held me up was laying the odds. If he tries it again, I am going to call his bet."

Fortunately, as far as could be learned, there were no stick-up men at the Nineteenth International Tournament, but the elderly gentleman who was victimized in 1937 just happens to be one of the sort that find it difficult to keep out of trouble. Although slightly uncoupled, he is as game as many a rooster, dearly loves his action and will take it where he finds it. On the second day of the meeting, he picked the majority of winners and returned to his

hotel with a satisfactory profit, but that evening a crap shooter visited his room and relieved him of a thousand dollars.

Everything would have been perfectly all right had it not been for the fact that the elderly gentleman learned later that his visitor was a notorious pad roller and that he had undoubtedly been fleeced out of his hard-won money. Accordingly, when on the following morning the dice player made the almost fatal mistake of visiting the cockpit, the elderly gentleman approached him there with the announced intention of shooting him through the blind gut.

"A hundred to ten on the grey cock," a fan called out at this moment. But, there were no takers. For one reason, the other chicken had just received a death rattle and the proper odds were a hundred to one he would never strike another blow and for another, the attention of most of the gathering was at that time directed to the little by-play in the bleachers.

The elderly gentleman was maneuvering for a favorable position from which to perforate the pad roller and the latter was making a sincere and conscientious effort to melt into the crowd. About this time the law intervened, frisked the elderly gentleman of his pearl-handled trick and advised him that if he wanted it back he would have to apply at the sheriff's office on the following day. Ten minutes later, the dice player had disappeared and the incident was forgotten.

On Friday, January 29th, the final day of the Nineteenth International Tournament, the ultimate winner of the event was almost as much in doubt as at the opening. Of the sixteen entries, there were two each from Canada, New York State, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Florida and Georgia; and one each from Alabama, Texas, Ohio and South Carolina.

Of the New York stables, one had made a spendid showing with eight victories and four defeats, while the other was hopelessly out of the running with ten out of twelve setbacks. The Canadian entries were running neck and neck, one with six victories and the other with five, but neither had more than a remote chance of being in the money. Western Pennsylvania, with only five victories, was a lost cause, but Eastern Pennsylvania with seven, was still to be considered. Ohio, which had gotten off to a miserable start with six out of nine defeats, only to chalk up three straight victories, was a dark horse for place or show.

But at this point, the shuffling devils of the south began to forge to the front. They struck with or without a billhold and when they clinched, they shuffled in the air, on the ground—or on their backs. They missed few openings and fought with the desperation of Pickett, the sagacity of Robert E. Lee.

The cocker from Georgia, with the reputed six million smackers, who, on the first day had lost his main to the fancier from Ontario with the reputed sixty million, was out for revenge. It was evident he had held his aces for the tournament and had used his second-string fowl in the main. They were in superb condition, dead game, aggressive and smart.

Instead of diminishing, the betting doubled and redoubled. Those with their pockets full from having picked the majority of winners, were hungry for more, while the big losers gambled more desperately than ever in the hope that their luck would change. New York money was still strongly in evidence, but the odds abruptly shifted.

"Any part of a thousand, New York wins the next fight," a gambler sang out and he was quickly covered for the entire amount. A few minutes later, the wise money was offering a hundred to eighty against New York, with few takers.

As a matter of fact, this was the decisive battle of the tournament. If New York won, they would be in a three-way tie for first, second and third money. If they lost, they would be unable to catch the leader from Georgia.

And now, a superb Whitehackle from the north opposed a shuffling Dominick from Kentucky. The Whitehackle was a five times winner, the Dominick was one of the same strain of cyclonic body fighters as that which won the Seventeenth International Tournament in 1936. In appearance, they were both perfection, not a feather broken, their heads and bottoms the ruddy hue of perfect health, their red eyes glittering like rubies, their bodies hard, symmetrical and streamlined as are no other living creatures. But in performance, in style of battle, they were as different as Jack Dempsey and Tommy Loughran.

The Whitehackle was a boxer, the Dominick an in-fighter. And in long heels, a body fighting game cock is your best bet.

To be sure, he takes a desperate chance as he bores in, but if his opponent misses, if he strikes but fails to reach a vital spot, if he permits the oncoming shuffler to get close enough to grab a beak

full of hackle feathers and turn loose that bombardment of steel-clad feet, smashing with the rapidity of a machine gun and with enough force to drive a needle-pointed gaff through an inch plank —it is all over. And that is exactly what happened now.

The Whitehackle flew high and struck hard. His left gaff pierced the tough wing feathers of the Dominick and sank into the other's breast, but the Dom, scornful of its injury, twisted and turned, dragging the other off-balance as he thrust hungrily forward for his bill hold. At last, the spur tore loose—but it was too late. In the split second before the Whitehackle could regain its balance, the Dominick had locked its powerful beak upon the long hackle feathers and with this leverage had launched its inexhaustible shuffle. Over and over they turned, for perhaps ten seconds, a seeming eternity, until at last the Dominick was on its back, still shuffling with its adversary already dead.

Abruptly, the tournament was over. It hardly seemed possible. For five days, the hubbub of bets called and taken, the cries of jubilation, the groans of disappointment, the muffled sounds as the feathered warriors struck, at first powerfully, but weaker and weaker as the death struggle progressed, the monotone of the referee as he counted endlessly three tens and a twenty, the excited interruptions of the pitters as they cried: "Give it to me!" For five days, dead game creatures slew each other—until the feeling grew that the carnage would endure forever.

There were still a dozen cocks matched in the tournament, and scores of alternates, but none of the owners had a chance to be in the money so they decided to save them for the hack fights the following day. The Nineteenth International Tournament itself was cocking history. The gamblers who had won small fortunes could now relax, while the heavy losers were cloaked in a pall of gloom in the realization that there was no further chance to stage a comeback. Slowly, the crowd poured out of the canvas-covered cockpit to scan the great blackboard which contained the final results.

The winner of the silver cup and first prize money of $4,000 was Number 15, of Atlanta, Georgia. Second money of $2,500 and third money of $1,000 were divided between Number 7, of Pine Grove, Kentucky and Number 10, of Dallas, Texas. And three northern cockers, Number 2 from Ohio, Number 4 from Pennsylvania and Number 13 from New York State, optimists with every faith that their Whitehackles, Travelers and Speeders could pene-

trate the deep south and compete with the shuffling furies of Dixie —were compelled to be content with an equal division of fourth and fifth money—which returned to each about three hundred dollars, or a small fraction of their expenses.

"Cock doom makes everybody equal," a chicken philosopher observed. "But shufflers show best for the money."

How to Case a Trout Stream

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

August, 1943

THERE was ill-concealed sniggering along the bank of the Madison river near the town of West Yellowstone, Montana, that evening when Dick Miller, fly rod in hand, stepped into the stream.

It was just a little joke the guides of the region were going to have at the expense of the icthyologist, entomologist and world's record holding fly caster.

You see, he had been up there the year before as plain Richard Miller of Huntington Beach, California, a small-town gas company superintendent out for a vacation and some casual fishing. The trouble was, that Miller had outguided the guides by locating for his party of friends the best spots and the biggest fish.

So, when Dick and his party put in an appearance, the guides decided they would have a little fun. They got word to him that trout were striking insanely at this spot in the river. Actually, the stream had been hard fished; the water was high and roily and the number of trout caught all season wouldn't make one good mess.

It was around noon when Miller walked down to "case" the stream. From his mass of equipment he took a thermometer and checked surface and depth temperatures. He gave light conditions the onceover with a meter. He studied the current, took water samples, made a minute study of insect life and otherwise explored the stream while the giggling guides, surrounded by a knot of citizens looked on.

Along about two hours before sundown Miller returned, armed for action. The spectators followed him to the bank just to see the fun, because the man who fished by test tube, meter and thermometer was about to feel very foolish.

Miller waded out into the stream. With careful, quartering casts he flipped a fly in long sweeps only a few inches over the

water. Thirty or forty times the fly actionized back and forth in ever-lengthening loops.

The silence was deafening.

Then the fly dropped lightly on the rippling surface. At the same instant the stream became alive. The line tightened like a string on a fiddle. The rod bent in a beautiful arc and in no time at all Dick had landed a beautiful Loch Leven trout, weight four pounds.

The fish didn't jump. He just sucked the fly under and immediately started down stream with it.

There wasn't a laugh left in that knot of onlookers. Their eyes were bulging. Mouths were wide open.

Miller added insult to injury. Within the hour he had landed seven fish with a weight limit of fifteen pounds.

One of the citizens was heard to mumble something about "that guy" being able to catch trout in a dusty street. Which Dick denies. He knows it isn't ichthyologically possible.

"How did I know fish were there?" asked Miller. "Well, my studies showed May flies in a subaquatic state on the bottom of the stream. Temperature tests indicated that when the stream warmed later in the afternoon these would start hatching.

"Anytime there is a surface hatch, trout are bound to come out to feed."

It was simple, like that. And Miller had one more laugh coming at the expense of those guides. He told them there would be a similar hatch in August; sent some friends back up there at that time and they also caught weight limits.

"My water samples did that. When I got back home I figured out the alchemistry from the water, and with my knowledge of the May fly I knew a hatch could be expected at that time."

That's what you call putting a scientific twist to the famous expression that you have to be smarter than the fish to catch 'em. Miller's studies have convinced him of certain things which blast many fishing foibles. He says:

1—The light or dark of the moon has nothing whatever to do with whether fish are biting.

2—Direction of the wind has no effect on where and when trout strike.

3—Air temperatures have no bearing. Some of his best catches have been made during snow flurries.

4—Trout definitely are color conscious.

5—Wet fly fishing is a misnomer.

6—Dry fly fishing is the least likely to succeed of all artificial lures.

Boiled down, his formula for trout fishing is to find out where trout are, what they are feeding on and present these insects in reasonably accurate facsimile.

And he has some pet theories about fishing tackle that will not make the manufacturer happy. Although he has 8,000 dollars' worth of equipment, obtained for experimental purposes, he personally uses a fifty dollar set of rod, reel and line. This business of spending two or three hundred dollars for equipment isn't going to impress the fish. Most of the lures, he contends, are made to attract the eye of the fisherman and not the fish.

If you don't know (1) the habits of the trout, (2) the most intimate love and family life of lake and stream insects, and (3) proper mechanics of casting, the best equipment in the world won't help you catch trout.

Although Dick has been fishing all his life, his experience in tournament fly casting is of recent vintage. In fact, he didn't realize he owned superior talent in this until he happened to run into Zane Grey, the late author and sportsman, while fishing for steelhead on the north fork of the Umqua river, in Oregon.

Dick did not recognize the famous writer and fisherman when he happened onto him that day. The author complained that he wasn't able quite to reach a riffle in the river where he knew the fish were feeding.

Miller offered to show him how he could lengthen his cast with a double pull on the line during the back cast. Grey tried it. The fly reached out to the desired spot and the fun was on.

Dick had read of the national tournament being held in Portland at the time and he began to wonder if perhaps he didn't have some knowledge not common in the game if he could help Zane Grey. So he went to the tournament—as a spectator.

When he returned home, he started a series of experiments on a training program that pointed for the national championships the next year at Buffalo.

As a dark-horse starter, he whipped a No. 12 trout fly out 183 feet with a rod restricted in weight to five and three-quarters ounces. And he came up with three world's records including one

of 1,058 feet for a total of six casts with a salmon and distance fly.

Since that time he never has failed to come home with one title or another, and currently holds the Western salmon fly mark of 209 feet which also is better than existing world records.

"My catching ability promptly improved seventy-five per cent after I went into tournament casting," said Dick.

To give you an idea of his ability, he can flick the ashes off a cigarette at fifty feet and can cast a five-ounce plug between the goal posts the length of a regulation football field with a light bait casting rod.

In casting, he considers accuracy the first item of importance but only a fraction above distance. They go hand in hand, he insists.

"There is one fundamental rule in casting," he explains. "The rod is a spring. The line is the weight that propels the leader and fly to its objective.

"In order to get rod spring there is only one arc, whether applied horizontally or vertically. The power application in fly casting is with the forearm swinging from the elbow, not the wrist. It starts at 10 o'clock on the watch with 12 pointed straight up. You swing the rod back to 12, hesitate long enough to permit the line to unfold back of you; let the rod tip go back to 1 o'clock and then whip the rod back to 10.

"Casting a line with a narrow loop enables you to drop the fly on the water before the leader and line alight."

For all practical purposes, the fisherman who masters this technique can cast accurately with as much as 120 feet of line in the air.

"Keep the fly in the air, sweeping it back and forth as close to the spot of placement as possible. If you do this in dry fly fishing, you never need to use oil to dry the lure. It dries out in the air. And there is still another advantage. That fly in flight tantalizes the trout.

"You determine the proper time to let the fly drop in the water by the ripples on the surface, caused by the movement of the fish."

Presentation of the fly, he insists, is the most important element to dry fly fishing, because the trout has no time to study the insect in flight. Entirely secondary is the type of fly used; its color and its makeup.

"And don't let anyone tell you a trout is color-blind," he cautions. "In fact, I am firmly convinced that it is very conscious of color. I have made numerous tests in casting tanks to prove the point for my own satisfaction.

"A number of years ago the late Art Neu of Newark, New Jersey visited me. A foremost bait fisherman and staunch believer in the theory that trout cannot detect color, he made a series of tests with me on fishing trips into the High Sierras of California. He too, was convinced, when he departed."

The filtration of light through the hackles of a fly gives it the resemblance to insect types and Miller always goes fishing equipped to tie any fly conditions may dictate. In this, his study of refracted light gives him a lot of help and not a few of his fly patterns are revolutionary.

Wet fly fishing, he contends, is largely a misnomer. A wet fly, as such, says he, is a dead female insect and a very small source of food supply for trout.

By the same token, the dry fly fishing is limited, due to the fact that the actual hours when insects are hatching is small by comparison.

Aquatic fly fishing, on the other hand, is a bug of a different wing.

"Unfortunately," says our expert, "only a few of the hundreds of thousands of trout fishermen in this country are conversant with the fishing by aquatic or 'nymph' fly, although the facts of the case are that your chances of good catches are greatest with these.

"Any entomologist will tell you that stream and lake insects spend the greater share of their lives in the sub-aquatic stage. Since there are few hatches of the dry fly stage taking place, it stands to reason that a fisherman, to be successful, must acquire the skill of fishing with the aquatic fly.

"The casting of this lure is much the same as that of the dry fly, except that you drop it delicately in 'dead' water in the current and let it float naturally to the fish."

Each type of aquatic fly, Miller explains, requires a different actionization in order to simulate movement of the nymph in water.

The Caddis fly, for example, is a slow-moving insect. So the line after the cast is taken up with the left hand, coiling it as you give the rod short, jerking motions.

There are several hundred types of May fly, which range in size, so Miller governs the action given the lure to the type found in the particular waters he is fishing. In general, though, the May fly floats with the current—does not fight it. So he uses the drift-cast, fishing up stream.

The Stone fly, on the other hand, is a fast-moving insect so it is best cast down stream and retrieved up stream. It usually is larger than other aquatic insects. The best way to handle it is to cast across stream, quartering down stream with the current. The line should be stripped in slowly, and in long jerks.

The water shrimp does not move in the water. It just twists with the current. So you drop this fly into swift water and let it drift toward quiet spots.

"Choice of the dry or the aquatic fly," he reasons, "depends on the temperature of the water, which determines the metamorphosis that is taking place in the insect.

"If the water is below 44 degrees, then it is so cold no metamorphosis is taking place. That is, the insects are in the sub-imago and are dormant.

"As the temperature rises, this sub-imago state goes into the imago—or living, adult aquatic or 'nymph' insect. It is from that stage that they hatch off the top of the water to the winged, full adult form. This occurs in water where the temperature is between 50 and 60 degrees."

You might suppose that a man such as this, who started as a boy in his study of fishing by reading Ronald's *The Fly Fisher's Entomology*, written in 1862 and George L. M. LaBranche's *Dry Fly in Fast Water*, would also watch the almanac and consult the barometer.

Not a fellow like Dick Miller!

"I never have subscribed to such theories. Trout feed when there is food at hand and hunger exists regardless of whether the nights are moonlight or not.

"Neither have I ever found any proof that the barometric conditions have any effect whatever on whether fish are feeding. Since water density is greater than that of the air, the pressure changes of the air would have an absurdly inconsequential effect on water pressures. Temperature of the water, and that alone, determines when and how and where trout feed."

What to do if fish are not feeding on insects?

Dick has that answer, too. Purist that he is, Miller disdains turning to spinner or bait to accomplish his purpose. He trusts to ingenuity and takes advantage of a trout's cannibalistic tendencies.

The streamer fly is his answer. If Loch Leven are in the stream, the streamer matches in color, size, etc., a Loch Leven minnow. Each type of trout prefers its own kind. So if it is Rainbow you seek, the streamer resembles the colorful Rainbow. Most trout, except Brook, are inclined to devour their own.

Naturally, this leads to a different type of fly fishing and usually nets you larger fish as well. For example, Miller always fishes a streamer fly down stream. This is because a minnow is fast. He picks out runs in the current that will carry his lure into deep pools or pockets where large fish wait for an unsuspecting youngster.

"After the current carries the line taut," says Miller, "you start retrieving with long, sweeping jerks. This is important in order to get the action of a minnow in the lure. You must drop the streamer fly so that, in retrieving, it comes as close as possible to the trout. The fish will not hit it as it floats. Only when the retrieving brings an eagle-spread action of the hackles does it resemble a minnow. And you have to vary the action according to the type and to the flow of the water."

Accomplishing all the fine points of casting and actionizing the lure still will not get you fish, according to Miller, if you overlook the part that light rays play in the game. That's why he takes a light meter along.

The gauge tells Miller a lot of things, from the type of fly and its colorations to the need of properly hiding yourself from the fish. And Dick is a stickler on this latter point.

For that reason, he recommends that you fish early in the morning or late in the afternoon. A direct sun makes you a striking target from a fish-eye view. The amount of shade covering a stream, and the clearness and depth of the water figure into the problem.

"A trout has a 90-degree arc of vision," Miller contends. "The prismatic action of the water telegraphs your presence like a magnifying glass. Place a string on the top of a tub of clear water and see for yourself the multiplied size of its reflection on the bottom.

"The more shallow the stream the more important this matter

of refracting light. So a good fisherman must practice stealth in his approach to likely fishing spots."

Realizing the light problem in fishing, you can appreciate the test of fishing skill that Miller was put to when Warner Bros. motion picture studio decided to use him for a short subject.

The idea, as Director Del Frazier first visioned it, was to show Dick doing some of his fancy casting feats. But it grew to the point where it was decided to do some color shots of him in action on a stream. So Miller, the director, cameraman, grips and a couple of trucks of equipment set out for the Owens river, 200 miles into the mountains from the studio.

When they arrived, Miller immediately decided on a likely spot and went into his routine while the stage was set and sun reflectors were adjusted. You have to have lots of light for color pictures, even at the expense of catching fish.

Before matters had gone too far, disappointed anglers came wandering along. When they found out what was up, each advised in his solemn way that all hands were wasting their time. It seemed fishing had been bad for several days and none of any size had been caught.

But Miller was obstinate. He studied the pool. Tests led him to believe the fish were feeding on the bottom on Caddis fly in the imago state.

Certainly, this was the acid test. Under the most ideal conditions it was a tough thing to catch fish for the motion picture camera. Yet, here was Miller, with his streamcraft and casting skill exposed to the prying eyes of all, like a nudist standing on Times Square. He was open to ridicule and was chancing the loss of hundreds of feet of expensive movie film for the director.

Dick waded out in the face of all the pessimistic forecasts and delivered himself of one of his most expert casts. Nothing happened. He tried it a second time; a third and a fourth. Still nothing gave. The nimrods who had been whipping the stream all day without success took on that I-told-you-so expression.

Once more Miller flicked the fly far out over a likely pool and let the now sodden line settle. Then he started actionizing the lure by slowly retrieving and coiling the line in the fingers of his left hand as the right worked the rod. Always the line was taut, the right forefinger keen to the slightest pull.

Then something happened. The forefinger tightened, pinching

the line against the rod. But Dick didn't flick the rod in the least. He simply let the trout hook himself.

Pessimism gave way to excited chatter, with the camera's whirr now drowned out. Miller forgot the picture making, as he carefully played his catch, keeping the line tight. When he slipped the net under it, he brought up a four and a quarter pound trout.

Then he promptly caught two more out of that same hole for the edification of the screen, while those who had worked the spot all day, shook their heads in amazement.

And there had been only 100 feet of waste film in the whole scene!

Miller's fetish for fly fishing is the same as that of the man who refuses to shoot a duck on the water. But there is more to it than just that. He thinks he catches more fish than the bait or spinner fisherman.

Of course, his best-catch records may suffer a little by comparison since he does no trolling.

"It's every man to his own device, of course," says Dick.

"I don't consider bait fishing sporting. Fly fishing is an art. Bait fishing isn't. And, on top of that, you generally will catch more and larger fish with a properly handled fly."

He submits his records to prove his point:

Loch Leven—Twelve and a half pounds. Caught on No. 14 Gray Hackle. Owens River, California.

Rainbow (steelhead)—Fifteen pounds. Caught on Coykendahl fly (imitation of steelhead minnow) No. 2. Umqua River, Oregon.

Rainbow (landlock)—Four and a half pounds. Caught on No. 12 special May fly. Madison River, Montana.

Eastern Brook—Three and a half pounds. Dark Mosquito, No. 10 hook. Never Sink River, New York.

Golden—Two and a half pounds. Light Caddis, No. 10 hook. Volcano Creek, California.

But these records were not kept for boasting purposes. They are part of specific and minute data in scientific form kept for purposes of study. At his home, Miller has a dozen filing cabinet drawers full of these records. Each fishing excursion has a file that includes a topographical map of the area fished, along with a complete report on water temperatures; types of insects found; record of fish caught; condition and chemical analysis of the water and a sample of the fly or flies used. In each report he makes an

observation of the effects of the chemicals in the water on both the fish and insects.

His observations, for example, on the conditions of Volcano Creek are that the colorations and chemistry of the water there are responsible for the trout being golden, since this is the original home of that species of fish. He is confident that in time, golden trout planted elsewhere will lose that rich color.

These reports also have brought Miller to the conclusion that fish and game commissions, in running hatcheries and planting fish in streams each year, are doing the thing backward.

He firmly believes that planting aquatic insects in streams where the water is soft and neutralized will bring a prompt increase in the number of fish; that the quantity of food regulates the size of the fish family.

It is from these files also that he has obtained much of his theory not only in the way to fish, but in the kind of equipment to use.

For dry fly fishing he uses a tapered line. For the aquatic fly a level line is good enough. And he scrapes off the enamel so that it will easily become waterlogged and sink. Dick, you see, never uses sinkers.

His tournament work, plus the archives, all contribute to his belief that the secret of casting a good fly rests a lot in having the correct, tapered leader and he has worked out a table for this on the basis of the size of fly used.

The butt end of the leader, or heavy end, should be three-quarters the diameter of the line it is attached to. Here is the table for the sizes at the tapered end:

No. 14 to 16 flies—12 foot leader tapered to 4X (app. 5000th diameter).

No. 10 to 12 flies—10 foot leader tapered to 1X (app. 9000th diameter).

No. 6 to 10 flies—9 foot leader tapered to Fina. (app. .010th diameter).

Now, you may think this is going at the business of outsmarting a trout the hard way, but Dick says the thrill as well as the frying pan satisfaction you get out of it more than repays a fisherman for his effort.

And you don't have to dig up that stock one about the biggest fish getting away, when the boys at the office confront you after your angling excursions. Not if you do it the Dick Miller way.

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